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HOLIDAY Anniversary ISSUE
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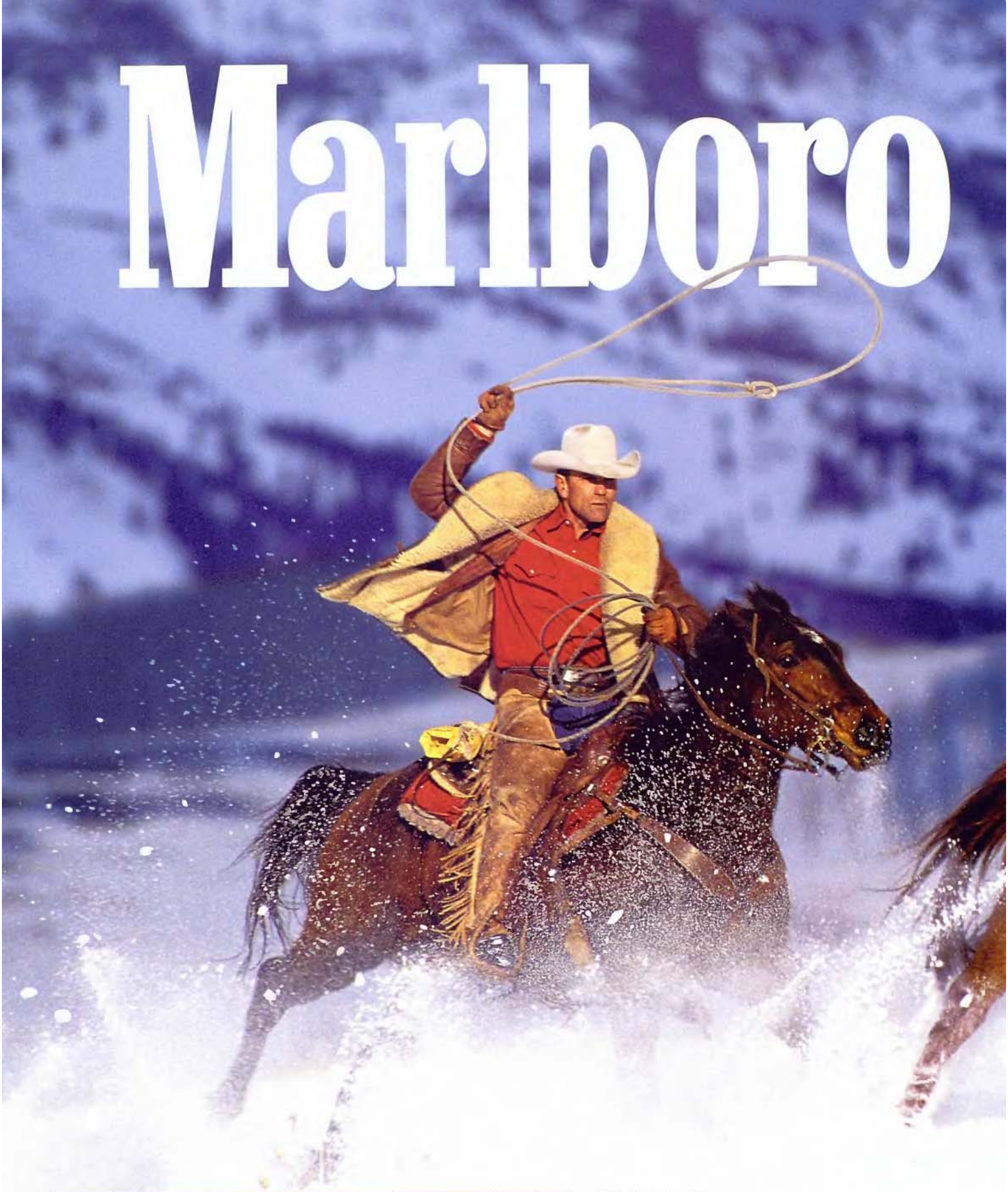

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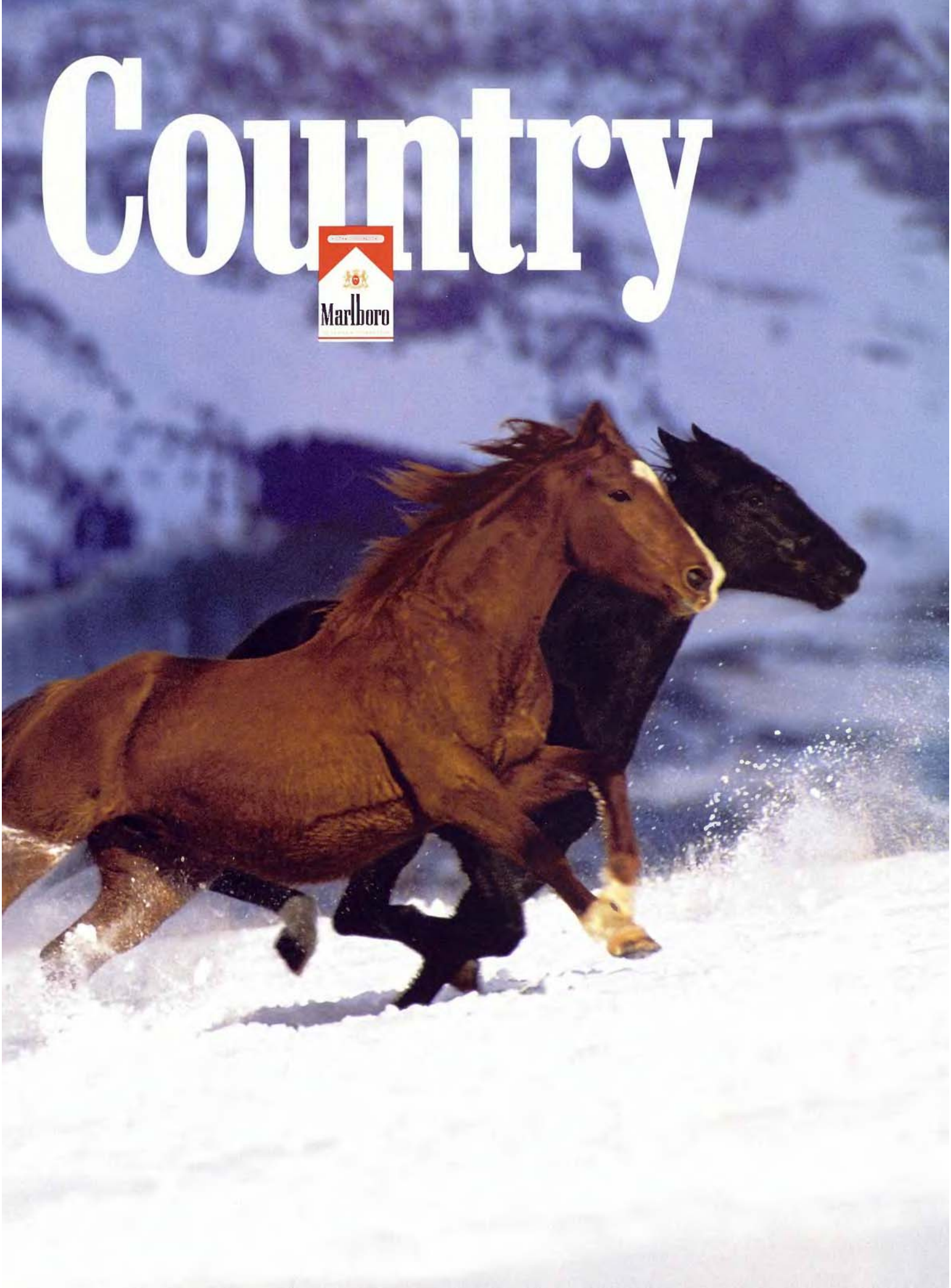
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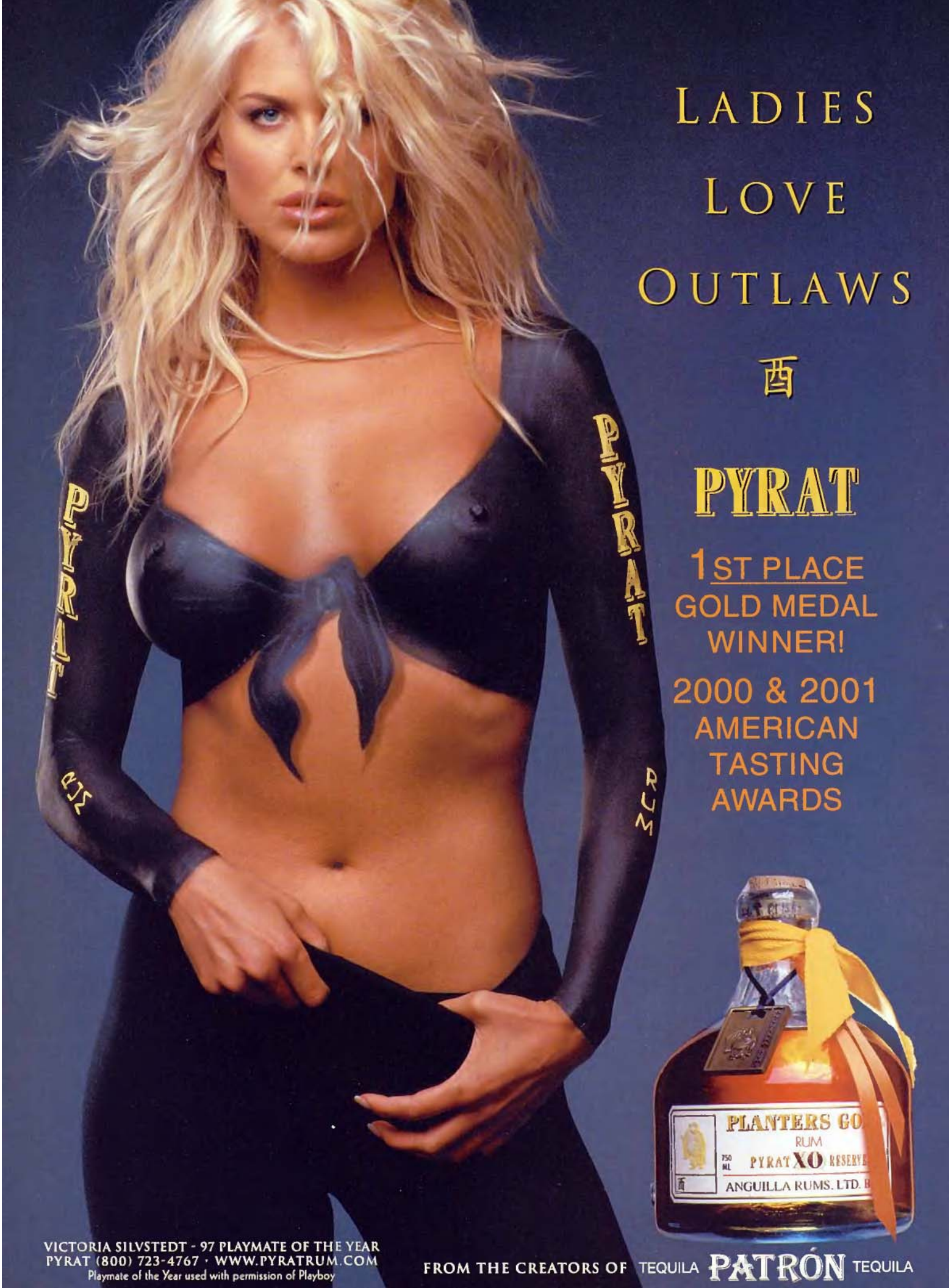
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Playbill

OUR LEAD PICTORIAL—**Arny Freytag's** fanciful shots of Warrior Princess **Joanie Laurer**—needs no explanation. As the WWF character formerly known as Chyna, the dominatrix with the Amazon body was a great diversion. America encourages the outrageous, and, as Joanie explains, "I don't know one woman out there who doesn't want to feel strong and beautiful, dress up in fun costumes and tell somebody to go take a hike." Perhaps we should send Joanie to Afghanistan.

When **Hugh Hefner** launched PLAYBOY in 1953, he made this promise to readers: "Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence." Even a casual reader will notice that over the years our mission evolved. We long ago justified our existence, and we make no apologies for weighing in on the issues of the day. After September 11, for example, Americans have suddenly become aware of the power of money in the hands of evildoers. Intelligence agencies are attempting to trace the cash that financed acts of terror; the president has demanded that assets be frozen. **Jeffrey Robinson,** who contributed *The Terrorist Dollar*, became interested in money laundering in the early Nineties. In his groundbreaking book *The Laundrymen*, he calls it the third-largest business in the world. He was already at work on this article when we asked him to explain the terrorist connection. With the attacks, our perception of television shifted, too. The horrific images on TV will stay with us forever. **David Sheff** had already spoken with **Brit Hume,** anchor for the Fox News Channel, for a *Playboy Interview*. It was natural to ask him to explain that day from his particular vantage point. In another case of uncanny timing, **Joe Dolce** had already filed his story on **Steve Coz** (*Tabloid Tsar*) when news reached us that the offices of American Media had been the site of an anthrax attack.

Our fiction for January gained resonance from the events of September 11. **Robert Coover's** story of *The Invisible Man*, illustrated by **Gahan Wilson,** is an eerie account of life on the run. When no one can see you, it works quite nicely to be a crime fighter—or a criminal. **Joyce Carol Oates'** *Aiding and Abetting* (illustrated by **Dave McKean**) is a chilling story of a life in jeopardy, of waiting for a phone call that may announce the death of a family member.

The rest of this issue remains true to our original mission statement: entertainment for men. With a remake of *Ocean's 11* set for release, **Bill Zehme** went back to the original—the Rat Pack caper film from the days when all we had to worry about were missiles in Cuba. As for the photo to the right, the guy who looks like a chauffeur? Don't worry. It's just **Gene Simmons,** minus a few layers of greasepaint. The outrageous rocker gives us a sneak peek at his autobiography in *Kiss and Makeup*.

The talk shows have already devoted whole episodes to something called terror sex, which is not what you had as an anxious teenager. We know guys who used to use the bomb as a pickup line. Nowadays, you'd better have manners, advises **Anka Radakovich** in *The New Sexual Etiquette*. For other trends in sex, check out *The Year in Sex* (the feature's 25th anniversary!), put together, as always, by **Gretchen Edgren, Patty Beaudet-Francès** and **Bruce Hansen.** For a humorous take on the past 365 days, there's **Robert S. Wieder's** annual *That Was the Year That Was*, illustrated by **Sebastian Krüger.** Looking for the perfect toast? See **John Mariani's** guide to champagne cocktails.

FREYTAG AND LAURER

ROBINSON

SHEFF

ZEHME

WILSON

COOVER

OATES

MCKEAN

SIMMONS

RADAKOVICH

BEAUDET-FRANCÈS, HANSEN AND EDGREN

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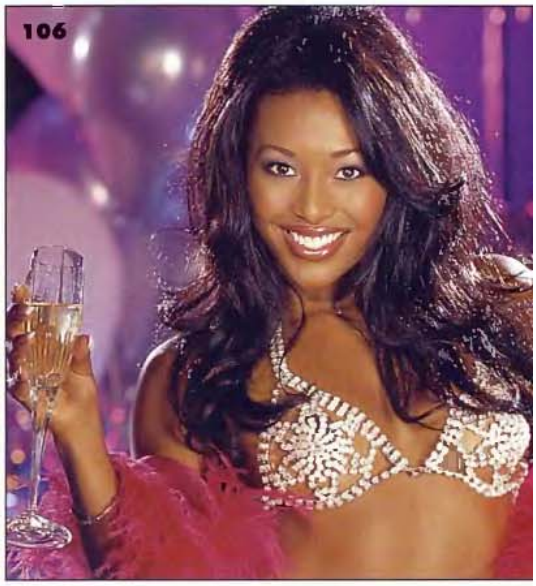

cover story

As a WWF character, Chyna was nicknamed the Ninth Wonder of the World by her fans, but before Joanie Laurer became a ring femme fatale, she worked as a belly dancer and had her own band. Now, she has written a best-seller and created a website. Fourteen months after her first fabulous pictorial, she's back, and better than ever. Our Rabbit is armed.

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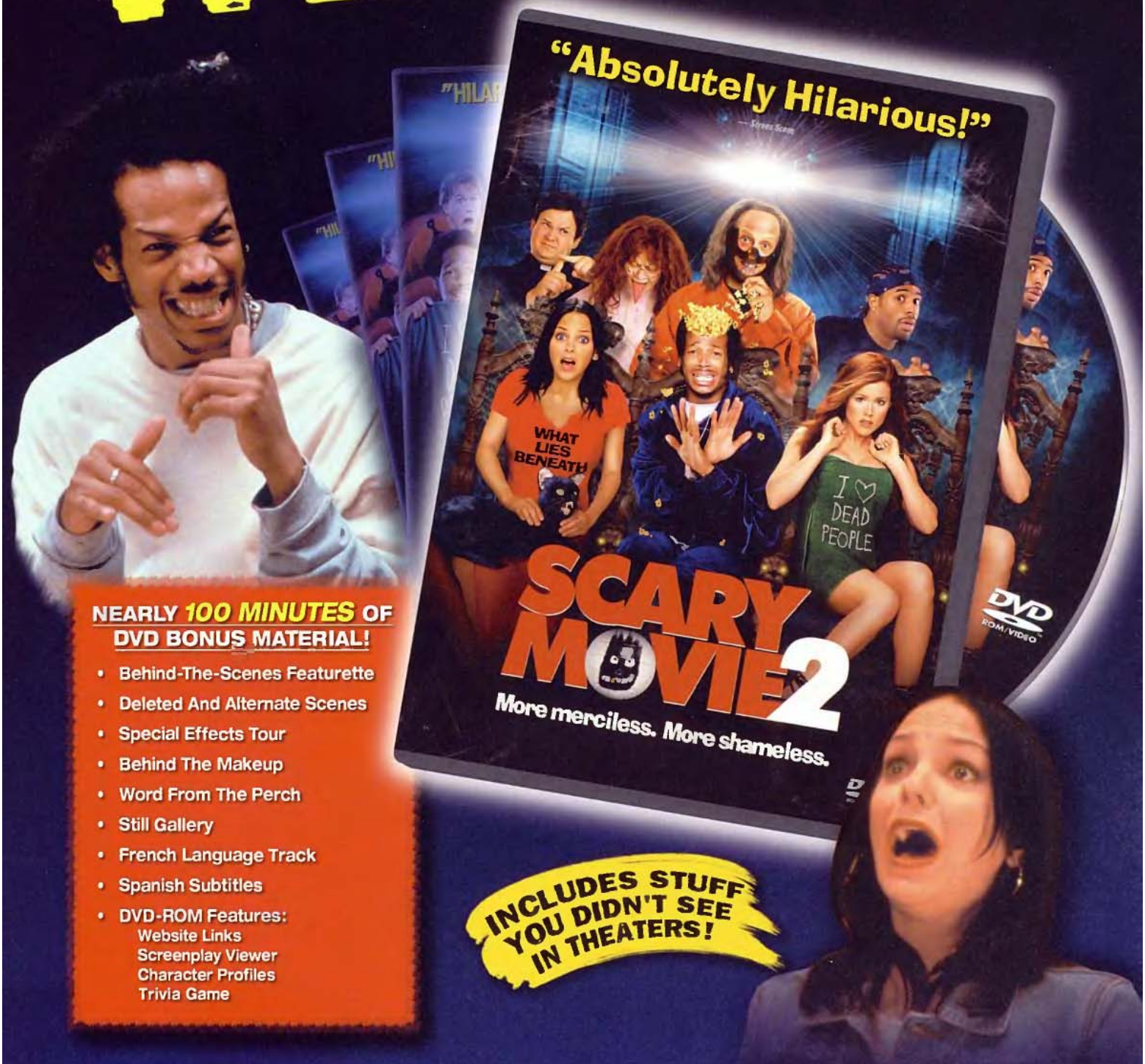

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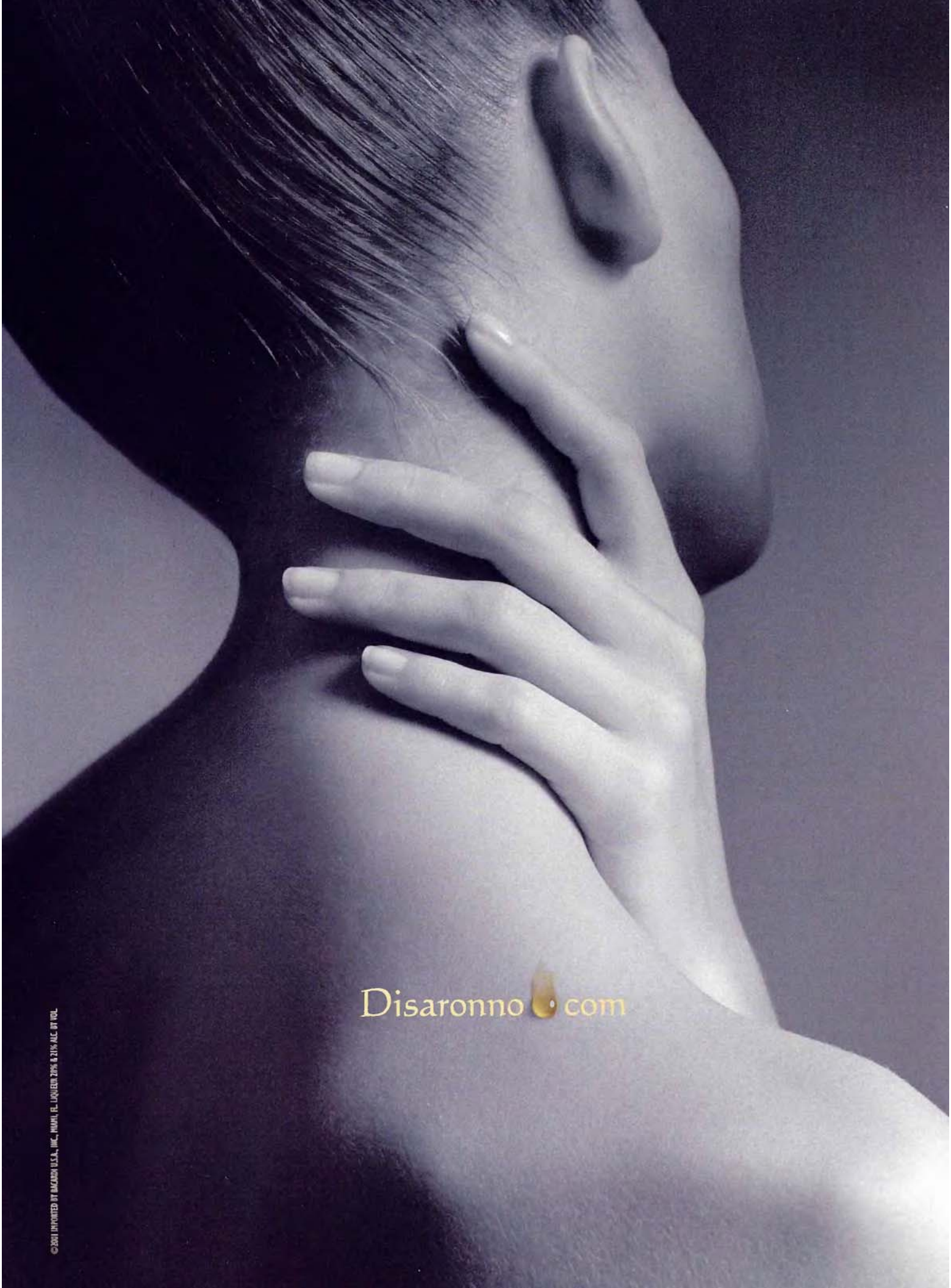
HANGIN' WITH H&F

Summer's end meant no end to the fun for the Hef troop. (1) Hef chartered a railroad car for a trip to Sea World with Christi Shake, Kim Stanfield, Dalene Kurtis, Stephanie Heinrich and Tina Jordan. (2) A private tour meant getting close to the animals. (3) Hef gets a sea lion kiss. (4) Shaking a few friendly flippers. (5) Steph pets a penguin. (6) It was see, hear and speak no evil when simians showed up for the Mansion screening of *Planet of the Apes*. (7) Kevin Spacey with the gang at Joya. (8) British sex bomb Jordan, Hef and his gals caused a sensation at Dodger Stadium. The organist played *There Is Nothin' Like a Dame*, and the crowd cheered. Maybe baseball isn't America's favorite pastime. (9) Andy Dick, Sean Lennon and friends relax on a Mansion Sunday. (10) Kicking it with Fred Durst at Las Palmas. (11) Hef, Shaq and the gals at a P. Diddy party. (12) Christi and Tina have their cake and eat it too. (13) Hef hosted a luncheon for Hope Olson and a dozen Seventies Centerfolds. (14) Dalene, Tiffany and Stephanie nuzzle their puppies, Max, Dolce and Cheech. Lucky dogs.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COEDS REIGN

Once again, PLAYBOY has shown why the *Girls of the SEC* (October) are number one. Terah Bruce, Amy Dew and Pamela Cuevas make this rebel heart skip a beat. I'd welcome back PLAYBOY to the Ole Miss campus anytime. Perhaps more coeds will shed their inhibitions.

Ed Lovin
Oxford, Mississippi

Bridget Chadwick gives new meaning to the term Arkansas Razorback. She's a beautiful, natural, all-American woman. As a PLAYBOY reader for more than 30 years, I would love to see Bridget return as a Centerfold.

Larry Callahan
Oakland, California

Sweet home, Alabama.

PLAYBOY created a dilemma for me. Although the ladies representing my alma mater—the University of South Carolina—are beautiful, my loyalty has been severely tested by seeing Kerri Roser of Alabama. She's breathtaking.

Gordon Blanchard
Rockland, Massachusetts

I have been walking around aimlessly since I looked at Kerri Roser's photo. She is easily the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Eric Glass
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Amy White melted my October issue like lava.

D.G.
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

I've always been self-conscious about my small breasts, so it was great to see that not all of the gorgeous women in the SEC pictorial are well endowed. Thanks for showing all kinds of women's bodies.

Keren Martinez
Martinez, California

University of Kentucky's Monique Watkins has the most beautiful bottom I've seen in PLAYBOY since Holly Joan Hart's.

Jesse Lykken
Minneapolis, Minnesota

ON THE CASE

How do the other crime scene investigators solve any of their cases with the wonderfully distracting Marg Helgenberger (*20 Questions*, October) on staff?

Jason Gabbert
Buckeye, Arizona

NIGHT LIGHT

Olivia de Berardinis has done an amazing job of painting everybody's favorite Mistress of the Dark (*Elvira's Night Moves*, October). Elvira has a huge following of younger fans, and though many of them would undoubtedly love

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to see her in the buff, she made the right decision in not posing nude.

Vince Cooper
Magalia, California

The Elvira pin-up is beautiful, and the little black cats are a delightful touch. Please try to persuade her to pose for PLAYBOY. Her legions of fans will be forever in your debt.

Bruce Fletcher
Deltona, Florida

WINGING IT

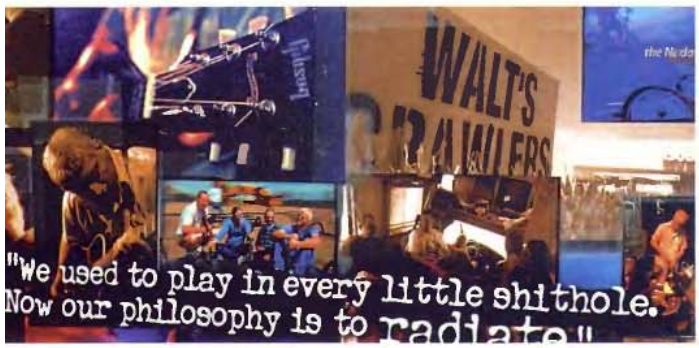
I enjoyed David Sheff's interview with the ensemble from *The West Wing* (October). Do you think that Janel Moloney would be willing to do a photo shoot?

Steve Johnson
San Jose, California

I'm a very ardent fan of *The West Wing* and PLAYBOY, but I find it difficult to read about how inspired Martin Sheen and Rob Lowe were by President Clinton. I thank God when I hit my knees at night that these actors are reading scripts in Hollywood and not drafting legislation in D.C.

Pat LeMire
Madison, Wisconsin

The idea that *The West Wing* is the smartest show on television is utterly laughable. If you're looking for the most intelligent, best-written show, you should tune in an hour later. *Law and Order* is



Nuts about the Nadas.

the real deal, and has been for more than a decade.

Jason Fredregill
West Des Moines, Iowa

DE NADAS

I liked *The Four-Year Road Trip* (October) and can't wait to see the Nadas in concert and to get my hands on one of their albums.

Jay Young
Manhattan, Kansas

Alison Lundgren did a wonderful job of describing how the Nadas are making it the old-fashioned way—an amazing feat in light of all the pop fads and one-hit wonders these days.

Nate Booth
Carbondale, Illinois

BAD TIMING

I opened the November issue and followed my usual routine of checking out your music reviews as one of the first pages I look at—after the Centerfold, of course. I'm sure I'm not the only one who noticed that the cover of the Coup's *Party Music* CD bears an uncanny resemblance to the horrifying events in New York City. I know both the CD cover and your magazine were printed prior to the World Trade Center tragedy, but this gave me chills. I wonder how the Coup feels about the eerie similarity.

Kristofer Kirchen
Tampa, Florida

The Coup's label changed the cover and sent their "thoughts and prayers to everyone this tragedy has touched."

SIMPSONOLOGY, MY ARSE

The *Oxford English Dictionary* is about 60 years off. The term doh (*After Hours*, October) isn't Homer Simpson's creation. Laurel and Hardy foil James Finlayson is the originator of that remark. Fin, like the great Edgar Kennedy, was a master of the slow burn, and every time he did one, he exclaimed, "Doh!"

Ira Shprintzen
New Rochelle, New York

THE SPORTING LIFE

Thanks, PLAYBOY, for reminding me why I love college with your *Girls of the SEC* pictorial. But shame on you for not including Ohio State strong safety Mike Doss on your All-America team (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, October). He's arguably the best defensive back in the country.

Greg Bonis
Columbus, Ohio

I'm surprised PLAYBOY followed the lead of the sports powers that be and featured only players from big conferences in the *Pigskin Preview*. MTSU is on the rise, and although Gary Cole may not know who they are, I guarantee that their opponents do.

Jason Lien
Murfreesboro, Tennessee

Pigskin prognosticator Gary Cole replies: Hey, I'm from Tennessee, and even I don't care about Middle Tennessee State football.

While your "Rest of the Best" contains some solid picks, there were a few glaring omissions and at least one reach. Fresno State's David Carr is one of the top quarterbacks in college football. You also left out Arizona linebacker Lance Briggs, who draws the attention of PAC 10 offensive coordinators and line coaches. Jason Thomas, on the other hand, is overrated.

Dave Nagel
Tucson, Arizona

THE HEINRICH MANEUVER

Of the 10 Playmates so far this year, three are from Ohio. From one Buckeye to another, congrats to Stephanie Heinrich (*Stephanie Starts Over*, October).

J.T. Rapp
Columbus, Ohio

Beautiful Buckeye.

I can't deny that Miss October is a beautiful woman, but do we really need to see another blonde Playmate who just happens to live at the Playboy Mansion? How about throwing in an occasional redhead or a spicy Latina or maybe even a brunette every once in a while? Hey, Hef, even lobster gets boring if you eat it all the time.

R.B. Cooperstown
Carson City, Nevada

A BROAD ABROAD

I'm spending my senior year studying in Rome, and thanks to your *Buzz From Abroad* (October), my first extended break was a fabulous bicycle trip between Florence and the Cinque Terre. Thanks a million.

Mary Morris
Rome, Italy

UP IN SMOKE

In September's *Potpourri*, you had an item for cigar-loving cyclists about motorcycle humidors ("Hog Humidors"), but you neglected to mention where I can purchase one.

Jack Williams
Denver, Colorado

Oops. For more information, call Luxus Design of Switzerland at 800-418-4653.

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A GUY'S GUIDE TO WHAT'S HIP AND WHAT'S HAPPENING

NEW YEAR'S ABSOLUTION

Signs that you made as much of an ass of yourself at the office holiday party as you think you did:

There's tinsel stuck in your pubes.

Chunky receptionist sends you a Whitman's Sampler and a thank-you note.

The doctored poster of you in the mailroom.

Your new nickname: Jerry Fallswell.

Your co-workers sing *Who Let the Dogs Out?* whenever you walk by.

Corporate accounting issues a memo stating that there will be no reimbursement for charges from Sadie's House of Whacks.

Your underwear is returned to you in an interoffice envelope.

Your boss asks for a list of all your current projects.

FROM ABBA TO DOUBLE D

A soft drink from Sweden recently introduced in the U.S. is the latest product to come along that claims it can enlarge a woman's breasts. The gold-hued tonic is called Wunder Titte (German for "nice knockers"). Each eight-ounce can contains herbs that supposedly stimulate female hormones. According to American distributor Nordic Drinks, a woman who quaffs the juice for four months can look for an increase of up to at least one cup size. We're skeptical. The only northern European elixir that adds inches—albeit indiscriminately—is beer.

Q. AND A. WITH THE D

The world of music needs Tenacious D. With songs like *Karate Schnitzel*, Jack Black (the record clerk in *High Fidelity*) and Kyle Gass (alternately referred to as Rage, Cage and Rage Cage) have thrown the switch on power ballads. They've done two HBO comedy specials and their new self-titled album features Foo Fighter Dave Grohl and Page McConnell of Phish. We called the D in midtour for some pressing answers to soft questions.

In Fuck Her Gently, you advise men on gentle sex and discreet balling. Do you have any other sex tips?

BLACK: It's good to actually do stuff before the actual event. I recommend a lot of dry humping. Wet humping is overrated. Dry humping is where it's at. It's a lost art. Real safe sex.

What's the difference between you and a real metal guy like Tommy Lee?

BLACK: The difference between the D and Tommy Lee: I haven't been captured on video with my schlong out. I have never used mousse or spray gel. I've never been with Pamela Anderson. I've never been in prison. We party way harder than he does. And Rage has a much thicker cock. Tommy has a link-shaped cock. Cage has more of a beer can. Everybody's penis is a little bit different.

GASS: They're like fingerprints.

BLACK: That should be the new fingerprint—the penis print.

HOW TO MANIPULATE WOMEN

The last time we received a massage at the office, it turned out to be a real stroke of Kluck. The owner of Basic Knead in Hollywood, Michelle Kluck (above) is a clever marketer and master masseuse (and not just because she got rid of our headache). She's the author of *Hands On Feet* (Running Press). Each book comes with reflexology socks to take the stress out of finding pressure points. To stimulate a woman's sex organs, Kluck says to gently squeeze the indentations on both sides of her ankle with thumb and index finger. If Michelle can make someone's vagina relax, imagine what she can do for you.

HOT ACCESSORY

You probably won't see the rockets' red glare or bombs bursting in air, but shrewd survivalists can breathe easy with this authentic U.S. military gas mask ($240, from our friends at uswings.com). It protects against chemical and biological agents as well as riot-control material. It comes in black and goes well with everything.

WHY GIRLS SAY YES—REASON #9

Because of his uniform: "I love uniforms, all kinds of uniforms. Names embroidered on the breast pocket are the best, and anything with a hat (especially a hard hat) is a plus. Men with blue-collar jobs turn women on. The idea of a man all sweaty after a hard day's work is yummy! I fucked a messenger once. The studded doggy collar he wore around his neck should've had his home address on it, though. (He lived with his parents—too bad.) After I had seen him in uniform in my office building, I called his company and asked for him to make a delivery. He got the idea right away and asked me out. I was lured to his home in his truck after just one date. It was only a one-nighter and that's all you need, right? I highly recommend his keeping part of the uniform on. At least the boots." —*A.C., New York City*

What's the greatest power ballad ever recorded?

BLACK: What is a power ballad, Cage? Cage is a doctor of musicology.

GASS: It's where the lighters go up.

BLACK: My personal favorite is *The Unforgiven* by Metallica. I don't know if they based it on the movie or if it came out first. That should have been on the soundtrack.

GASS: The movie is just *Unforgiven*. The song is *The Unforgiven*. Remember when we saw *Cradle*? It's just titled *Cradle Will Rock*. There's no "the" at the beginning.

What are your fans like?

BLACK: Hef likes us. We played at a party he was at. At first he wasn't into us. Then we played *Double Team* and he perked up. He was like, "Wait a second. These kids have potential."

Do you think Justin and Britney fuck?

GASS: They should just get it on. Put on the white glove and do it.

BLACK: They already have, for sure. They say they haven't because it could hurt record sales. She sings *I'm Not That Innocent*. If she was a virgin, she would be innocent.

GASS: Maybe she's into heavy petting.

BLACK: Oh, I see. She's pulling a Bill Clinton.

What are your turn-ons and turnoffs?

GASS: My turn-ons are sandy beaches, sunsets, soft-shell crabs.

BLACK: Damn, those are good. You've got all S's. That was poetic.

GASS: My turnoffs are angry people, overcast skies and cars with no acceleration.

What are your contractual demands for backstage?

BLACK: Carrots, celery, ranch dressing and lots of beer.

GASS: Soy milk and a goat fetus.

NICE TITIAN

The Roman Institute of Psychology conducted a study of 2000 museum visitors to gauge the impact of art on the libido. According to *Artnews*, 20 percent of the respondents had an "erotic adventure" triggered by a trip to a museum. The glorious state of arousal has been dubbed the Rubens syndrome. Overall, museums ranked higher than nightclubs as desirable and likely places for *affare di amore*. The researchers say the Rubens syndrome is a spontaneous response to the beauty of art: When enjoying the classical scenes depicting romping and ravaging, men and women get horny. According to the study, a Caravaggio painting or a Greek sculpture is more likely to lead to sex than a work by Veronese, while modern pieces by Braque and Mondrian don't get museum goers half so worked up. The Palazzo Doria in Genoa, the Brera in Milan and the Gallery of Modern Art in Turin are the three most infectious places for contracting the syndrome. In addition, the sculptures of Hercules and *The Dying Gaul* in Rome's Capitoline Museum were given special mention. A guard at the Capitoline confirmed the randy behavior of art lovers, and said, "Just think of the incredible eroticism of *The Dying Gaul*. It's easy to see why people can't remain indifferent."

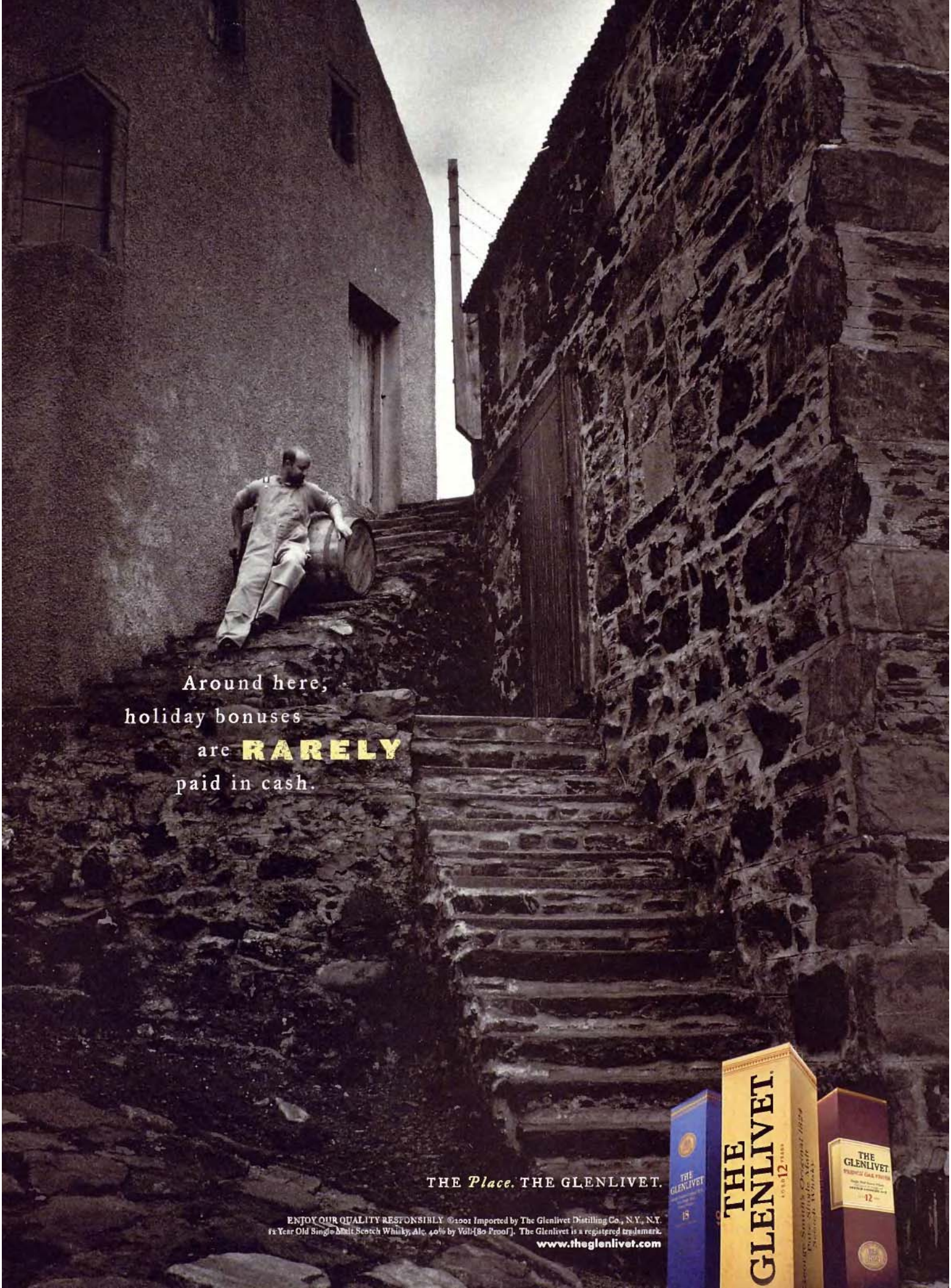
"You have to be cool with what's yours, and I've got mine, and what's mine is good." —Reese Witherspoon

THE TIP SHEET

Crunk: As in, "Let's get crunk" (a variation of cranked up). It's the battle cry of ballers from the Dirty South, notably rapmasters and NFL linemen. Who are

DISH OF THE MONTH

Kevin Graham hunted rabbits when he was growing up in England. Now he gets them—organic and free-range—from a rabbit farm in New Mexico not far from La Posada de Santa Fe, the luxury spa and resort where he is executive chef. He smokes rabbit over juniper wood, then braises it in apple juice and a splash of Pernod with a few blackberries tossed in. It makes for a nice picture (below) and an even tastier meal. Those are kirsch-marinated cherries on the side, which are balanced by a crisp potato circle and a few *tuiles*. French chefs serve cookie *tuiles* with dessert, but Graham makes his from poblano chilies and yellow peppers—they're like veggie chips with a Southwestern kick. The sprig of tarragon on top is meant to cool things down. Better yet, it reminds us of a bunny tail. We like bunny tail.



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THE THONG REMAINS THE SAME

This is the kind of showmanship we can applaud. At the third annual Live Nude Bands at the Fillmore West in San Francisco, local Bay Area bands pulled a move for the sake of posterity—and in anticipation of future episodes of *Behind the Music*—by performing in the nude. Pictured above is the 50 Guitar Orchestra, a rock-and-roll symphony conducted by the Gun and Doll Shaw. If you look closely enough, you may see one or two female vocalists who are not above lip-synching.

we to argue?

Merry Christmas From the Family (Rutledge Hill): For everyone dreaming of a white-trash Christmas comes a picture-heavy book based on the hit song by Texas giant Robert Earl Keen. Loaded with tips, including how to make a tampon angel for the tree and a recipe for a bourbon sandwich (bourbon, ice, hold the bread).

Terror sex: How some New Yorkers described a need for intense, exhaustive coupling after the attack on the World Trade Center. Infidels make better lovers.

"I've always wanted to do something crazy under a waterfall with greenery all over the place—not even necessarily have sex, but hug and play and splash in the water."
—Tara Reid

Bad pun of the month: Netscape buys Yahoo. The new company will be called Net'n'Yahoo.

Putt or Go Blind: The Potty Putter, an artificial-turf putting green, is the size of a bath mat and fits around the base of a standard toilet. Now you can work on your putting while shitting, and vice versa. Includes ball, flag, putter and DO NOT DISTURB sign.

Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy: Just like the hedgehog himself, this documentary is short and penetrating—and only a certain kind of girl will stick it in her machine.

Red-white-and-blue condoms: A dozen for $10 at Condomania, now new and improved with tighter borders.

Dewey, Cheatem and Howe: Classic spoof law firm name from vaudeville, used by everybody, including the Three Stooges and the Tappet Brothers on NPR's *Car Talk*. It made news again thanks to Texas con artist Patrick Penker, who used it to fleece banks, credit card outfits and casinos out of $1 million.

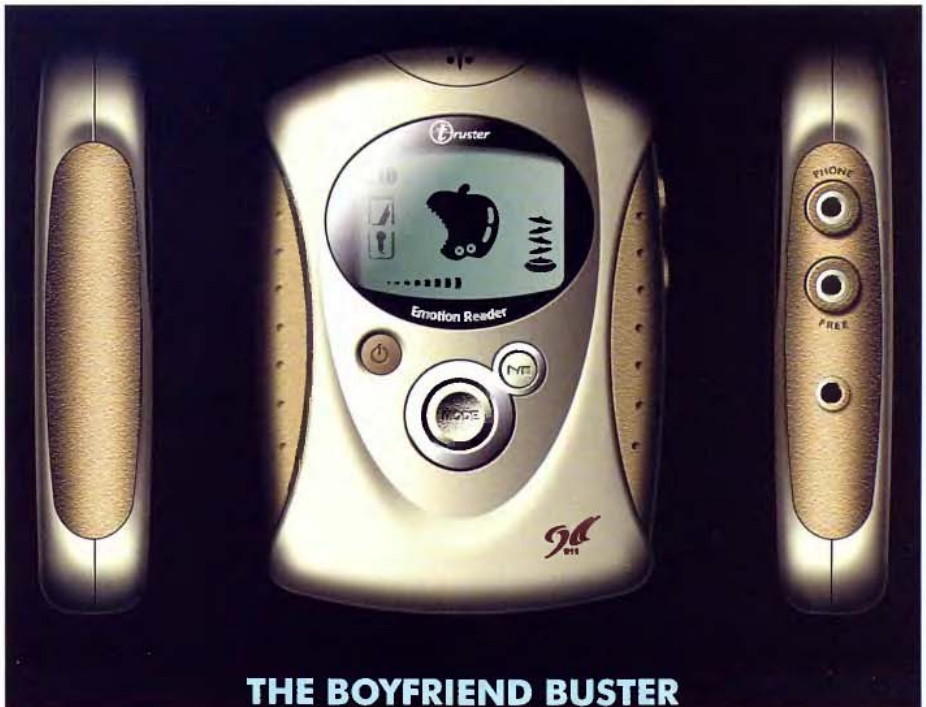
Royal Elastics: Remember when Run-DMC bragged they had no shoestrings in their Adidas? That's the concept behind Royal Elastics' street sneaks, too. Best of all, they actually stay on, making them the king of rubbers.

Stereo Total: We're addicted to *Liebe du Dritt* (German for "three-way love"), from the band's new album, *Musique Automatique*, on Bungalow Records. The song ain't bad, either.

Horny? Los Angeles (Really Great): Pocket paperback listing 300 strip clubs, bars and pickup spots. Out-of-towners can read it and weep.

RING STINGERS

If fundamentalist terror doesn't create enough concern, police in Kazakhstan are cracking down on another subversive pursuit. The Institute for War and Peace Reporting said many citizens in the former Soviet republics are fans of J.R.R. Tolkien. *Ring* nuts dress like hobbits and reenact scenes from *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy, which first arrived there with glasnost. One enthusiast claimed



THE BOYFRIEND BUSTER

So your girlie can't quite explain the vomit on her sweater or the bite marks on her butt? Then the Handy Truster Emotion Reader from 911 Computer in Korea (available online) is for you. The makers of the palm-size unit claim it detects lies and prevarication through involuntary changes in speech timbre. It comes with a mike and phone jack. Calibrated by registering vocal patterns of statements known to be true, the gizmo can put a real crimp in your Friday night plans if it falls into the wrong, dainty hands. Know it. Fear it. And if you are ever confronted with its 80 percent accuracy rate, plead the Fifth.

Have the sex you tell your friends you have.

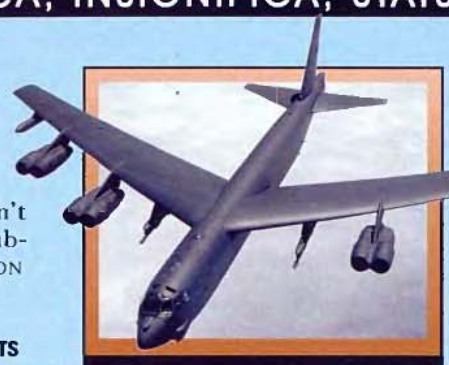
There's sex. And then there's Durex. Once you slip on a Durex Intense Sensation condom, you'll know what we mean. Pleasure like you've never felt before. For you and for her. Be wild. Be free. Make the love you're supposed to be making. Check us out at www.durex.com. **Durex. Set yourself free.**

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"A fanatic is someone who can't change his mind and won't change the subject."—WINSTON CHURCHILL



FACT OF THE MONTH

The nickname of the B52 Stratofortress (deployed in every major conflict involving the U.S. during the past four decades and responsible for delivering 40 percent of all aerial explosives in the Gulf war) is BUFF—for Big Ugly Fast Fellow.

FLATTOP FACTS

Length in feet of aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Carl S. Vinson*, principal ship of the battle group that is stationed in the Indian Ocean: 1092. Cost to build the *Vinson*: $1.3 billion. Gallons of fuel on board when the *Vinson*'s tanks are full: 3 million. Number of miles it can travel without refueling: 1 million. Crew: 6000.

HOT STEPPING

The number of people living in Afghanistan, roughly the size of Texas: 27 million. Number of land mines in Afghanistan: 10 million. Number of Afghans killed each month by land mines: 100.

TERMINAL TRAFFIC

Percentage of weapons and contraband that was overlooked by airport screeners in 1978: 13. Percentage of weapons and contraband that was overlooked in 2000: 20. Number of jobs that were cut by airlines shortly after the attacks on September 11: 100,000. Amount of aid from Congress sought by the airline industry: $24 billion. Amount received: $15 billion. Amount targeted for laid-off employees: $0.

FORBIDDING HIGH LANDS

Percentage of land in Afghanistan that is arable: 4. Percentage of world's opium supply that comes from Afghan poppy fields: 72. Percentage of Afghan opium grown in Taliban-controlled areas: 96. Estimated revenue to the Taliban from the opium trade: $50 million to $100 million. Price of fresh opium in Jalalabad on September 10: $700 per kilo. Price two weeks later: $100 per kilo.

THE HUMAN TOUCH

Prior to September 11, the amount of humanitarian aid that was sent to Afghanistan by the U.S., the largest provider of humanitarian aid to the Taliban: $43 million. Amount of U.S. aid earmarked for Afghanistan after the September 11 attacks: $320 million. Number of daily ration packets that the U.S. dropped on first day of bombing: 37,500. Percentage of Afghan children that dies before the age of 5: 25.

CODE XXX

Number of transmissions that Echelon, a global communications eavesdropping system that scans for such suspicious words and phrases as nuclear, bomb, hacker, FBI, Bugs Bunny and Bubba the Love Sponge, is said to be capable of intercepting per minute: 3 million.

GLOBAL COPS

Number of countries that belong to Interpol: 179.

BIG BUDGETS

Annual national defense budget of the U.S.: $343 billion. The estimated cost of the Star Wars missile defense shield: $30 billion. Amount the CIA spends annually on spy satellites and electronic surveillance: $10 billion. Amount spent on covert operations in east Asia: $10 million.

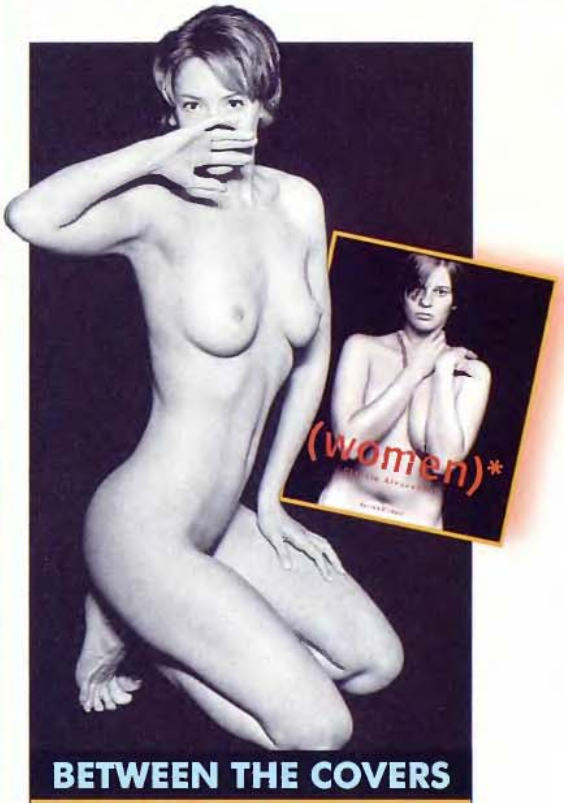
BORDERS BOOKED

The estimated number of terrorist groups in Canada: 50. Percentage of terrorist groups allowed to raise money in Canada, so long as the money isn't used for violent purposes: 100. Number of patrol agents who are stationed along the U.S.–Canadian border: 300. Number of patrol agents stationed along the U.S.–Mexican border: 7700. —ALISON LUNDGREN

Kazakh officials accuse the actors of "being Satanists and conducting dark rituals." That's what women here say, too, when we ask them to comb our feet.

WINDOW DISSING

Given that window designer is a profession popular among men of heightened sensitivity, it is ironic that Bloomingdale's in New York recently asked Eminem to decorate a store window. Slim's first concept—a replica of himself on the crapper next to toilet paper bearing the likenesses of Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera—was watered down to a dummy of him standing by a wall bearing the graffito, "For a good time call Britn——" Hours after the window was unveiled, store officials had the wall papered over.



BETWEEN THE COVERS

In case you needed proof that beautiful women come in a variety of shapes and sizes, you can turn to Women (Edition Stemmle), a collection of fabulous photographs by Claudio Alessandri. They're short, they're tall, they're big, they're small, they're even pregnant. It's like real life, except here, they're all gloriously naked. It's hard to look at this book and not have a big smile on your face.

SONGS FOR SLEEPING WITH YOUR BEST FRIEND'S GIRL

Ring of Fire by Johnny Cash: Perfect for humming along. And while she's down there, get used to the idea of flames licking your ass, too.

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LAS VEGAS EIFFEL

For dancers, Las Vegas will always be the place to lose your shirt. After dabbling in family fare, casinas have renewed their commitment to topless reviews. The MGM Grand has spent $3 million an a shaw from the Crazy Horse in Paris called *La Femme*. Thankfully, they saved on G-strings—the newest caochie accautrement is a tiny piece of sticky clath known as the patch.

Sandwiches by Detroit Grand Pubahs: See, it's all about the power of suggestion. She hears the lyrics, "I can be the burger girl," and next time she brings her best friend.

O.P.P. by Naughty by Nature: Extremely versatile. Can be used for throwing a hump at your best friend's lover or a complete stranger's girl.

The One I Love (Belongs to Somebody Else) by Frank Sinatra: Face it—you're a real sleaze. But as long as Frank's playing, you have at least a pretense of class.

If I'm talking about sexual things all the time, and people see me playing a sexual character, they think that's all I'm about." —Shannon Elizabeth

Is That Yo Bitch? by Jay-Z, featuring Missy Elliott: When you're buddy is a sad sack, and his girl wants a good time, and you're a coldhearted bastard.

Dirty Weekend by Rod Stewart: You, too, can turn best-mate's bird-shagging into a scene straight out of *Caligula*.

Bad Reputation by Joan Jett: We don't give a damn about our reputations, either, honey.

Best Friends by City High: When the who's-screwing-whom of bedding your pal's girl begins to resemble higher math, listen to this track.

Layla by Derek and the Dominos: Because with one song, Eric Clapton wooed George Harrison's wife, won public acclaim and made a mountain of cash.

Get Me Off by Basement Jaxx: If you're knocking boots on the downlow, this sums up the motive.

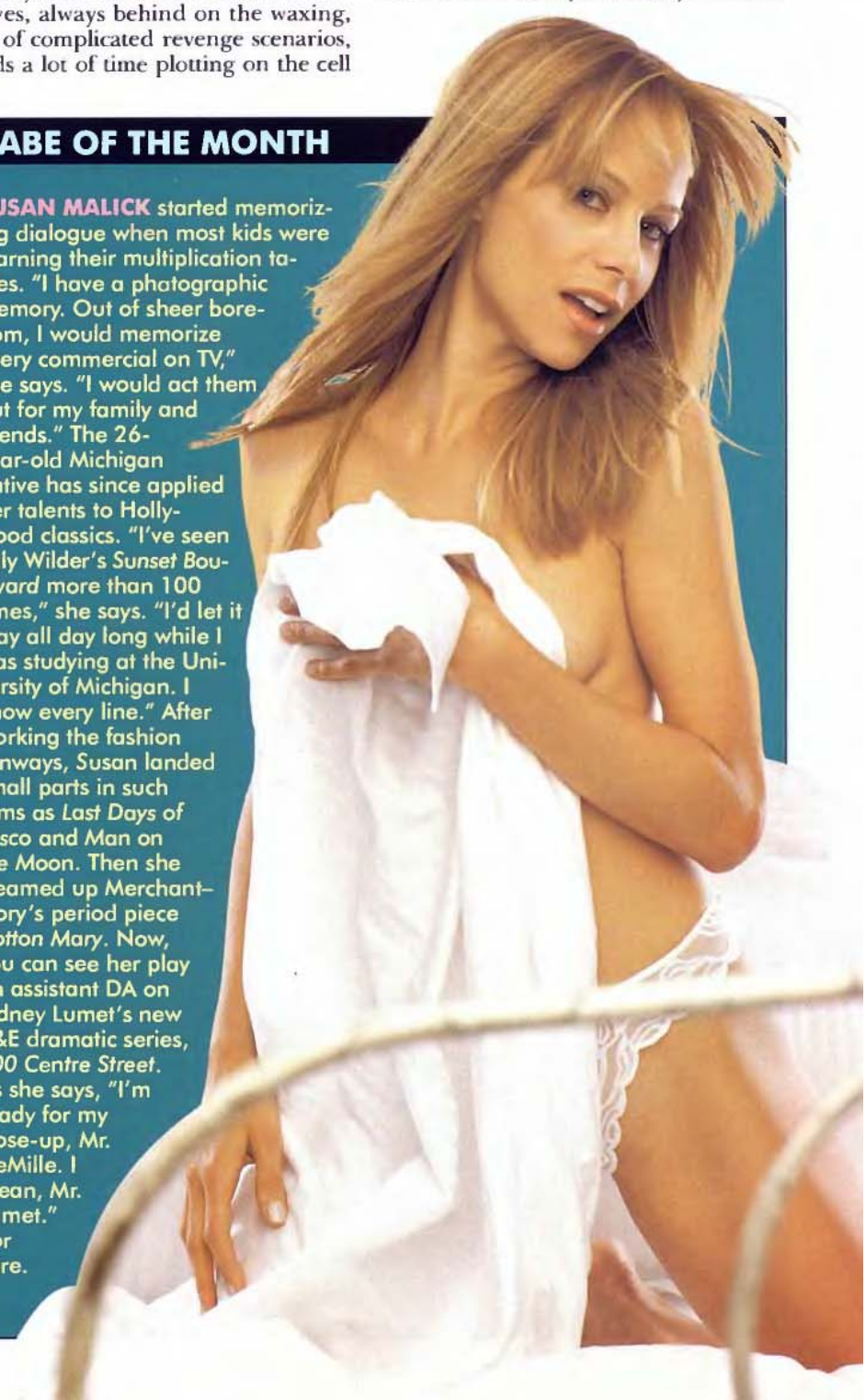
Long Black Veil by Lefty Frizzell: Honor and romance collide head-on with some scary words—judge, scaffold, grave. Save it for after the breakup.

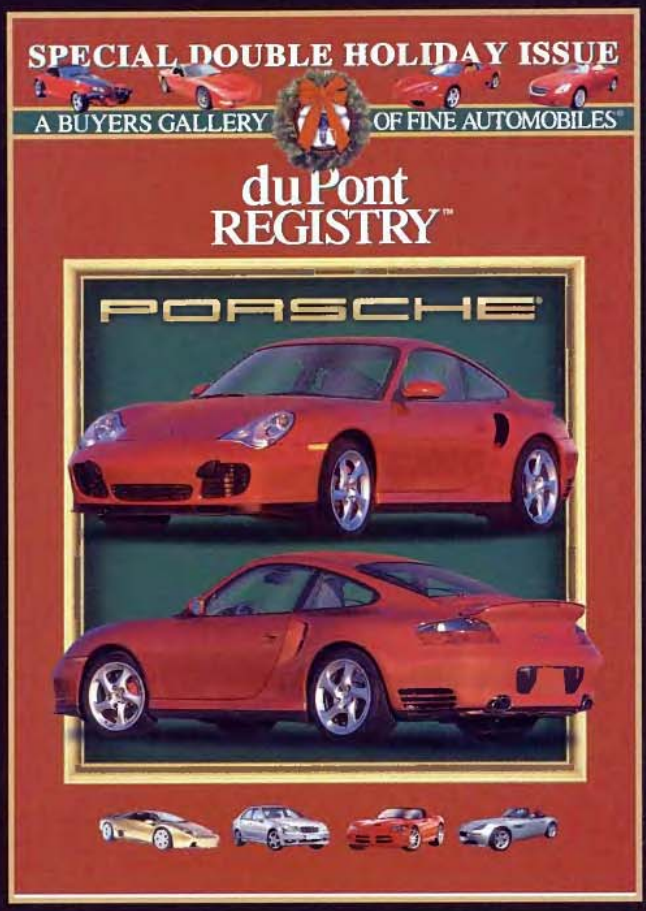
OH, OH, OH, OSAMA

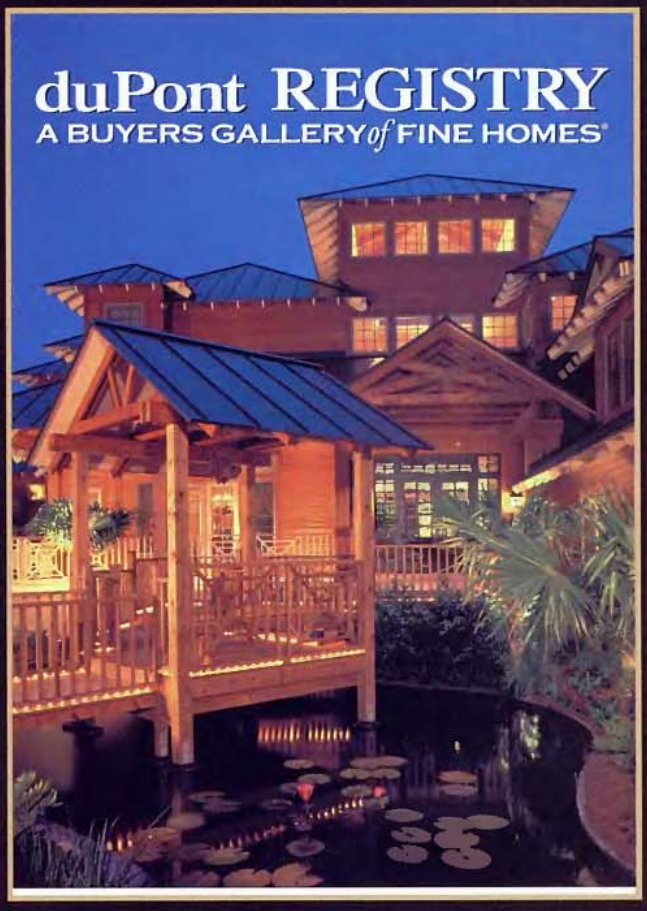
Why is Osama bin Laden so pissed off? Must be something to do with love and jealousy—hell hath no fury like a woman scorned. Think of all the ways he reminds you of a soon-to-be ex-girlfriend: Wears a dress, is vengeful, has a pouty, sensuous lower lip, doesn't like it when you come home drunk, has doleful eyes, always behind on the waxing, hints of complicated revenge scenarios, spends a lot of time plotting on the cell phone, gets even more ornery when you take her to task for flying off the handle, has a secret stash of cash and is really hard to find when you actually want her.

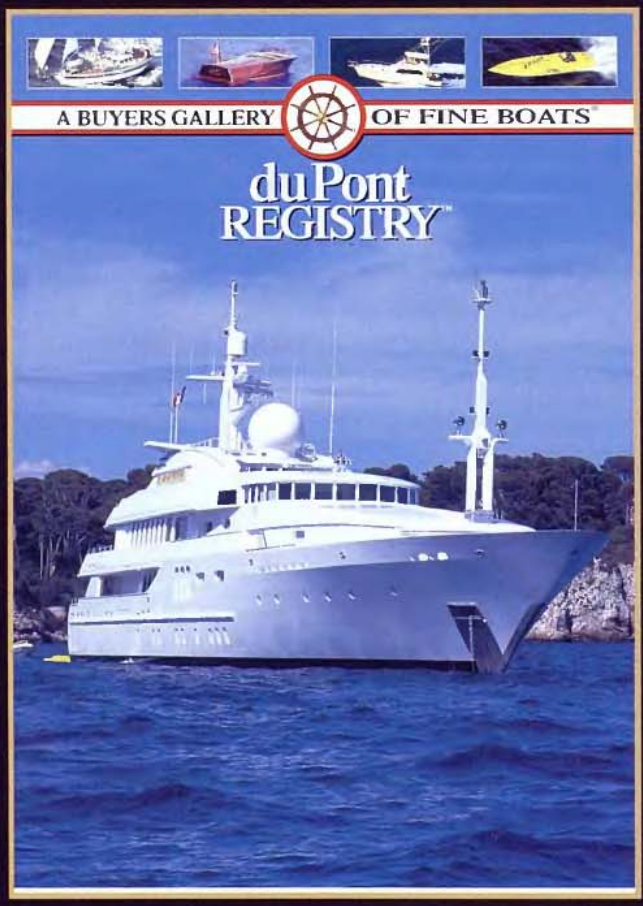
BABE OF THE MONTH

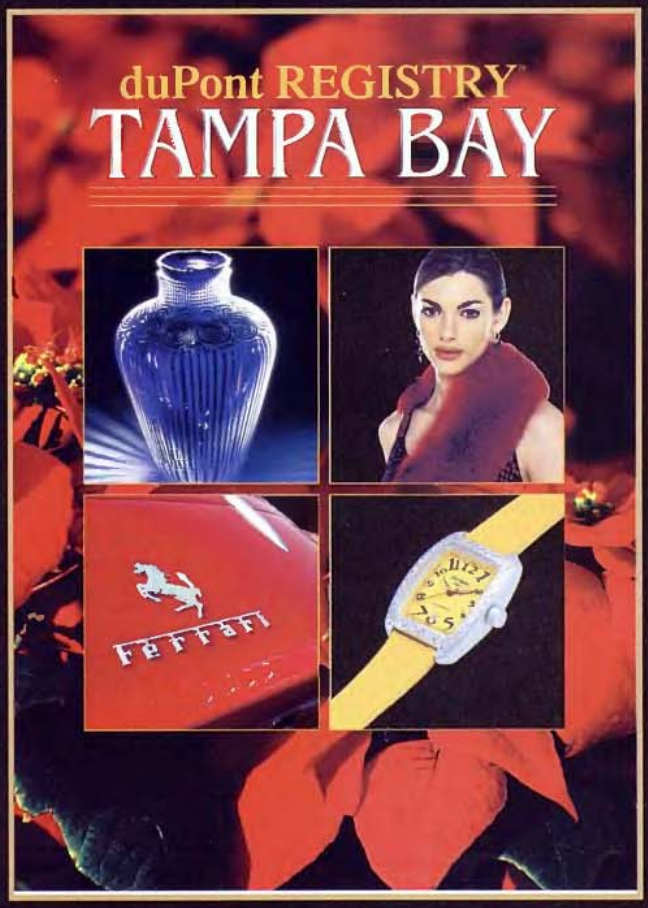
SUSAN MALICK started memorizing dialogue when most kids were learning their multiplication tables. "I have a photographic memory. Out of sheer boredom, I would memorize every commercial on TV," she says. "I would act them out for my family and friends." The 26-year-old Michigan native has since applied her talents to Hollywood classics. "I've seen Billy Wilder's *Sunset Boulevard* more than 100 times," she says. "I'd let it play all day long while I was studying at the University of Michigan. I know every line." After working the fashion runways, Susan landed small parts in such films as *Last Days of Disco* and *Man on the Moon*. Then she steamed up Merchant–Ivory's period piece *Cotton Mary*. Now, you can see her play an assistant DA on Sidney Lumet's new A&E dramatic series, *100 Centre Street*. As she says, "I'm ready for my close-up, Mr. DeMille. I mean, Mr. Lumet." For sure.











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"SHE SAID, 'You can't repeat the past.' I said, 'You can't? What do you mean you can't? Of course you can,'" sputters Bob Dylan in one of the hundreds of wonderful lines on ***Love and Theft*** (Columbia), his best album since (choose one) *Blood on the Tracks* or *The Basement Tapes*. The CD reclaims old musical materials, a rock-and-roll pace and a youthful conviction that life is out there for the taking. Its concern with the passage of time comes naturally, and its tone is epitomized by the knock-knock joke that climaxes its best song. —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

BRIAN FUJIMORI

Maxwell's latest CD, ***Now*** (Columbia), marks a return to form after a fuzzy sophomore effort. His songwriting has improved and his voice, showcased on the ballad *Lifetime* and *This Woman's Work*, continues to mature. While the up-tempo tracks are still a bit generic, *Now* has class and sensitivity. —NELSON GEORGE

R.L. Burnside's new live album, ***Burnside on Burnside*** (Fat Possum), brings you a step closer to his intense, steamy juke joint performances. He and his band have more drive than rockers one third his age. —VIC GARBARINI

By 1998, on the 900th anniversary of her birth, Hildegard von Bingen had become the best-known composer of the Dark Ages. A mystic whose luminous visions may have been caused by migraines, she had a benevolent view of God and a haunting sense of melody. On ***Hildegard von Bingen*** (Northside), Garmarna gives her an inspired reinterpretation, adding ethereal electronic elements. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Sardonic studio wiz Al Kooper did not reserve all his talents for Dylan, the Stones and Lynyrd Skynyrd. He has packed disc one of ***Rare and Well Done*** (Legacy) with obscurities, then used disc two to cover his career as an artist from *This Diamond Ring* and the Blues Project to solo tracks the Beastie Boys will sample again. —DAVE MARSH

The Who's 1970 *Live at Leeds* album caught the band at the pinnacle of its creative powers. Now ***The Who Live at Leeds (Deluxe Edition)*** (MCA) adds 18 unreleased songs from that concert. The rough-hewn live renditions show *Tommy* working better as rock than as opera. —V.G.

fast tracks

MO MONEY DEPARTMENT: According to *Forbes*, **P. Diddy** is the 22nd wealthiest person under the age of 40 in the U.S., with a fortune estimated at $231 million. If he misses a court date or two, don't worry, he can cover the fine. **REELING AND ROCKING: Badly Drawn Boy** will pen and record the score and soundtrack for *About a Boy* by **Nick** (*High Fidelity*) **Hornby.** . . . **Gorillaz,** the cartoon band, is going to do a feature film. . . . **Ja Rule's** movie career is heating up. He'll co-star with Steven Seagal in a prison film called *Half Past Dead*. **NEWSBREAKS:** A collector in Australia bought a **Paul–John–George** autograph on pizza-stained paper for almost $25,000. In other **Beatles** news: Developers in Liverpool plan to build the Hard Days Night Hotel. . . . An arts center named for **Tupac** will open in Atlanta in 2003. It will include an art gallery, performing arts studio and garden. . . . New in the world of books: **Jimmy Buffett's** short-story collection is due out this year. . . . Producer **Phil Ramone** (**Streisand, Sinatra, Billy Joel** and **Paul Simon**) is promising more than folklore and tales in his book from Hyperion. . . . **Bob Dylan** says the autobiography he's working on will also be a critical look at the world. We would expect no less. . . . The first tangible result of the hip-hop summit is that the Congressional Black Caucus will host a panel called Hip-Hop and Political Empowerment, including politicians, representatives from Rock the Vote and **Russell Simmons.** The summit action network has formed a PAC to help candidates get elected who take strong stands on freedom-of-speech issues. . . . The big man isn't waiting to see what **Bruce Springsteen** and the other **E Streeters** do next. **Clarence Clemons** plans a double CD and has resumed his solo gigs. . . . **Aaliyah** left behind two videos and at least one more CD. . . . Lastly, it will come as no surprise to his fans that **Afroman** was the headliner for the *High Times* awards show, where *Because I Got High* was nominated for pot song of the year. —BARBARA NELLIS

New R&B pops up faster than teen pap: I'm hyping Babyface, whose ***Face 2 Face*** moves him to Arista. Updated beats augment his pro-woman lyrics on the best male R&B album of 2001. —R.C.

On Merle Haggard's ***Roots*** (Epitaph), Lefty Frizzell's former guitarist Norm Stephens leads a band through tunes by Frizzell and Hank Williams. But it's not a tribute—it's the freest music Merle has made in decades. No misplaced notes, but it never sounds careful. —D.M.

Angie Stone's second solo album, ***Mahogany Soul*** (J), lives up to its title. She brings gutsy, dark emotional sensibility to her material. *Bottles and Cans* is a satisfying declaration of love. *Brotha* is a calculated celebration of black men, while *The Ingredient*, a duet with Musiq Soulchild, is a sharply arranged track. —N.G.

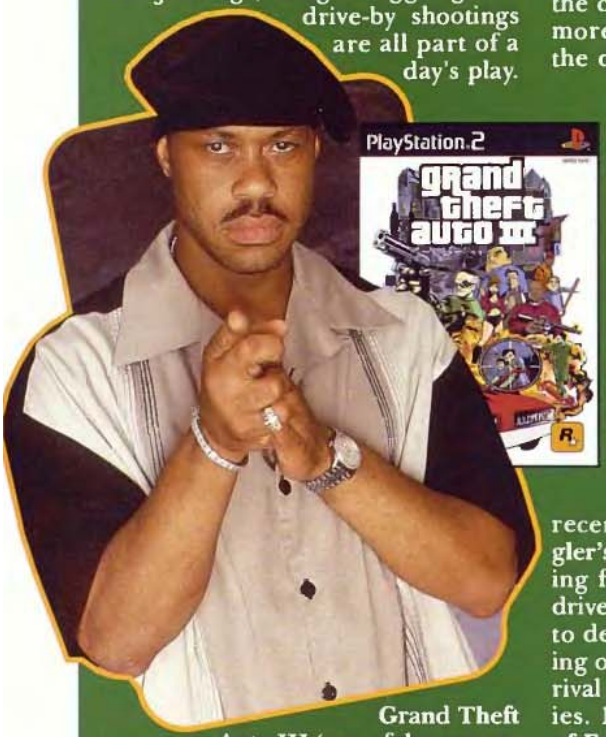
Iannis Xenakis was one of electronic music's greatest innovators. ***CCMIX: Electro-acoustic Music From Paris*** (Mode) collects amazing music from his studio. Without him, there'd be no Aphex Twin. ***Drukqs*** (Warp) is Richard James' long-awaited tour de force, a two-CD set that points to the future of music.—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ROCK METER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
R.L. Burnside *Burnside on Burnside*	7	9	6	8	9
Bob Dylan *Love and Theft*	10	8	8	10	8
Garmarna *Hildegard von Bingen*	7	9	7	6	9
Merle Haggard *Roots*	7	9	7	9	7
Maxwell *Now*	7	8	8	8	8

CRIMINAL ELEMENTS

For the developers at Rockstar Games, car jackings, drug smuggling and drive-by shootings are all part of a day's play.



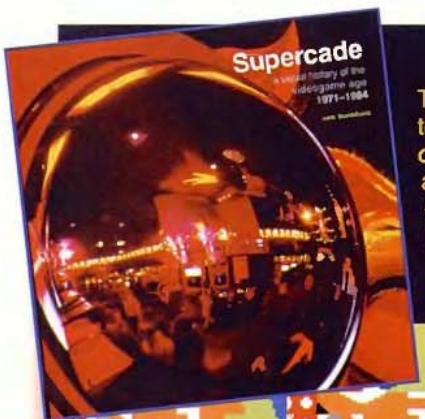
Grand Theft Auto III (one of the company's latest games for PlayStation 2) begins in Liberty City. Having just escaped from a prison van, players plug themselves into a Mafia connection with the help of fellow escapee Eightball (whose voice is provided by hip-hop star Guru, pictured here). But what begins as a job running errands (such as transporting a stripper from the clinic to the club) escalates into more serious scenarios—including the disposal of a car with a pair of corpses in the trunk, a drive-by shooting and the murder of a drug dealer. Liberty City's streets are crowded with more than 50 types of vehicles, and players in need of transportation can easily dump out the driver and hop in. Just remember to stay as inconspicuous as possible. The more your notoriety grows, the harder it will be to stay anonymous. Officials send a SWAT team, FBI and Army after you. If evading authorities sounds more exciting, try Rockstar's other recent PlayStation 2 game, **Smuggler's Run 2: Hostile Territory.** Working for a band of smugglers, you'll drive off-road in Russia and Vietnam to deliver contraband while dodging or destroying the authorities and rival gangs out to steal your deliveries. Rockstar's next game is **State of Emergency.** After an oppressive group called the American Trade Organization takes over the city, you and your fellow citizens riot in the streets. The goal is to loot and destroy everything in hopes of destabilizing the group's authority.—JASON BUHRMESTER

DOLLARS AND CHIPS

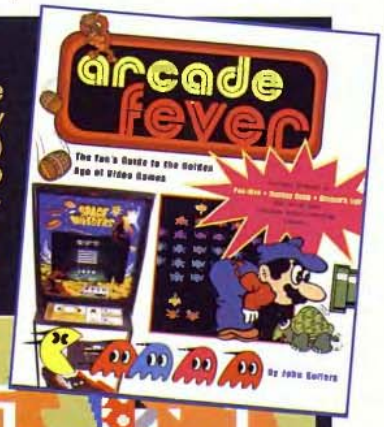
The federal government may soon have a whole new way to track spending. Hitachi recently announced the development of a microchip that's tiny enough to be embedded in paper. Hailed as the world's smallest radio-frequency identification circuit, the mu-chip is 0.4 millimeter square (about the size of a speck of pepper) and capable of broadcasting information to wireless receivers up to a foot away. The chip's ID information is embedded in read-only memory during the manufacturing process and provides high resistance to tampering. And while there are dozens of applications for the mu-chip, the most obvious is currency authentication. With the proliferation of scanners and high-quality ink-jet printers, an increasing number of people now print their own money. In 1995 the U.S. Secret Service reported less than one percent of seized counterfeit bills were created using a home computer. Last year, 47 percent of seized bills were produced with a computer and printer. While the recent bill redesign was intended to thwart amateur counterfeiters, microchips would be a particularly difficult obstacle to overcome. Hitachi says each chip is capable of storing and broadcasting up to 128 bits of information, which could include an encrypted serial number. Other applications call for embedding the chips in driver's licenses, traveler's checks, legal documents, passports or even concert tickets. The mu-chip could also be embedded in everything from bicycles to jewelry to help locate the proper owner in case of theft. Hitachi is gearing up to market the technology, and the cost of the mu-chip is expected to drop to a few pennies each once full-scale production begins next year. And while conspiracy theorists have already fixed on the technology as an insidious agent of Big Brother, keep in mind that most Americans already carry a locator chip: the mobile telephone. —LAZLOW

STEVE TUNA

ARCADE ARCHAEOLOGY



There's more to know about classic video games than just where to put the quarter. Two new books, *Supercade: A Visual History of the Videogame Age 1971–1984* by Van Burnham (MIT Press) and *Arcade Fever: The Fan's Guide to the Golden Age of Video Games* by John Sellers (Running Press), explore the stories behind early games such as Asteroids, Donkey Kong and Dragon's Lair. Both are worth checking out, even if it means putting down your PlayStation controller for a few minutes. —J.B.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

movies

By LEONARD MALTIN

A SECOND CHANCE

With fewer decent movies to choose from every year, it's a crime that any gems should slip through the cracks, yet it always seems to happen. Looking back at a fairly dismal 2001, I can point to a handful of films that deserve a second chance, which home video can provide. If you haven't seen these films, you should.

Finding the Center.

The Pledge was the first really good film of the year, but its nonformulaic story line (from the novel by Friedrich Dürrenmatt) and its failure to fit into a convenient category made it a tough sell. Jack Nicholson is exceptional as a police detective who, on the eve of his retirement, gets involved in a child murder case and makes a promise he cannot shake. Robin Wright Penn, Benicio Del Toro, Vanessa Redgrave, Sam Shepard and Tom Noonan co-star in this challenging film, directed by Sean Penn.

Startup.com is my favorite film of the past year, a feature-length documentary that's as compelling as any piece of fiction I've seen in recent memory. It is a cinema verité look at a couple of boyhood friends who start an online service but face a series of growing pains neither one could possibly predict. Bravo to filmmakers Jehane Noujaim and Chris Hegedus.

Songcatcher is another superb piece of storytelling from the underrated director Maggie Greenwald, whose previous credits include *The Kill-Off* and *The Ballad of Little Jo*. Janet McTeer (who received an Oscar nomination for *Tumbleweeds* two years ago) plays a musicologist of the early 20th century who collects folk songs in Appalachia—and is humanized in the process. Aidan Quinn, Jane Adams, Emmy Rossum and the wonderful Pat Carroll co-star in this lovingly crafted film.

Wayne Wang's ***Center of the World*** is a provocative small-scale film shot on digital video. It deals with the sometimes blurry line between sexual fantasy and reality, as a newly rich computer geek hires a stripper to spend a weekend with him in Las Vegas. At a time when most films deal with nothing whatsoever, this stands out all the more.

For pure entertainment, it would be hard to top ***The Dish,*** a delightful comedy from Australia starring Sam Neill as the scientist in charge of a remote satellite dish that turns out to be essential to the success of America's Apollo 11 flight. The humor arises from quirks of human nature, as opposed to the nonstop stupidity that most people mistake for comedy nowadays. *The Dish* is my cup of tea.

SCENE STEALER

JOELY RICHARDSON. NOW ON-SCREEN: Playing Marie Antoinette in *The Affair of the Necklace*. **HER ILLUSTRIOUS BACKGROUND:** Her mother is Vanessa Redgrave, her father was director Tony Richardson, her sister is Natasha Richardson and her aunt is Lynn Redgrave. **THE BEST PART SHE EVER TURNED DOWN:** "I've been asked to play Princess Diana a few times, while she was alive and after she died. All the times I declined for obvious reasons, despite the enormous amounts of money." **WHY?** "Because it would be tacky!" **WHAT WAS IT LIKE WEARING MARIE ANTOINETTE'S ELABORATE COSTUMES?** "They really are staggeringly beautiful; costume designer Milena Canonero is a true artist, but that has its upside and its downside. When they put that silly wig on me, it was truly exciting, but then when they put the birdcage on top of the wig with a real bird in it, plus the corset, the whole thing must have weighed as much as I do." **THE TOUGHEST PART OF FILMING EXPLICIT SEX SCENES IN *DROWNING BY NUMBERS* SO EARLY IN HER CAREER:** "Not laughing, basically, while you are doing the most ridiculous things. And the cold! We made *Drowning by Numbers* in October and November, and we were essentially all nude or in swimsuits. In England on that part of the coast, you get the fierce Siberian wind. Then you had to give the illusion that you're hot and the weather is balmy and sensual. That was the single toughest acting job." —L.M.

SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by leonard maltin

The Affair of the Necklace A young woman schemes against Marie Antoinette in order to restore her family's good name. Jonathan Pryce, Simon Baker, Christopher Walken and Joely Richardson lead a solid cast, but Hilary Swank lacks crucial charisma in the starring role. ¥¥

Amélie Winsome Audrey Tautou plays the title character in this utterly charming French import about a young woman who sets out to alter the fate of the unhappy people around her—but comes up short when happiness stares her in the face. One of the year's most entertaining films. ¥¥¥½

The Business of Strangers Julia Stiles plays mind games with businesswoman Stockard Channing during one eventful evening in this small but intriguing film. Director Patrick Stettner provides his two stars with juicy, interesting parts. ¥¥¥

Donnie Darko Is the title character having hallucinations or premonitions? This ambitious film doesn't provide a satisfying answer. Jake Gyllenhaal stars; Drew Barrymore, the executive producer, plays a teacher. ¥¥

From Hell Johnny Depp stars in this beautifully crafted film about the search for Jack the Ripper. Kudos to the Hughes Brothers for reinventing Grand Guignol. ¥¥¥½

K-Pax Kevin Spacey is always worth watching, but this vaguely mushy film can't decide if it's a whimsical fantasy or a clinical case study: Jeff Bridges tries to unlock the mystery of a man who says he's from another planet. ¥¥

My First Mister Christine Lahti makes an impressive directing debut with this quiet, unpredictable story of an alienated teenager (Leelee Sobieski) whose life turns around when she goes to work for store manager Albert Brooks. Two superb performances anchor this beautifully told tale. ¥¥¥½

No Man's Land Another highlight of the moviegoing year is this darkly satiric look at the war in Bosnia as told through the plight of two men from opposing sides who find themselves stranded together in a trench between lines. ¥¥¥¥

Riding in Cars With Boys Drew Barrymore plays a woman whose life plans are constantly thwarted in a film that offers less than meets the eye. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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video

GUEST SHOT

Though he's most recognized for his comedic work in the cult favorites *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show*, actor and director **Bob Balaban** takes his cinema seriously. Not that he doesn't go for the occasional laugh when popping in a tape. "My favorite, always, is *La Ronda* by Max Ophüls—it holds up beautifully. And *Citizen Kane*, of course. I know that's probably a boring pick and everyone chooses that, but I feel the same way. I love *The Sweet Smell of Success* and watch it all the time. I'd have to include *The Palm Beach Story*, *Hail the Conquering Hero* and *Miracle of Morgan Creek* by Preston Sturges—actually, anything by Preston Sturges. And Woody Allen's *Crimes and Misdemeenors* will always be one of my favorites. —LAURENCE LERMAN

SWITCHING JOBS

Directors have been acting since 1914, when Cecil B. DeMille played a card dealer in *The Squaw Man*. We're not sure what drives them in front of the camera—maybe it has something to do with ego—but some do it better than others.

Sydney Pollack: Won best director Oscar for *Out of Africa* (1985) and was nominated for *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (1969) and *Tootsie* (1982). But as an actor he stole the show in *Eyes Wide Shut* (1999), *The Player* (1992), *Husbands and Wives* (1992), *Death Becomes Her* (1992) and *Tootsie* (again) as the agent. We'll forgive him for *Bobby Deerfield* (1977).

Garry Marshall: One of the most successful directors in history, his *Pretty Woman* (1990) and *Runaway Bride* (1999) would be enough for most careers. Marshall has a chatty, avuncular personality that has also influenced *Lost in America* (1985), *Jumpin' Jack Flash* (1986) and *A League of Their Own* (1992). We'll overlook *The Other Sister* (1999).

Richard Attenborough: He began acting in 1942 but won his first Oscar for directing—*Gandhi* (1983). He has also helmed *A Bridge Too Far* (1977), *Cry Freedom* (1987), *Chaplin* (1992) and the ignored *Grey Owl* (1999), and has acted in some good ones: *The Great Escape* (1963), *The Flight of the Phoenix* (1965) and *The Sand Pebbles* (1966). Sadly, Attenborough now gets roles that used to go to Burl Ives (*Miracle on 34th Street*, 1994, *The Lost World: Jurassic Park*, 1997).

John Huston: Nominated for 14 Oscars and won best director and best screenplay for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (1948). Even got a best supporting actor nomination for *The Cardinal* (1963). But directing *The Maltese Falcon* (1941), *Key Largo* (1948), *The African Queen* (1951), *The Man Who Would Be King* (1975) and *Prizzi's Honor* (1985) easily overshadow acting in *Casino Royale* (1967), *Candy* (1968) and *Myra Breckenridge* (1970).

Woody Allen: The best-known Hollywood hyphenate is great when directing himself: *Take the Money and Run* (1969), *Sleeper* (1973), *Annie Hall* (1977) and *Manhattan* (1979), to name a few. But when he recites other people's dialogue—*Scenes From a Mall* (1991), *Picking Up the Pieces* (2000) and *Company Man* (2000)—something gets lost in the translation.

Mel Brooks: In small doses—*Blazing Saddles* (1974), for instance—his hyperenergy is hilarious. In larger doses, he's too much—such as in *High Anxiety* (1977). But as a director—*The Producers* (1968), *The 12 Chairs* (1970), *Saddles* and *Young Frankenstein* (1974)—few are funnier. We'll forgive him for *Life Stinks* (1991), but just barely. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

DISC ALERT

Righted Wrong of the Month: ***Mad Max Special Edition*** ($20, MGM), the 1979 Australian film that introduced Mel Gibson, was dubbed with American voices when it was feared that the Aussie brogues would flummox American ears. *Mad Max* now arrives in its original flavor. Count Steven Spielberg's first World War II epic, ***The Empire of the Sun,*** among the films that will never seem the same after the events of September 11, 2001. Newly available on DVD in a two-sided disc ($25, Warner Bros.), the film is taken from J.G. Ballard's boyhood memoir, depicting his World War II experiences in a Shanghai prison camp during the Japanese occupation. Christian Bale portrays Jim, a boy whose four-year journey from coddled son of British expatriates to hardened camp survivor is sustained, in part, by his love of airplanes. Paradoxically, Jim both salutes the Japanese Zero pilots on a nearby airstrip and shouts gleefully from the rooftop as American P-51s bomb the runway. A box-office and critical dud in 1987, *Empire*'s rep improves with age, and experience. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

GUILTY PLEASURE

Josef von Sternberg's ***Blue Angel*** is a great erotic milestone. Not the least of its accomplishments is that it introduced to the world the 29-year-old German actress Marlene Dietrich. We watch her character Lola Lola destroy the soul of Professor Rath, squirming in our seats. The two-disc DVD (Kino on Video) of this ode to Weimar Germany's moral chaos contains the original and restored German version (with English subtitles), an English version and Dietrich's screen test. With this luminous restoration, German Expressionism has never looked so dismal. —JOHN REZEK

video mood meter

MOOD	MOVIE
CREATURE FEATURE	***Planet of the Apes*** (Tim Roth goes ape on time-traveler Mark Wahlberg in Tim Burton's eye-popping monkey pageant), ***Jurassic Park III*** (dumb kid drops in, rich parents pursue, dinosaurs eat; sans Spielberg, but still some bite).
DRAMA	***The Score*** (fat fence Brando sends De Niro and Edward Norton after it; a tidy heist film they won't regret making), ***Bread and Roses*** (LA office cleaners unite, as do organizers Adrien Brody and Pilar Padilla; fine lefty lob by Ken Loach).
COMEDY	***Made*** (LA bada-bingers Jon Favreau and Vince Vaughn run a Mob errand in NYC; like their *Swingers*, often hilarious), ***Osmosis Jones*** (the Farrelly brothers do *Fantastic Voyage* as a gross-out cartoon inside Bill Murray's gut; bizarre fun).
LOVE STINKS	***America's Sweethearts*** (they split, and flack Billy Crystal spins; lacks *The Player*'s venom, but still stings a bit), ***Original Sin*** (mail-order bride Angelina Jolie, pure scheming evil, burns Antonio Banderas; limited suspense, great sex).

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living online

By MARK FRAUENFELDER

MP3 WRAPPER

Ever since a judge ruled against Napster last year, music fans have pretty much given up on it. But they didn't give up on file swapping. According to a recent report by *Webnoize*, more than 3 billion files were downloaded in August on four Napster replacements. That beats Napster's peak month of February, when 2.8 billion tunes were traded. The four new trading networks—FastTrack (**fasttrack.nu**), Audiogalaxy (**audiogalaxy.com**), iMesh (**imesh.com**) and Gnutella (**gnutella.wego.com**)—are used to swap MP3s, bootleg movies and software. The film and record industries wring their hands over them, because these new systems are harder to police than Napster. What are people doing with those downloaded CD-ROMs? They go to **papercdcase.com**, a site that lets them fill out a form with song or file names and print out nice-looking CD envelopes that list the contents. Of course, you don't need to be a copyright violator to use papercdcase.com. It's great for making labels for compilations from audio CDs you've actually paid for.

SEALAB REDUX

When *Sealab 2020* debuted in 1972, I thought it was the coolest Saturday morning cartoon ever. Created by one of the producers of the original *Star Trek* series, *Sealab 2020* was about scientists in an undersea research laboratory. The animation was rotten, but the stories were excellent. I'd forgotten all about it until Cartoon Network launched its "Adult Swim" evening programming schedule. My favorite show in the lineup, which features a host of hip cartoons, is *Sealab 2021*. It takes the old episodes and adds hilarious voiceovers in the vein of *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* You can view a clip and find out about its characters (the best name: Marco Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar Gabriel Garcia Marquez) at **adultswim.com.** Oh, and if the original *Sealab* series doesn't ring a bell, read about it at **yesterdayland.com/popopedia/shows/saturday/sa1195.php.**

MOVIE REVIEW MACHINES

There's no question about how to use Google. You fill in the blank with your search term and hit return. Bang—there's your answer. The Movie Review Query Engine (**mrqe.com**) is the Google of movie review search engines. Enter the title of a movie in the blank field and MRQE presents reviews it finds from hundreds of online magazines and newspapers. The other useful features (a list of reviews of recent movies, reviews of the American Film Institute's Top 100 movies) don't get in the way of the thing that MRQE does best—finding movie reviews. Another fabulous review site is **Metacritic.com.** It collects reviews and assigns them a score from 1 to 10. The averaged score for each movie, song or game is color-coded (green for 61–100, yellow for 40–60, and red for 1–39) so it's easy to pick winners. The best part is the list of excerpts of reviews for each title. Too bad that I didn't have Metacritic before I wasted my money on *Rock Star*.

BACK TO BASICS

Using the Internet today is a little like driving a Model T. You need to know how it works to use it effectively. There are dozens, if not hundreds, of books that explain the Internet, but none of them are as useful to the neophyte as Preston Gralla's *How the Internet Works* ($29.99, from **quepublishing.com**). Ever wondered how web pages appear on your computer screen? Or how search engines plow through a billion web pages in a couple of seconds? Or how viruses work? This book will explain it in jargon-free prose, with full-color illustrations on every page. If this book is too advanced for you, try Rogers Cadenheads' *How to Use the Internet* ($29.99, from **samspublishing.com**). You'll learn how to use the web, send e-mail and create your own website. I wish I'd had a book like this in 1994.

QUICK HITS

Is any plush toy worth $300? Only if it's a vulvapuppet from **houseochicks.com/puppetsplash.html.** . . . News item: Average Breasts Size in Japan Is Up. Judge the photographic evidence for yourself at **mynippon.com/women/bsize.htm.** . . . If you have a Windows computer, do yourself a favor and upgrade to Microsoft's XP operating system.

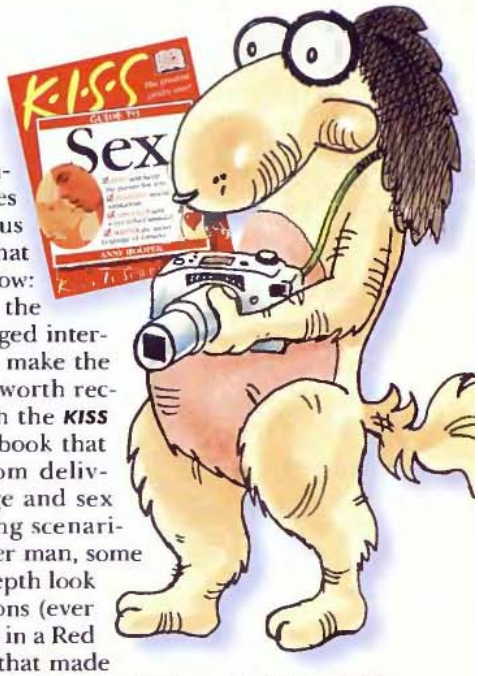
You can contact Mark Frauenfelder by e-mail at livingonline @playboy.com.

books

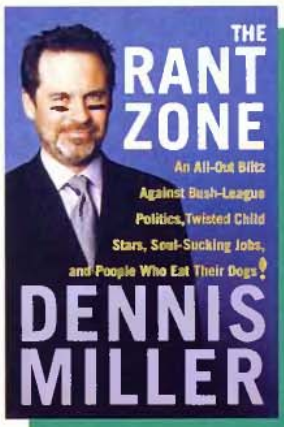
FLYING HIGH

The trouble with a compelling biography is that it might inspire you. But following in Allen Long's footsteps, chronicled in ***Loaded*** (Little, Brown), could earn you serious jail time. Robert Sabbag, who wrote *Snowblind*, the definitive book on coke smuggling, details Long's escapades in the world of major-league pot smuggling. In the early Seventies, Long decided to film a documentary about marijuana trafficking. When he ran out of money, he became a smuggler himself. He soon realized smugglers are entitled to all kinds of perks that documentarians are not—including women with heart-shaped pubic hair. He was able to appreciate that transporting pot from the jungles of Colombia to Michigan had its cinematic moments: Long's relief pilot once got so stoned after landing in Colombia that he proved useless on the flight back. The plane nearly crashed because it was overloaded. Bewilderingly, Long was able to persuade gun-toting Colombians to front him another load, even though he owed them hundreds of thousands of dollars for the previous shipment—which was seized by a sheriff when his partners abandoned the pot to hit a diner during a fit of the munchies. Long could have lived where the grass is always greener—had it not been for his troublesome cocaine addiction. This story makes perfect sense if you're stoned, and is a great read if you're not. —PATTY LAMBERTI

SEALED WITH A KISS



DK Publishing's continuing Keep It Simple Series of how-to books taught us two things in particular that we'd always wanted to know: how to count cards and the best positions for prolonged intercourse. Those tips alone make the entire 23-volume series worth recommending. Begin with the ***KISS Guide to Sex,*** a 400-page book that outlines everything from delivering a dynamic massage and sex toys to kinky role-playing scenarios. For the advanced lover man, some chapters include an in-depth look at tantric and Tao positions (ever tried the Phoenix Playing in a Red Cave?). Another edition that made its way onto our shelves is the ***KISS Guide to Gambling.*** Aside from a chapter on card-counting techniques, the book gives useful lessons in reducing losses at casino games and practical advice for betting on horses and dogs. Other topics covered in the series include guitar (with a foreword by the Rolling Stones' Bill Wyman), photography, careers, wine, sailing and golf (with extensive tips on grass types and their impact on putting). Each of these books includes photos, trivia, glossaries, other resources and excellent website recommendations. If you want to impress her, do what these guides suggest: Just keep it simple. —JASON BUHRMESTER



MOUTHING OFF

Dennis Miller—that quick-tongued guy with his own HBO talk show, a *Monday Night Football* gig and a shit list longer than the beer line at a Jimmy Buffett concert—is on the warpath. You wouldn't want to be on his list. His potshots can be scathing. In ***The Rant Zone*** (Harper Collins), fourth in his series, nothing is sacred. Not Popeye ("a vegetarian sailor who likes anorexic chicks"), nor female bodybuilders ("People are checking you out, but for the same reason they look at bad toupees"). Even God ("some guy in a white robe frantically answering prayers like a hopped-up Larry King taking phone calls") gets his. —ALISON LUNDGREN

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

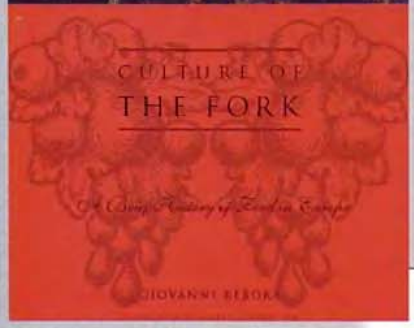
University of Genoo professor Giovanni Rebora could be an annoying dinner companion. Who wants to hear about mule sausage while you're eating? But his short history of European food, ***Culture of the Fork*** (Columbia University), is filled with plenty of oddities to chew on:

Until World War II, fish was considered food for poor people.

Chocolate wasn't popular in the Old World until the end of the 19th century.

The word pizza originated in Naples, from *pitta*.

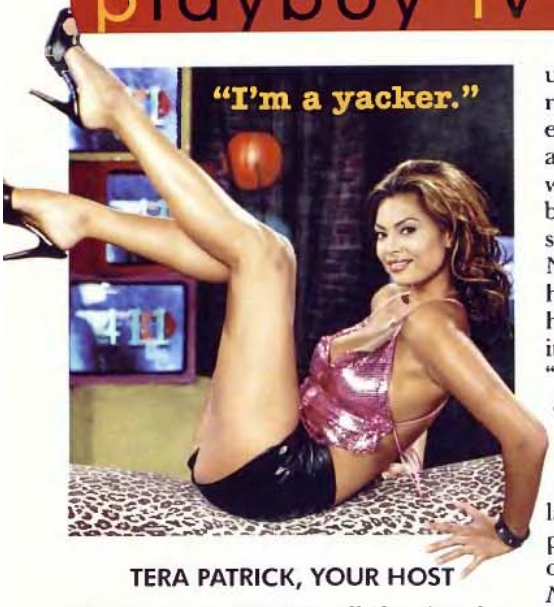
Spices were not used to mask spoiled meat, because meat was cheaper than spices.



WHEN HIP-HOP RULED THE STREETS

Back before bling-bling—before the ostentatious era of Cristal and platinum—hip-hop was a phenomenon of the streets. ***Back in the Days*** (Powerhouse), a book of photographs taken by Jamel Shabazz, captures that period in the early Eighties when hip-hop ruled the asphalt of New York. Shabazz' photos take the viewer back to the world of Frankie Crocker and Kool Moe Dee, Cazals and Adidas. Before the days of crack and AIDS, it was a world filled with surprising hope and vitality. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

playboy tv



TERA PATRICK, YOUR HOST

"I gave men erections all the time because I had to handle their penises," says professional nurse turned adult entertainer Tera Patrick. "I don't mind being objectified if fantasizing about me helps speed up the recovery of a patient." Before she started nursing men back to health, Tera moved from her native Montana to New York, where her British-Thai looks were perfect for runway modeling. Now the 25-year-old host of Playboy TV's *Night Calls 411* is an award-winning adult-movie starlet and hosts a popular live interactive chat called *The Tera Show* on her website. "I want to stay in front of the camera until I'm around 30," she says. "I'm a Leo, so I have a huge ego and love modeling. I definitely have an itch to scratch."

NIGHT CALLS 411

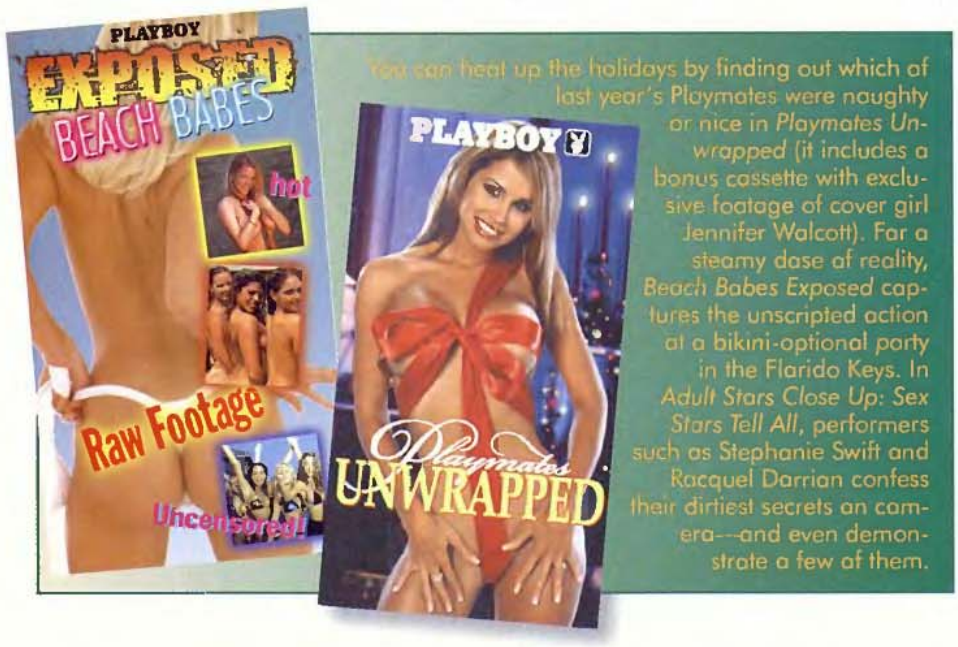
Adult-film sirens Crystal Knight and Tera Patrick don't pull any punches on *Night Calls 411*, a twice-a-month live show where viewers talk about their sexual exploits, ask intimate questions and receive frank advice about all things erotic. "I out everybody," says Tera. "I'm always talking about where I've been, who I've done and who I'm doing—nobody's safe from me. I'm a yacker." The street-smart series also features a Net Nymph who fields viewer e-mail for the hosts. For the first time since she started hosting *Night Calls 411*, Tera recently visited the hospital where she used to work. "The nursing supervisor, a conservative Southern woman, said, 'I saw you on Playboy TV having some crazy phone sex. The things that came out of your mouth—you go, nasty thing.'" Tera laughs. "She said she got sucked into the program and went home and said some of the same things to her husband." *Night Calls 411* airs on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 11 P.M. EST and 8 P.M. PST.

AMATEUR HOME VIDEOS

Here is one show that proves not all home recordings will put you to sleep. Hosted by adult-film stars Julia Ann and Taylor Hayes, *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* features sexy footage sent in by hometown videographers from around the country who are competing for national exposure and $500 worth of sex toys. "If you want to get into the adult-film business, this is the best way to see if you feel comfortable having sex in front of the camera," says Tera. "I'd tell a guy to have sex with his girlfriend while 10 of his friends stand around and watch. If you can't do that, then this work isn't for you." Making sure your home-video partner is someone you really want to screw is crucial, too. "Chemistry is the most important thing. Otherwise you're forced to perform, and I don't ever want to be in that situation," says Tera. "If I go to work and I don't want to be there, then it's time to move on." *Naughty Amateur Home Videos* premieres December 10 at 9 P.M. EST and 11 P.M. PST.

DIRECTOR'S CUT

Playboy TV finally goes explicit with Director's Cut movies, featuring more action from such adult stars as Juli Ashton, Jenna Jameson, Raylene, Devinn Lane, Jill Kelly and Tera Patrick. So what kind of movies turn Tera on? "I don't watch many adult movies, but I like vignettes with no dialogue and just sex—something that focuses on the interaction between a man and a woman," she says. "I don't like scripted scenes. One time I had to play a dominatrix, which is totally not what I'm like in real life. I had to study and prepare to be that character because, well, I don't spank men. It was the performance that pushed me and was fun to do. I enjoy working with European guys. They're professional and don't try to ask me out after a scene, which is really nice." Does she ever watch her own movies? "I have to because I need to do audio commentary over it," she says. "That's the only time I like to relive it, because I'll laugh and remember where I was at the time." Director's Cut movies air every Saturday at 11 P.M. EST and midnight PST.



You can heat up the holidays by finding out which of last year's Playmates were naughty or nice in *Playmates Unwrapped* (it includes a bonus cassette with exclusive footage of cover girl Jennifer Walcott). For a steamy dose of reality, *Beach Babes Exposed* captures the unscripted action at a bikini-optional party in the Florida Keys. In *Adult Stars Close Up: Sex Stars Tell All*, performers such as Stephanie Swift and Racquel Darrian confess their dirtiest secrets on camera—and even demonstrate a few of them.

PLAYBOY JAZZ

is proud to present a sizzling collection of newly recorded Yuletide tracks by some of the hottest artists in Latin jazz today, including ARTURO SANDOVAL, PETE ESCOVEDO, SHEILA E, PONCHO SANCHEZ, ED CALLE and CARIBBEAN JAZZ PROJECT. Featuring new, Latin-spiced versions of holiday favorites—including "Jingle Bells" (songo), "(A Not So) Silent Night" (cha cha cha), "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town" (mambo), and many more—Playboy's Latin Jazz Christmas—A Not So Silent Night will turn your jolly "Ho! Ho! Ho!" into a muy caliente "Oye Lo!"

JAZZ

playboy.com

I'D LIKE AN X, PLEASE

Playboy.com has created a sexy spin on a classic game. In our Strip-Tac-Toe, the right combination of Xs or Os yields a sexy Playmate nude. Preview the game on Playboy.com and play the full nude version in the Playboy Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com).

YOU WIN! GOOD JOB
SEE UP TO SIX SEXY GIRLS TO PLAY THE GAME CHOOSE A SQUARE ON THE BOARD BELOW
wins:
losses:
ties:
PLAYMATE STRIP-TAC-TOE
A SEXY VERSION OF THE ALL-TIME CLASSIC
HEATHER SPYTEK, Miss June 2001
cyber club
CLICK HERE TO JOIN

XOX from Playboy.

NO CHADS OR DIMPLES

This year, voting for the Playmate of the Year will be a strictly online affair. Log on to Playboy.com and look for the interactive PMOY ballot. You can choose your favorite, once a day, every day. You can see the Centerfold of every 2001 Playmate at Playboy.com, but if you really want to get to know them, join the Playboy Cyber Club (cyber.playboy.com).

As a member of the Cyber Club, you'll have access to exclusive never-before-published photos of all the 2001 Playmates. In fact, the Cyber Club contains photos of every Playmate from the magazine's nearly 50-year history.

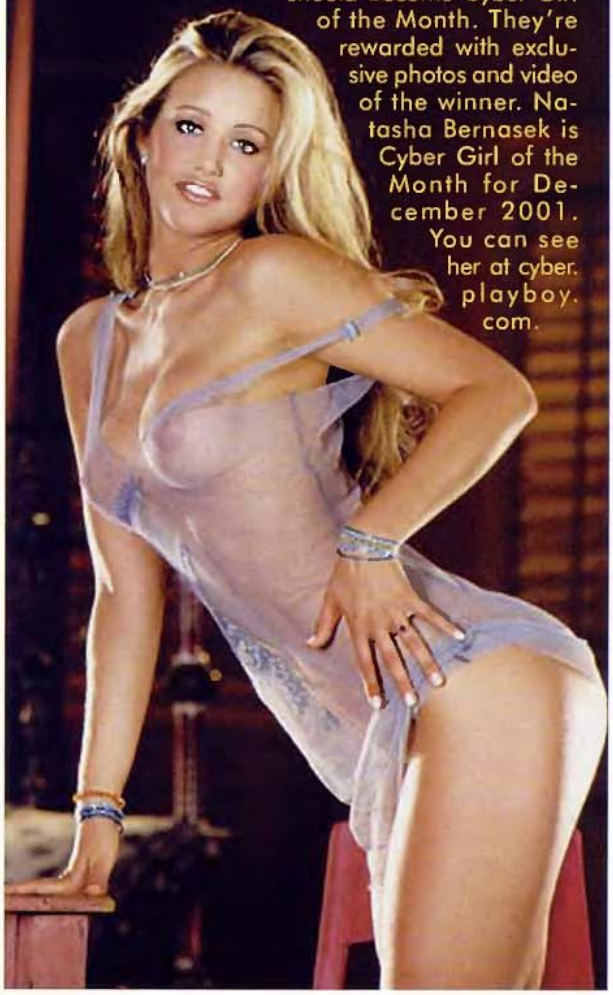
GREAT TALK

Nobody does an interview better than PLAYBOY. Now, an ever-building collection of classic *Playboy Interviews* is available in the Playboy Cyber Club. Members can read the full-length controversial conversations with Martin Luther King Jr., the Beatles, Sean Connery, Malcolm X and many more.

CELEBRITY SEXAMINATION

Ever wonder about the intimate details of celebrity sex lives? Playboy.com goes right to the source to find out. The Dirty Dozen, our 12-question sex quiz, asks about everything from first sex to worst sex to best sex, with everyone from comic wiseass David Spade to monster rock-and-roll god Gene Simmons.

CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH



What could be more fun? Cyber Club members keep busy deciding which Cyber Girl of the Week should become Cyber Girl of the Month. They're rewarded with exclusive photos and video of the winner. Natasha Bernasek is Cyber Girl of the Month for December 2001. You can see her at cyber.playboy.com.

VOTE FOR PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR AT PLAYBOY.COM

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By ASA BABER

WE ALL ARE VETERANS

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 2001, the people staffing the office of a friend of mine in New York City were enjoying their view of lower Manhattan from 16 floors above 23rd Street. They were suddenly mesmerized by the sight of a huge fireball that appeared in one of the World Trade Center towers after a large airliner had plowed into it. Eighteen minutes later, they saw a jet fly into the second tower from the opposite direction. The city was under siege.

Soon, these two symbols of American commerce and industry collapsed and disappeared in a rolling cloud of dust that covered downtown and floated toward Brooklyn. The World Trade Center had become a mass grave for several thousand people entombed in tons of concrete and metal.

I called my friend to check on him. "We're OK," he said, "but I'm going to have a staff meeting soon because I want to find out how everybody's doing. What do you think I should say?"

That was a no-brainer. "Talk to them about posttraumatic stress disorder," I said. "We are going to have a lot of it. The terrorists who crashed those planes into the WTC also crashed into our minds. We are not the same people we were before September 11. Some of your employees will experience PTSD. You have to warn them about it."

Posttraumatic stress disorder can follow the experiencing or witnessing of life-threatening events (such as terrorist actions, combat, disasters, accidents, violent assaults like rape and torture, etc). People with PTSD relive their traumatic experiences through nightmares or flashbacks. They often have insomnia or are depressed or hyperaroused. They may engage in various forms of substance abuse and other addictive behavior. They could have marital problems or have difficulties in parenting or feel isolated and estranged. They may not function well socially and may go through episodes of occupational instability. (For the record, I have struggled for decades with PTSD.)

Discussing the long-term effects of the World Trade Center bombings, Elizabeth Kaledin, CBS' medical correspondent, said, "The level of violence is so unprecedented. Therapists aren't sure how to control the damage." She also pointed out that in a recent study of 182 survivors of the Oklahoma City bombing, 34 percent had PTSD and 45 percent had other problems (i.e., a major percentage of those survivors were still in trouble six years after the calamity). And the National Center for Posttraumatic Stress Disorder reports that "PTSD is a highly prevalent lifetime disorder that often persists for years. The qualifying events for PTSD are also common, with many respondents reporting the occurrence of quite a few such events during their lifetimes."

My friend from New York called me a few days after our conversation. "I brought up the question of PTSD with my staff," he said. "They were not interested in the subject. They assured me it wasn't a problem for any of them. But guess what? Something interesting happened. Yesterday and today, several of them came up to me privately at one time or another and thanked me for talking about PTSD. They said they were already encountering symptoms."

PTSD was once the label for an anxiety disorder primarily associated with military veterans—but now, we all are veterans. Americans saw a traumatic event unfold in real time on September 11, 2001. They saw our territory invaded and several thousand people killed in one morning. They saw more death and destruction in that time than many veterans see in their careers. They will feel the effects for a long time. In addition, our civilian population is at risk for terrorist assault as never before.

If you think you might be dealing with PTSD, let me share a few things that have helped me cope with the problem:

(1) *Give it a name.* Because I am a macho man who never likes to admit weakness, I used to take comfort in the fact that I had many ailments, from night sweats to various addictions, but no single name for my condition. Just acknowledging the fact that I have PTSD was a good thing, because it made me face the truth. I stopped hiding behind my multimiseries and went after the problem.

(2) *You have to talk to a professional about it sometime.* I dragged myself, kicking and screaming, into therapy, assuming all along I was healthy enough to survive PTSD and strong enough to keep my condition secret from the world. Only when I started talking about it did I find any peace. Whether you enroll in one-on-one or group counseling, please go do it and talk about it.

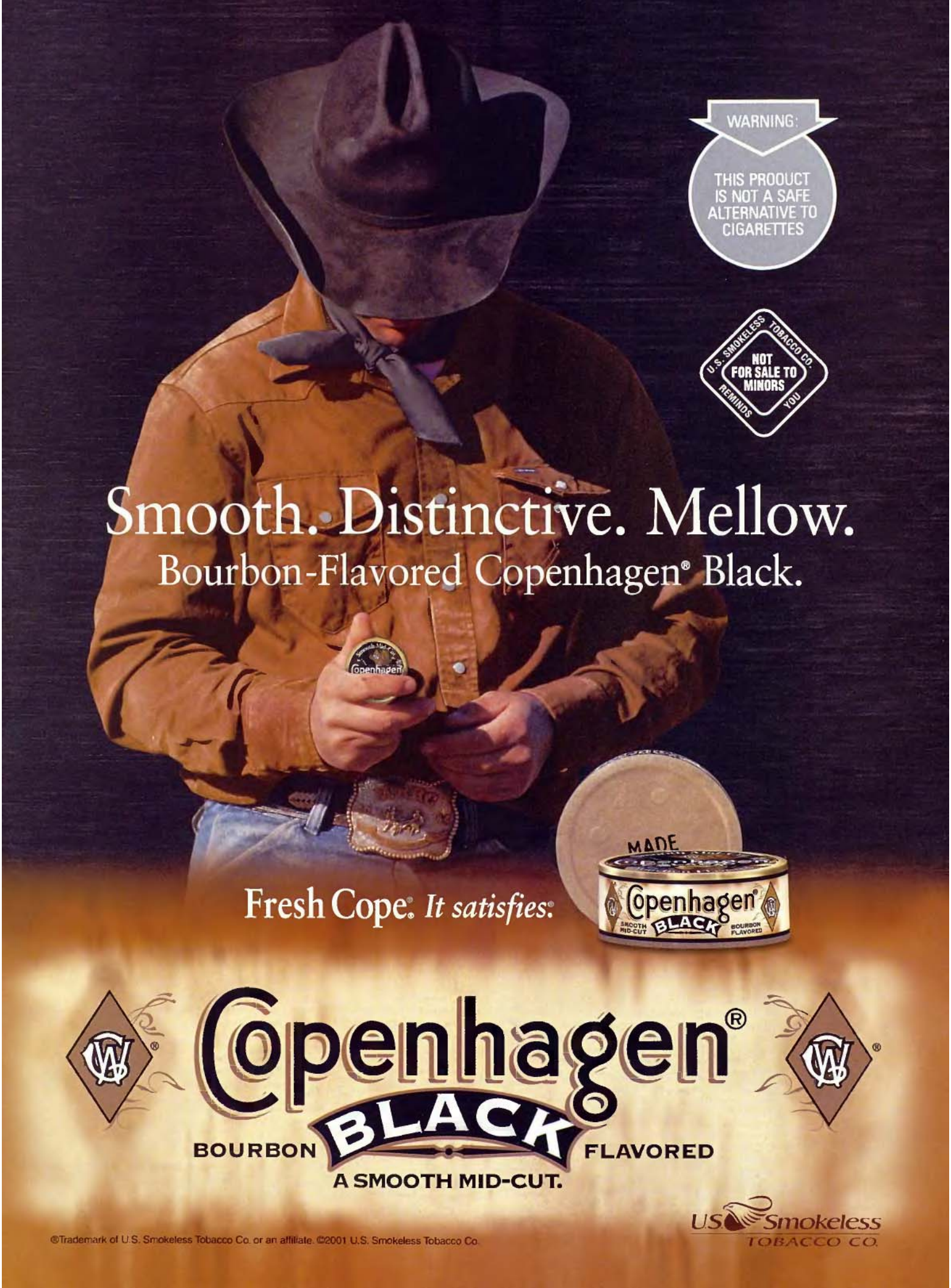
(3) *Don't forget your childhood.* Childhood neglect and abuse are common experiences for many of us and are often at the heart of our trauma. When I began studying PTSD, I preferred to talk about the risks I took during my years overseas in various assignments. What did my early life have to do with anything? But under good guidance, I slowly moved back to the childhood years that shaped me and made me vulnerable to PTSD. Yes, I spent time in combat zones as an adult, but my father's temper, my mother's possessiveness and my neighborhood's violence had greater effects on my development than most of the obstacles I confronted later in my life.

(4) *Exercise, massage and sleep do wonders.* The body, mind and spirit are not separate entities. If you are operating under the pressures of PTSD, you have to take care of yourself. Stop the excessive drinking and illegal drugging and settle down. Remember: You are already carrying a gorilla on your back. Why turn it into an elephant?

(5) *Love is all there is.* The chance to be a father and raise my sons contributed the most to my survival, as did the woman I love and a few close friends. This will sound sentimental, but I say it is modern medicine at its best. Love after trauma? It's the only way to climb out of the ashes and walk away whole from the pit called PTSD.

(6) *The best mentors and guides you'll ever find if you are dealing with PTSD are the men and women from the military who deal with it, too.* There are special people who confronted PTSD first, and they are the combat veterans of our wars. Think about adopting one of them as a friend and resource. They may seem remote at first, but if you are respectful, they will come around.

Volunteer at a Veteran's Administration hospital. Ask the people in your neighborhood or at your workplace who the military veterans are. Introduce yourself to them. Tell them you honor their service to our country and think you might be sharing some of their burdens and you would like their advice. You will be enriched, and so will they.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PLAYBOY *Calendars*

The sexy way to keep track of your 2002 appointments.

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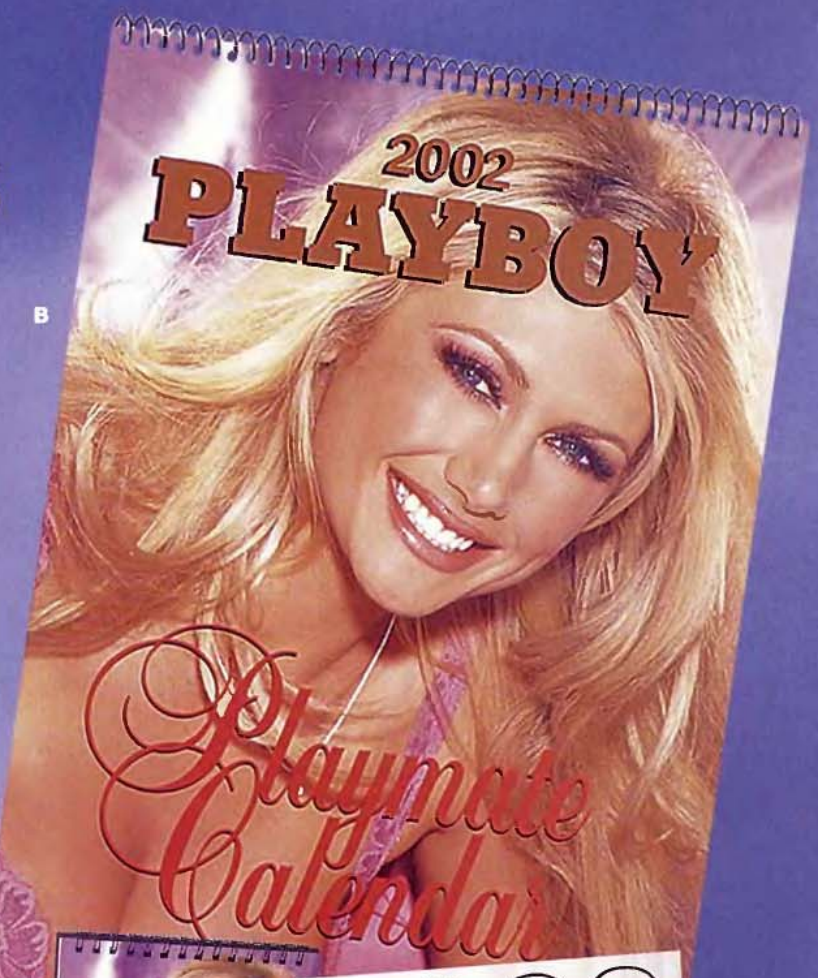

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2002 Playboy Lingarie Calendar
The Bernaola twins make it a baker's dozen Playmates who appear in this 12-month calendar, and they're all clad in nothing but the sexiest intimate wear we could find! Also featuring cover girl Jaime Bergman, Nicole Marie Lenz, Summer Altice, Shannon Stewart, Buffy Tyler, Neferteri Shepherd, Nichole Van Croft, Brooke Berry, Brande Roderick, Cara Wakelin and Stacy Fuson.
A. NO7365 $14.99

2002 Playboy Playmate Calendars
Cover girl and 2001 PMOY Brande Roderick appears in these sensational 12-month calendars, along with Irina Voronina, Lauren Michelle Hill, Shannon Stewart, Victoria Silvstedt, Summer Altice, Buffy Tyler, Nicole Van Croft, Neferteri Shepherd, Heather Kozar, Crista Nicole and Cara Michelle! Full nudity.
B. NOCC2002W Wall $6.95
C. NOCC2002D Desk $6.95

2002 Nudes Calendar
Featuring images from Playboy Special Editions' Nudes series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".
D. NO7677 $12.95

2002 College Girls Calendar
Featuring images from Playboy Special Editions' College Girls series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".
E. NO7678 $12.95

2002 Book of Lingerie Calendar
Featuring images from Pleyboy Special Editions' Book of Lingerie series. Full nudity. 12" x 12".
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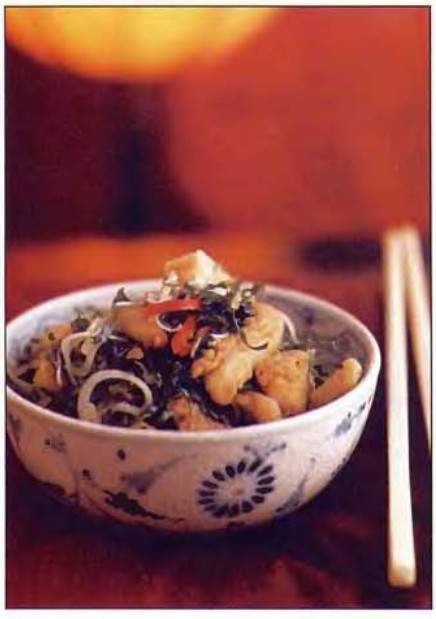
MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Rough and Tough

If Lara Croft were to take up golf, the OGIO BRV would have to be her cart of choice. OGIO originally created the "battle-ready vehicle" as a promo for its new cart bag. But so many customers wanted to buy the vehicle that OGIO decided to put the ATV-inspired cart before the bag. Smart thinking. For $12,000, you get Yamaha's top-of-the-line gas-powered golf cart, tricked out with a six-inch lift kit, Hella driving lamps with stone guards (fog lamps are also available), Forza Corbeau steel-frame racing seats, a Warn winch (great for Florida alligator-inhabited roughs or courses where a bayou borders the fairway), Gateway off-road tires, Douglas aluminum rims and a Thule heavy-duty luggage rack with 11-square-foot capacity. You'll have to mount your own machine gun.



Vietnamese, Please

With restaurants such as San Francisco's Slanted Door and New York and Chicago's Le Colonial packed nightly, it's no surprise that travel writer Jan Dodd collaborated with London chef Mark Read and French photographer Jean Cazals to create *Lemongrass and Lime*, a $29.95 homage to "new Vietnamese cuisine." Pictured here is crispy smoked chicken with fragrant greens, one of about 70 recipes that call for such exotic ingredients as *nuoc cham* dipping sauce and *Farchiew* spice. There's also a section on Asian-inspired cocktails and menu suggestions for summer buffets and a four-course dinner party. Ten Speed Press is the publisher.

HOW TO DO A CHINESE SIT-UP
1
LYING FLAT ON YOUR BACK, DRAW FEET UP TOWARD HIPS, WITH SMALL OF BACK AGAINST FLOOR.
2
TUCK CHIN AND ROLL SHOULDERS FORWARD, KEEPING SMALL OF BACK ON FLOOR.
3
EXTEND FEET TO 30° ANGLE OFF FLOOR.
4
RAISE HANDS TO KNEE LEVEL, ROTATE PALMS UPWARD. TRY TO HOLD FOR 100 SECONDS.
5
DRAW KNEES TO CHEST AND TURN PALMS DOWNWARD.
6
GENTLY LOWER FEET, HANDS, SHOULDERS AND HEAD. EXTEND FEET TO STARTING POSITION. DO NOT REPEAT.

MANTRACK

Quite the Corker

There's a lot to admire about the champagne from Comte Audoin de Dampierre. Take this 1990 Brut Family Reserve, a toasty, nutty, elegant wine with hints of citrus and honey. Of particular interest is the hand-tied hemp cord securing the cork. That method has been used since the time of champagne's inventor, Dom Pérignon. After 1892, a metal cap and braided wire replaced this more picturesque method of securing the cork against the gas pressure inside the bottle. This gift-boxed bottle comes with a pair of gold-plated scissors to cut the cord, and sells for about $100.

Clothesline: Sam Jones III

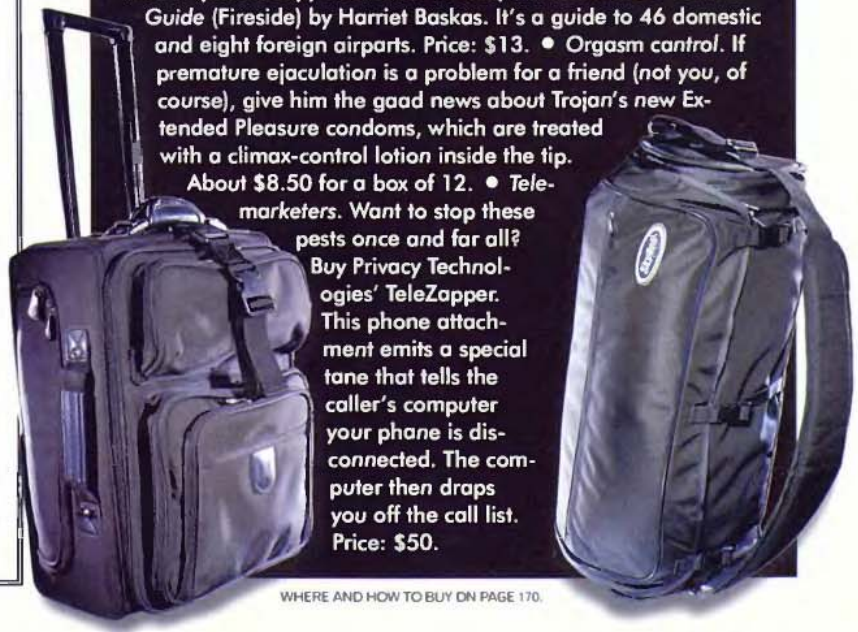
The co-star of the WB TV series *Smallville* and the big-screen thriller *Zigzag* (in which he appears with John Leguizamo and Wesley Snipes) says that when it comes to fashion, his main thing is comfort, "but I also like my clothes to look hip. Avirex has the best winter coats and leather jackets—especially the aviator ones. The store on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles is my first stop when I'm in a shopping mood." Jones also confesses to a fondness for Avirex shirts and jeans, along with Nike shoes and apparel. "Now that I'm on *Smallville*, I'm beginning to check out designers for tuxedos and suits. Before, I'd just show up to an event in a beige linen suit. But when I'm just hanging out, my favorite thing to wear is still a blue do-rag under a Boston Red Sox cap, because I'm from Boston."

Parked in Dave's Garage

Jaguar XJR: Want to help jump-start the economy and your social life? Drop $70,000 for this supercharged sedan. Despite Ford's ownership, the XJR feels like a Jaguar, sleek with a wonderful road-hugging suspension. The Audi S8 is another expensive four-door, but very hot and surefooted. If you live in snow country, the S8's quattro all-wheel-drive might be worth it for the extra control. Ford Focus ZX3: Our egg-yolk yellow three-door's base price was about $12,000 (including air). That's not bad for a cute little parking-spot stealer. But with automatic, side air bags, power windows and doors, traction control and a premium group that included a front seat armrest (you had to drop $1095 for that), the car's $17,240 price was about $1000 more than a base five-speed Mazda Protegé5 station wagon equipped with power goodies. Automatic transmission, a moon roof and ABS put the Mazda a couple of Ks over the Focus. Your call, but we'd take the Protegé5. Volkswagen Eurovan MV: Its 2.8 six hauls ass even when loaded with your weekend rock band. Fun to drive and surprisingly quick. —DAVID STEVENS

Guys Are Talking About...

Overnight business trips. Tote light. Many airlines now limit carry-ons to one bag. Atlantic Luggage's Upright Virtual Office (below left) combines a suitcase and briefcase. A side opening lets you slip your laptop into or out of the bag when it's in an overhead compartment. Price: about $170. The SkyRoll (below right) is the "world's first roll-up garment bag" according to the inventor, Don Chernoff. Instructions show you how to combine shoes, toiletries and small items of clothing with suits all rolled in a way that minimizes wrinkles. It's also a carry-on. Price: about $175. Given the vagaries of travel today, you also might want to pack a copy of *Stuck at the Airport: A Traveler's Survival Guide* (Fireside) by Harriet Baskas. It's a guide to 46 domestic and eight foreign airports. Price: $13. • ***Orgasm control.*** If premature ejaculation is a problem for a friend (not you, of course), give him the good news about Trojan's new Extended Pleasure condoms, which are treated with a climax-control lotion inside the tip. About $8.50 for a box of 12. • ***Telemarketers.*** Want to stop these pests once and for all? Buy Privacy Technologies' TeleZapper. This phone attachment emits a special tone that tells the caller's computer your phone is disconnected. The computer then drops you off the call list. Price: $50.



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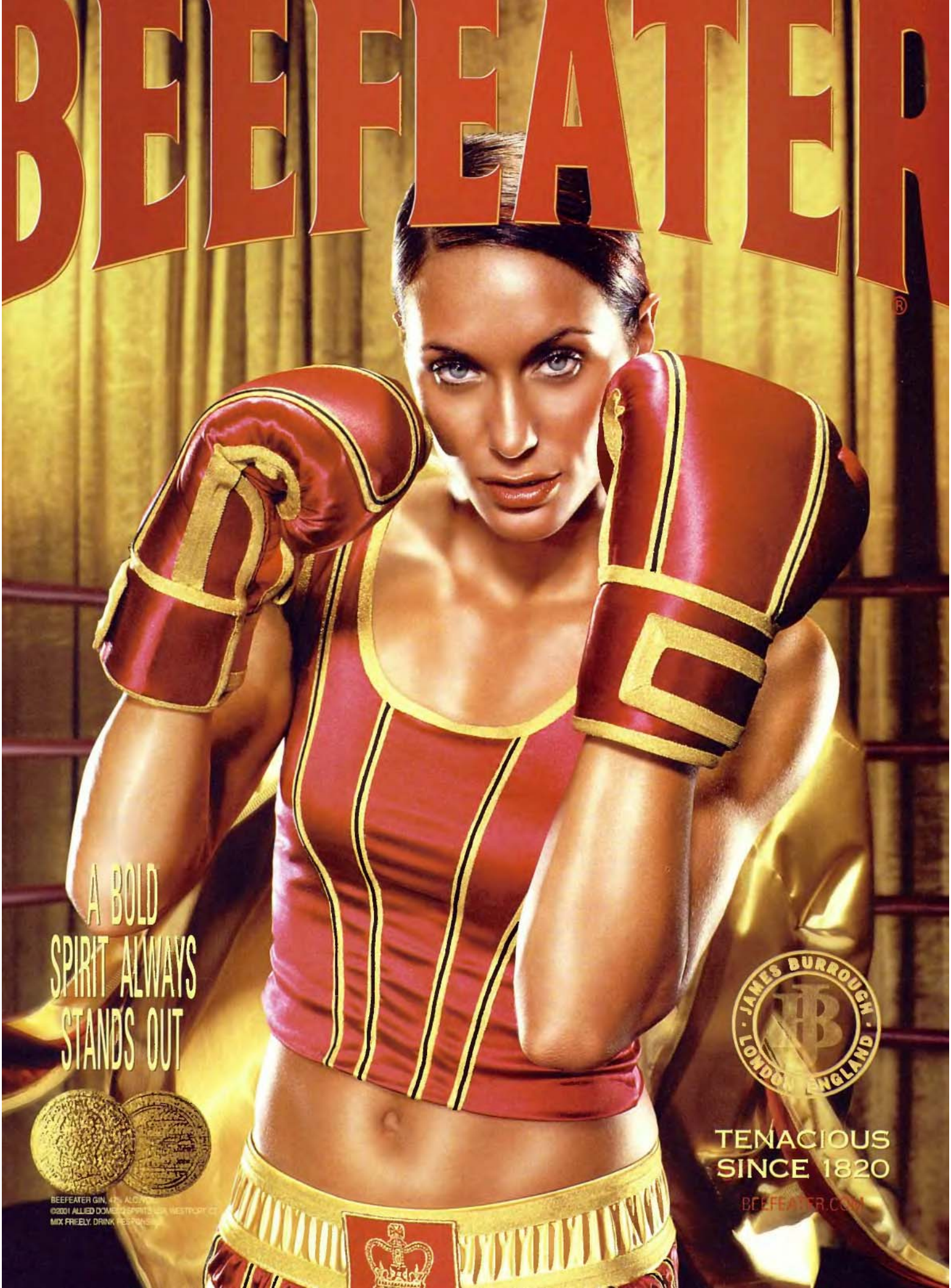
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FOOTWEAR

The Playboy Advisor

My girlfriend and I have been going out for nine months. We have sex four or five times a week, which to me is similar to Social Security—you can live on it, but barely. Whenever she goes down on me, it's usually only after I ask her to, which ruins the anticipation. I feel a little guilty asking her to do something that she doesn't seem to enjoy. One night she began stroking me. I wanted her to make the first move, so I laid back and made it clear I was enjoying myself. She kept stroking me with her dry hand. After 10 minutes, I told her I was getting raw. But instead of getting lube or going down on me, she just stopped.

The subsequent conversation brought out a lot. She says that oral sex makes her feel slutty, and that she's just a dud when it comes to sex. I had bought some sex toys and she's been able to use them to reach "really good" orgasms (she's told me I'm the first guy to make her climax). But she's never lost it, gone crazy, etc. All we ever do is "make love." I've told her that some cheap fucking could be good for us. I try to be creative but she never likes one thing more than another. I tell her she hasn't discovered her underlying sexual animal yet. Any suggestions for finding it, or are there some people who have no libido? I've been able to make every other girl I've been with do whatever I want her to do, so long as I promise to do for her what she likes.—W.H., Seattle, Washington

Your girlfriend isn't a dud. She's a beginner. Cut her some slack. We appreciate what you're saying—you want her to fuck your brains out. But you also can't get caught up in the porn ethos that says a woman isn't satisfied until she's clutching the bed and screaming for more. You've made the right moves—buying sex toys, talking to her about your desires, asking what she likes. Don't get discouraged. It may take time for her to gain enough confidence to "go crazy." You might try a different approach—instead of daily sex, rev her up slowly. Tease her. View everything you do together as foreplay. Whisper to her what you have in mind. Be kind to her. Promise her mysterious pleasures, and give her a date and time to be ready. Once you're there, don't play mind games by making her guess what you want. If you're after cheap fucking, explain yourself. Does it mean you want her to grab you at the door and, without saying a word, use your cock as a dildo? Make that request. Eventually, she'll be better at anticipating and start to surprise you. If all else fails, stick your tongue up her ass. Keep searching for that inner slut.

This past summer a Playboy representative told the *Capital Times* that your magazine had never ranked the University of Wisconsin as the nation's top party school. The problem is that many alumni, myself included, remember reading this in the magazine more than 30 years ago. Can the Advisor help straighten this out?—S.D., Madison, Wisconsin

Technically, we've ranked party schools only once, in January 1987, and UW does not appear on the list. (It's posted at Playboy.com/faq.) What you remember is our September 1968 issue, in which we listed UW as the most permissive campus in a sample of 25 universities. We also called it "the party school," primarily because it served beer in the student union. We repeated the exercise in October 1976, naming UCLA tops in "campus action." Each month we receive letters from students or graduates of any number of schools, insisting that PLAYBOY *named their campus as party central. Or they heard their school had been disqualified because we didn't rank professionals. The first person who can produce evidence of any ranking besides those mentioned above earns a degree in Playboyology—and we'll throw in a subscription to the textbook.*

About a year ago I did some hard-core Internet photo shoots. They were mostly solo shots, though I sometimes posed with my boyfriend. I don't regret any of it—I had a blast and would love to do it again. Our relationship ended a few months ago, and I'm ready to start dating. When I meet someone I like, should I tell him about the photos? If he sees the photos before I tell him, it could be a disaster. Is this something you bring up on a date? "I'm college educated, I work for a suicide crisis hotline—and sometimes I ram myself with a dildo online." Is there ever a good time to mention it? Help! I also wonder what your male readers think: How would you react if you found out your girlfriend had a porno past?—D.T., Washington, D.C.

Most guys wouldn't be upset as long as they were simply fucking you. If the relationship had grown beyond that, they'd freak. All that means is that you may have to work a little harder to find the right guy. If things click, the time will come when you exchange fantasies and tales of sexual adventure. By then, you'll have a better idea of how he'll respond. If he dumps you, that will be unfortunate. But the relationship probably wouldn't have worked anyway.

I'm planning to buy a house, and I've noticed some places that look small claim more square footage than some that look large. I asked my real estate agent and he claims that everyone measures differently. If that's the case, how can you compare?—J.C., Manalapan, New Jersey

You'd think it would be simple—measure every room, add it up. But there has long been contention—including lawsuits—over what should be included in square footage. According to the industry standard, it includes every climate-controlled area that has a finished floor and walls, at least a seven-foot ceiling and is directly accessible from another living area. That typically includes hallways, stairs and closets but not balconies or garages. You can download details for $20 at nahbrc.org (search for "square footage"). An experienced agent should be able to eyeball a place and tell you if the measurements are accurate.

I chat on the Microsoft Network in the Men Ask Women Anything and Women Ask Men Anything rooms. The other day I mentioned that I had to run to the all-night grocery. One woman said she enjoyed going out late to do her "bottle shopping." I asked what she meant. She said many products come in packaging that makes them useful for masturbation, so she would go late at night to have a chance to hold them and figure out which ones to buy. Now every time I go to the store I study the bottles, wondering if a woman somewhere is satisfying herself with one of them. During one trip, I counted no fewer than 50 products that could be considered female-friendly. How common do you think this is?—W.A., Allentown, Pennsylvania

We used to hang out in the freezer section to meet women, but apparently the shampoo aisle is where it's at. Did you miss an opportunity here? Offer to make a delivery. If you find you can't scan the shelves anymore without getting hot and bothered, cool

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

off with this recent police blotter item from the Williamson County Sun in Georgetown, Texas: "Police arrested a 27-year-old lawn specialist at a grocery store at 12:46 A.M. on charges of public lewdness. An employee found the customer in an aisle with his shorts pulled down around his ankles. The man was bent over, inserting a can of Big and Sexy hair spray lubricated with Suave lotion into his rectum. He was taken to jail."

May I have the last word on traffic tickets? I am a lawyer who used to be a highway patrol officer and traffic-court marshal. In October a reader said he had persuaded a judge to toss his ticket by arguing that his speed had not been unsafe. That defense only works in states that have presumed speed limits. Some have absolute limits—one mile per hour over and you're guilty. Others have absolute limits on freeways but presumed limits elsewhere. As for avoiding a ticket, you should never attempt to manipulate an officer, because it creates resentment. This includes women who shift their clothing to reveal their assets and drivers who threaten to waste the cop's time by calling him to court. He'll just earn overtime for being there.—H.F., Richmond, California

Thanks for writing. We'd never be good cops, because those women would get off.

My husband and I have been married for 17 years. We both have MBAs and high-income jobs. A year ago we decided to add more zest to our sex life by finding a couple to swap with. At the risk of sounding snobbish, we're looking for classy experiences, not quickies in a hot tub. We spent time browsing sites on the Internet, responded to personal ads in an alternative paper and researched the local swingers' scene. But the couples we've met have been crude and unappealing, and many seem desperate to save failing relationships. Frankly, it all seems sort of sleazy. Does the Advisor have any suggestions?—V.B., St. Paul, Minnesota

Don't use your local or online experiences as a barometer; the lifestyle attracts every type of person you can imagine. We tend to hang with the sleazy types, because they get naked quicker. But there are many swingers who enjoy the socializing as much as the sex. Throw your line into a larger pond. There is a swingers' gathering every summer in Nevada that attracts more than 3000 couples from around the world (for information, visit lifestyles-convention.com). If your experience is typical, you'll form a clique or a clique will find you.

Can a woman lose her hymen before sex and not know it? I met my wife as a freshman in college, and she swore to me that she was a virgin. I believed her, but months later, when we finally had sex, there was no blood. In fact, she seemed very loose. What's your opinion?—S.B., Dallas, Texas

The idea that virgins always bleed is an ancient, stubborn and bogus belief. In many cases, the hymen doesn't produce much blood (if any) when it breaks, or it stretches but remains intact, or it breaks naturally before sex, or the woman doesn't have one to begin with. There's no reliable way to tell if a woman is a virgin.

I can't seem to find a condom that fits. The local pharmacies carry Trojan and LifeStyles brands, but not much else. Can the Advisor offer any guidance?—G.B., Duluth, Minnesota

We know how you feel. It's a curse. If standard condoms are snug, switch to Crown (also popular because it's thin), Maxx, Magnum, Magnum XL or Trojan Large. You can order online from Condomania.com. Its most recent best-seller is the Trojan Extended Pleasure, which is coated inside with benzocaine to increase staying power. Many men also swear by condoms with more headroom, such as inSpiral or Pleasure Plus.

I just ended an 18-month relationship. It was bitter and sad. I want to rest and heal before diving back into the dating scene. In the meantime, I purchased a fake pussy with vibrator attached. It feels wonderful. Is there any downside to using this aid?—R.S., Atlanta, Georgia

Only that it's not attached to a woman.

The manual for my new Mercedes says I should use a cell phone in the vehicle only if it's attached to an external antenna. I contacted Mercedes, which told me that every automaker issues this warning because the electromagnetic radiation produced by the phone could interfere with the antilock brake system. Have you heard of this, or is it just an attempt to sell me a $1600 phone?—D.B., Durham, North Carolina

Although the problem doesn't appear to be widespread, automakers are concerned that handheld phones could interfere with ABS sensors or other computer systems inside late-model vehicles. That's why you're seeing disclaimers. If price is a problem, you can purchase a less expensive system aftermarket. You may need an antenna for another reason. Legislatures in nearly every state, including North Carolina, are considering laws that would prohibit drivers from using handheld phones in moving vehicles. As of December 1, New York became the first state to enact such a law.

Our neighbor owns a porn store, so he knows a lot about sex. The other day he asked me which way my labia hang. He said that whichever way my lips hang is the way my husband's cock hangs. I ran home, dragged my husband into the bedroom and put a little throat on him. Sure enough, his erection bends slightly to the right, and my right lip is larger than my left. By the way, my neighbor is gay. Is this for real, or is he just trying to get a visual on my husband's cock?—M.M., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

There's absolutely nothing to what your neighbor told you, although we're sure he'd love to hear the details. And your husband would love if you checked again.

While helping my girlfriend move, I watched as she got into a shouting match with one of the two movers. I didn't take sides but tried to cool everyone down and get the job finished. My girlfriend said I should have stood up to them. I have no doubt the guy wanted me to say something so he could challenge me to a fight. Both guys were larger than me and I'd have had a tough time against one of them, let alone two. What is the best way to handle a situation when you are confronted by someone with large muscles and a tiny brain?—A.L., Las Vegas, Nevada

You handled it well. Your girlfriend needs to learn some management skills. We're not sure what the guy did to piss her off, but he was larger, stronger, dumber and in close range of everything she owns. Do your talking on the phone—to the guy's boss.

I have been a cross-dresser for many years. My wife has always allowed me to wear panties and bras and carry a purse around the house. I also wear a nightgown to bed. Now, after 25 years of marriage, my wife has suggested I get breast implants. She said that because I'm getting ready to retire and I often wear a bra under my clothes, "why not get some boobs for it?" She said she wants me to get big ones—"boobs you have to deal with." She wants them to bounce when I walk. I was flabbergasted at first, but now I think I'd like to do it. Can you help me find a good plastic surgeon?—D.P., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

No, no, no, no. Breasts are like babies. They're fun to play with, but only when they belong to someone else. Even if we thought this was a good idea, a board-certified plastic surgeon wouldn't consider such a fundamental change unless you were living full-time as a woman and had a note from your shrink. Now, what's up with your wife?

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, 365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life, is available in stores or by phoning 800-423-9494.

CELEBRITY SEX

how to write dirty and influence people

The autobiography of Big Bubba is due for release in 2003. According to trade reports, Bill Clinton has received an advance in excess of $10 million to tell his story. How will Clinton handle the sex thing? Most of us think we already know the details, the best dirt Ken Starr and $40 million of taxpayers' money could provide. Clearly, the former president may face certain artistic, not to mention legal, obstacles. Discretion may be the better part of ardor, but it has no place in a book that's going to retail for 30 or 40 bucks. In a spirit of nonpartisanship, we decided Clinton might need some help. When it comes to kiss-and-tell best-sellers, there are useful precedents.

Over the past century, Americans have become more candid about sex. Pioneers such as Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, Frank Harris and Casanova wrote explicitly about their sex lives, but you had to travel to Paris to buy the unexpurgated volumes. (And some would argue that you had to go to Paris to have a sex life worth writing about.) Court battles over censorship expanded the language of sex. Today, we are inundated with bedroom talk, from best-selling sex manuals to bizarre confessions on the *Jerry Springer Show*. Perhaps, more than any other genre, the celebrity autobiography reveals our shifting notions about honesty and discretion. We pulled these off the shelves of our local library:

CHARLIE POWELL

PRODIGAL DAYS: THE UNTOLD STORY

By Evelyn Nesbit

Evelyn Nesbit, the girl in the red velvet swing whose affair with architect Stanford White ended famously with his 1906 murder and the first "trial of the century," was oddly reticent about the sex act itself. On the stand she described the night White took her virginity in a roomful of mirrors: "When I woke up all my clothes were pulled off me and I was in bed. I sat up and pulled some covers over me. There were mirrors all around the bed. Then I screamed and screamed and screamed." She implied that the champagne served by her evil seducer had robbed her of the memory of the act itself. In her autobiography, published in 1934, she was no more forthcoming when she described a trip to Europe with her husband-to-be and White's murderer, Henry K. Thaw. She had tried to warn him about her sexual history, saying she had "been to a great many apartments with Stanford White" before disclosing that White had "ruined" her. Thaw became obsessively jealous and one night tore off Nesbit's nightgown and beat her with a whip. While she was willing to describe that much of the evening, when it came to the sex act, she demurred that she lay there "bracing myself for what followed."

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

By Polly Adler

The lapse of consciousness is almost a cliché in the stories of the time. Polly Adler, the New York madam whose 1953 autobiography promised to tell the inside story of high-class prostitution, condensed her first time to a single sentence: "When I resisted him, he knocked me cold."

Adler had followed a handsome rogue home from the factory where she worked. The brutal assault, or TKO, spared her the details. Indeed, one feminist sought to explain the state of women's sexual servitude in terms of these literary clichés—that women experience loss of consciousness and memory as survival mechanisms, not custom.

ECSTASY AND ME: MY LIFE AS A WOMAN

By Hedy Lamarr

Hedy Lamarr, star of the Thirties underground sexual classic *Ecstasy*, was one of the first Hollywood stars to exploit the changing standards of the Sixties. The image of Hedy reaching an orgasm had played in theaters for decades: She says that during the shooting, the director crouched off camera and poked her buttocks with a pin to produce the appropriate facial expression. Still, she admits, the sex went on and became genuine. The director shot more than 250,000 feet of film. Some versions of the movie show true passion, others mere exhaustion—all creating the image of ecstasy that shaped American sex. Lamarr's life story is just as faceted. *Ecstasy and Me* opens with Hedy waking in bed to discover her husband having sex with the maid. The rest of the narrative is a sexual tour of the weird. She escapes a jealous husband by running into one of Germany's cabaret brothels. "The sight through the peephole didn't register at the moment, as my thoughts were elsewhere, but I vaguely recall that a formally dressed gentleman and two ladies (nude except for the ritualistic high-heeled pumps and in this case some thick strands of jewelry) were arranging a 'sandwich' tableau on a round bed draped in red

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

velvet." Hiding in a room, she is mistaken for one of the staff. A young stranger asks her to undress, and she does. "I was experiencing the strangest lovemaking any girl ever had," Lamarr recalls. "I hardly realized what he was doing to me—or that, in a complete emotional riot of gratitude, fear and I don't know what else, I was automatically responding."

Hedy had a series of marriages and lovers, all somewhat peculiar. One husband had a wax replica made of the star, and he made her watch as he had sex with it beneath a blue spotlight. Another took her to a brothel in Mexico, where peasant girls were led into a room to have sex with the spirit of Pancho Villa. According to their tour guide, the women had been told that if Pancho came to them, they would marry soon and have male children. Hedy is a candid observer: "The woman closed her eyes. Then she held her arms out as if welcoming someone. She began to breathe faster and pursed her lips as if she were kissing someone. Slowly her legs spread and she squeezed her arms across her large breasts. She was breathing hard now and almost imperceptibly began the rhythm of love—back and forth she went, up and down. Her face was tensing, her body glistened with perspiration. Then she moaned. You could see her muscles tighten. She held her breath, gasped for air. Then for a long time she just lay there while her breathing returned to normal. Finally she got up, wiped her body with a towel and dressed."

Reviewers criticized Lamarr for her lurid eyewitness account.

MILLION-DOLLAR MERMAID

By Esther Williams

Esther Williams' best-selling and delightful 1999 tell-all is fairly graphic. Erections are scattered throughout the memoir like bookmarks. She opens with a description of her first acid trip, when she imagines herself divided: "When I looked in the mirror again, I was startled by a split image: One half of my face, the right half, was me, the other half was the face of a 16-year-old boy. The left side of my upper body was flat and muscular, like the chest of a boy. I reached up with my boy's large, clumsy hand to touch my right breast and felt my penis stirring. I don't know how long I stood there touching and exploring, but I was not afraid."

She tells of being chased by a naked, erect Johnny Weissmuller at a swimming show in San Francisco. She recounts a similar wet scene in a limo with Fernando Lamas, driving back from a seaside shoot: "As we left Portuguese Bend, I was curled up in the car, still shivering from the cold water. Fernando reached over, took my hand and placed it on his crotch. He was fully erect. I looked at him sitting there beside me and asked myself, What kind of blood does this man have in his veins? Do I want to move my hand from this man? Actually, I don't think I had a choice. Fernando placed his hand on top of mine and never let go—all the way back to MGM, a 45-minute ride. It was perhaps the longest I had ever experienced an erection (or the longest erection I ever experienced). When we arrived in front of my dressing room he said, 'Well, we're here,' and he turned to me.

> "You should never turn down a glorious erection like this," he chided. "You should applaud it."

"I said, 'Can I have my hand back now?'

"'Yes,' he said, and he took my hand, which had been warmed mightily through the trip, kissed it and said, 'Good night, Miss Williams.'"

In Hollywood this is known as a meet cute. Williams describes eavesdropping on Fernando as he makes symphonic love (complete with "gentle strings, sighing woodwinds, trumpets, tubas, pounding kettledrums and marimbas") to Lana Turner. When it's her turn, she is again discreet, telling about Fernando proudly displaying his erection in the kitchen: "'You should never turn down a glorious erection like this!' he chided. 'You should applaud it and treat it with great respect, because you never know when it will come again.'

"I knew what was going to come next, which was probably Fernando. Dinner that night would be less than perfect, but things would be perfect upstairs. Fernando brandished his equipment with a particular kind of sexual joy that most American men do not have."

THE RAGMAN'S SON

by Kirk Douglas

In his 1988 autobiography, Kirk Douglas recounts sexual scenes with a cinematic eye, from zipless fucks with strangers he meets in elegant casinos to friendships with various leading ladies. (He actually uses the word cuddle to describe his liaisons with Marlene Dietrich.) Douglas seemingly abides by an unspoken rule: One does not describe sex with the mother of one's children.

When it comes to brandishing equipment, Douglas can be graphic. In his youth, Douglas, a Jew, lied about his background to get a job as a bellhop in an exclusive (gentiles only) resort hotel. The anti-Semitism he encountered made him incredibly aroused, in a roundabout way: "As the end of the season approached, the lady proprietor grew more interested in me. I thought of all the things she had said that summer: 'Hitler is right, the Jews should all be destroyed.' 'No Jew will ever set foot in this hotel.' After a few drinks we were in bed together. Strange how hate can be such an aphrodisiac. My hate grew into a tremendous erection and I thrust it inside her. She was wet and ready, extremely passionate, moaned and groaned. I made certain that over all of these sounds she could hear me very clearly when I said into her ear, *'This is a circumcised Jewish cock inside you. Do you think you'll get contaminated? Maybe even die? I am a Jew. You are being fucked by a Jew!'* I exploded inside her. She said nothing, just breathed heavily and lay there as I left the room."

KINSKI UNCUT: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF KLAUS KINSKI

By Klaus Kinski

Kinski's cult classic first appeared in German in 1991 with the title *I Need Love*. An abridged version for Americans was abruptly pulled from the market. We had to wait until 1996 for the complete text. The work is pure sex. A cover blurb tries to prepare the reader with this warning: "Kinski carried with him a personal hell, an unendurable sense of isolation ameliorated only through acting and sex." He appeared in 160 films—and many more women. His brazen eye catalogs each woman as

a unique presentation of anatomy. One woman has "an almost childlike torso with clearly visible ribs and practically no tits. To make up for that, she's got an unusually broad, bowl-shaped pelvis, with sharply converging bones that threaten to pierce thin skin. She's got short legs, which make her lower body look even wider. Everything else is pussy, pussy, pussy. My balls are as hard as stone. She promptly shoves them in, too."

A woman stands before him "with open legs, protruding pelvis and slightly bent knees. Her rough, swollen tongue fills my mouth. Her belly pushes against my dick as if she were knocked up. She moans. Her abdomen works like a machine. She spritzes and spritzes. Our knees buckle. I shove my dick into her from behind, right up to my nuts, and I writhe as if I were touching a high voltage line, while she, impaled and with her tongue hanging out, rattles like a slaughtered calf."

Even in a hospital bed, Kinski summons sexual energy. "I can't move my body. All I can do is press the buzzer at the head of my bed and, with utmost effort, use the telephone. I have to make do with a bedpan that the nurse shoves under me. I tell the night nurse to come back when everyone else is asleep. In my state, sex is pretty tricky. But she straddles me so skillfully that my dick stands up despite everything, and she rides me so cautiously that neither her butt nor her vaginal lips so much as graze my abdomen even once. The climax is very painful, so we can do it only once."

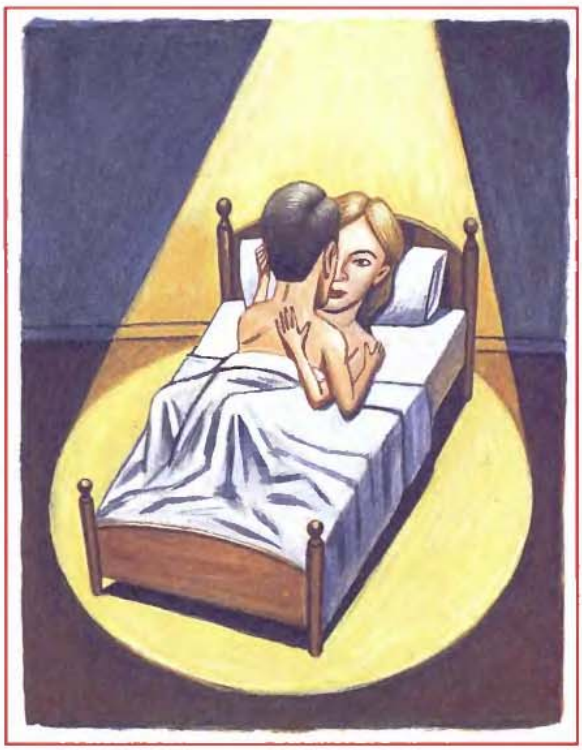
Like Kirk Douglas before him, Kinski does not describe sex with the mothers of his children. Infidelities, yes. Marital sex, no.

MY AMERICAN JOURNEY

By Colin Powell

The Army encourages you to be all that you can be, but if that includes exercising your genitals, forget it. You're here to make war, not love. In his 1995 book, Powell recounts being courted in college by three military societies on campus: "Rushing consisted mostly of inviting potential pledges to smokers where we drank beer and watched pornographic movies. The movies, in the sexually repressed Fifties, were supposed to be a draw. I hooted and hollered with the rest of the college boys through these grainy eight-millimeter films, in which the male star usually wore socks. But they were not what drew me to the Pershing Rifles. I pledged the PRs because they were the elite of the three groups." Once in power he changed the rules. "I told the brothers to go out on the street, corral kids after they had gotten their jollies from porn movies at other houses and bring them over to our place to see movies about what the PRs did. When it was over, the Pershing Rifles had attracted the largest pledge class in years. This was a defining moment for me, the first small indication that I might be able to influence the outcome of events."

Powell seems to embody the military code of gentlemanly conduct: One does not discuss one's love in the barracks. He does not admit to premarital sex. Indeed, when he lists the qualities of his wife-to-be, sex is absent. A class act? Yes. A model of discretion? Yes. A good read? Your call.



When he describes his service in Vietnam, sex comes up twice. He admits to an "almost sexual" anticipation of the arrival of the helicopter pilot who flew in supplies to his jungle post every two weeks. So among a combat soldier's priorities, paperbacks and cigarettes come before sex. When faced with the easy availability of sex in Hong Kong while on R and R, he demurs. Instead, he says he went shopping for custom-made shoes and suits.

It does suggest a motto for the new Army: Shop till you drop.

MOTLEY CRUE: THE DIRT—CONFESSIONS OF THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS ROCK BAND

By Tommy Lee, Mick Mars, Vince Neil and Nikki Sixx

This fuck-and-tell opus (published in 2001) is told with an exuberance that you'd expect from the bad boys of rock. Tommy Lee: "Her name was Jessica and I thought she was sexy because she was a small part-Mexican girl with natural little titties, a funny smile and fat puffy cheeks. The first time we hooked up, I took her back to my van and within minutes started going down on her. She banged her fist on the wall and screamed, 'Oh my God! I'm going to come!' I started licking her harder, and then all of a sudden she roared like some kind of desperate mountain lion and her pussy exploded. Water shot out everywhere. She was coming like a spilled tanker, and it was the coolest fucking thing I had ever seen in my life. I just thought, Oh my God, I love this girl. This is the one! Every day after rehearsal, I would pick her up in my van, we'd park somewhere quiet and she would squirt her shit everywhere. I loved to just sit there and let her come on me." Eventually my van started to stink. I drove my mom to the store one afternoon, and she kept asking what the smell was. I had to pretend like I didn't know.

Typically, the rock stars tone down the details when describing the women they marry. Tommy tells of planning his first date with Pamela Anderson, saying, "I drove to the Pleasure Chest and picked up $400 worth of sex toys and outfits. I had my overnight duffel in one hand and a shopping bag full of lubricants, vibrating clitoral stimulators and ben-wa balls in the other. I was ready to rock her fucking world."

She doesn't show. When he follows her to Mexico, their first night is almost demure: "She had that one drink she'd promised me, and that drink led to another drink, and that other drink led to other drinks, and all those drinks combined led to her hotel bed. When we finally fell asleep, it was the first time the entire night that we stopped looking into each other's eyes."

He mumbles discreetly about making "golden love" with Pam—a rare example of economy of words. But then, we've all seen the videotape.

FAITH

praying with the president

By CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Some weeks before the World Trade Center disappeared from the face of the earth, *The New York Times* ran a photo on the front page of its Sunday edition recording an event that had occurred at the White House. The caption read: "President Bush joined members of his Cabinet in prayer at the beginning of a meeting on Friday afternoon." The photo did not contradict this easy-to-read line. It showed a long and highly polished table with a double row of people, including the leader of the free world, some of them clasping their hands together and others leaning slightly forward. Of course, this did not prove that they were actually praying. They all might have been fantasizing lurid scenes of rape and dismemberment, or reflecting on the state of the market or calculating the Redskins' chances of reaching the Super Bowl. But everyone's lips and eyes were firmly closed, so it was in any event a moment of silence at least as long as those stressful pauses between sentences (and sometimes words) during presidential press conferences.

You can't just walk in and snap a shot of the Bushies in prayer. You need to be invited to do so, and the moment takes several days of orchestration and preparation, with a press release to announce it. How else to explain the numbingly boring headline that dominated the right-hand column of that same *New York Times* page: AFTER SIX MONTHS, BUSH TEAM PLANS CHANGE OF FOCUS? The enticing subheads read: "New Emphasis on Values" and "Aides Are Seeking to Improve President's Standing With Moderates and Women." The whole exercise was a tired recycling of the election's propaganda about outreach and "compassionate conservatism." If the articles accompanying the photo had been read aloud in the open air, birds would have fallen from the sky at the sheer tedium of it. But the message was nonetheless plain. The Bush team was not just a political operation. It had a special relationship with the divine—and wanted you to know it.

On September 11, that relationship proved about as useful as the CIA, the FBI and the National Security Council. The events of black Tuesday provided a change of focus for the Bush presidency. In the space of a week George W. Bush became a war president. The dramatic turnabout showed, by sharp contrast, just how meaningless and small-minded his fledgling presidency had been.

The press now talks of a before and after, how America has changed forever. But let's look one more time at that photo of Republicans in prayer. A cynical response might be that the Republicans had debts to pay to the religious right and to true believers, their political base. In this sense, the prayer pic was payback for the devout in much the same way the tax cut was a reward to campaign donors.

> We're in the grip of a faith-based cult—America first and the militarization of the heavens.

I admit to a certain callous response to the photo, thinking that all things considered, it was a relatively inexpensive payback. It is not at all certain that the zealots will get much more than this for their pains. Ever since Reagan embraced the religious right, I have received direct mail from liberal groups warning me of Jerry Falwell's grand plan for a white Christian theocracy. This tactic must work as a fund-raiser, because it keeps being repeated. I lived through 12 straight years of Reagan and Bush, and at the end of that period, state-mandated prayer was not a common occurrence in American public schools. It's hard to find one woman or physician who had been arrested for contracting to receive or perform an abortion. Nor had any serious attempt been made to bring these dire consequences to pass.

It's a reasonable bet this will still be the case after four years, or even eight, of Bush Junior. Consider the record: In the very same period as the White House pray-in, Bush was also photographed sitting solemnly with the Pope. It was understood and announced that the pontiff had earnestly pleaded with the president to swear off stem cell research. There is also a thing called the Catholic vote. But when it came to it, Bush did not swear off stem cell research. He split the difference so exquisitely as to win himself comparisons with Bill Clinton. Like Clinton, he has a spouse who is publicly in favor of a woman's right to choose. Like Clinton, he goes to church to see and be seen. When Barbara Bush told the press he had been fond of Bible study as a boy, Dubya gave an interview contradicting her. It's true that he says Jesus got him away from the bottle (in fact, we suspect that Laura said she'd leave him and take the kids), but maybe he's entitled to a white lie. This is not a religious man.

When terrorists flew planes into targets on American soil, Bush played the faith card almost immediately. He invoked the 23rd Psalm with the conviction of a man who learned about walking through the valley of the shadow of death from *Bartlett's*, not the Bible. He spoke of launching a crusade before drifting off into metaphors drawn from movies and television, the childhood drama of WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE posters.

When Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson tried to explain September 11 in terms of an Old Testament God riled by political disappointment—blaming the destruction on the ACLU, gays, lesbians, abortionists and Internet porn—Bush distanced himself. Suddenly, his political base bore a startling resemblance to the Taliban. The president toned down the holy war rhetoric and began to discuss the crisis in more pragmatic terms. By September 20, when he addressed Congress, he had the language down. If there were any prayers at the Camp David strategy

sessions, no photographer recorded the event.

The crisis made faith-based politics seem irrelevant. Compared with the costs of preparing for war, catering to the religious right involved chump change. Faith-based programs will stagger on, but critics will not be heard. So what if a mere $50 million a year will continue to be shamefully wasted on pseudoeducational "programs" touting the virtues of sexual abstinence among the young? (Now there's an initiative based entirely on faith.) Do you know what a bomber costs? A month after the tragedy, the White House toned down its controversial plan to give government money to churches, mosques, synagogues and near-cult charities in an attempt to shift public and civic responsibility for poverty onto the religious. When Americans want to give, they pick up the phone. Victim relief funds raised more than a billion dollars in a matter of weeks and the gifts did not require a religious middleman.

The crisis gave the president a mission and Secretary of State Colin Powell a real agenda, not the "pro-life" foreign policy the administration flaunted earlier. As you may recall, one of the first acts of President Bush's administration was to deny funding to any American organization working in the developing world if that organization provided abortion counseling or even informed people about it. Chiding other nations about the sex lives of their citizens was simply not becoming. Seeking justice, moving men and machines to protect freedom—that is the stuff of history.

John Ashcroft is said to begin the day at the Justice Department with prayer and Bible study. Better he should study the Bill of Rights. Ashcroft had been compelled to swear that he would uphold the law on abortion as it stands.

As it did for Colin Powell, the events of September 11 gave Ashcroft a real job. Within hours of the disaster he was asking for access to e-mail, seeking to install the controversial Internet wiretap formerly known as Carnivore, and expanding police powers in detaining and questioning suspects. The bill in Congress that stripped civil liberties was known by the acronym Patriot.

A few voices were asking the obvious: Would any of these measures have prevented the terrible destruction that occurred on September 11? The question was deemed irrelevant, if not outright treasonable.

The attack on America gave the Bush administration a blank check. Gone were talks about energy, global-warming treaties, tax cuts and education. We would spend whatever it takes to defeat the evildoers. Bush preached frugality for about 10 seconds, taking a potshot at Clinton's response to Osama bin Laden. He would not repeat the folly of sending a $2 million rocket into an empty tent. No, he would launch 50 cruise missiles and an armada. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld, who, days before the attack, had urged the president to veto a defense spending bill that dared to cut money from Bush's beloved Star Wars missile defense shield, suddenly got everything he wanted and more.

There's nothing like cash flow to eliminate critical thinking. Contractors will make an unprecedented fortune out of Star Wars whether it works or not, which means that after a while the labor unions will tag along and it will become even more unpatriotic to criticize our missile shield. And at the unveiling of the first launch site, it will be easy to arrange the presence of a Protestant and a Catholic bishop, a rabbi, a Mormon and even an imam. (*Gott Mit Uns*, as was written on the brass belt buckles of the German army.)

As the crisis developed, a new photograph appeared in the papers—Bush seated at a table with men wearing turbans, a delegation of Sikhs. Bush is no longer for any one religion. That wouldn't be inclusive enough, and besides, the Constitution forbids it. No, now he is for all religions. The new pose is as fake as the pre–September 11 prayer meeting.

A man named Will Herberg saw this fusion of greed and piety coming in the Eisenhower years and approved of it. His book, *Protestant-Catholic-Jew*, garnered huge sales with its combination of spirituality and materialism. Herberg argued that the one true all-American religion was "the American way of life." The religious path for a red-blooded American was "not something that makes for humility and an uneasy conscience. Rather, it is something that validates his goals and ideals, instead of calling them into question, and enhances his self-regard instead of challenging it." President Eisenhower, who spoke out strongly for nothing in particular, put it this way: "Our government makes no sense unless it is founded on a deeply held religious belief—and I don't care what it is."

Secure in this vague principle, the Bushies can get on with their own mission to the rich. Acts of faith may be necessary: The stock market requires them almost every day. But ideology is king, and ideology says the free market is best unless a really big corporation needs a really big bailout. Congress gave the airline companies (and their shareholders) some $15 billion, but almost nothing to the 100,000 workers facing layoffs. The beauty of this materialist theology and this mishmash of religions is that it commits you, morally, to absolutely nothing. Faith is something that stirred people in the past to live and die for it, as well as kill. It signifies intransigent belief or unalterable principle. This kind of faith was at least sometimes modest and humble, not boastful or arrogant. But faith-based is weaker, shiftier, more insipid. It is the embroidered sampler on the wall, right over the cathouse piano. And it is the framed Ten Commandments on the wall of the schoolhouse that has no money to buy books. The result is icy charity for the poor, the making of pastors and nuns into part-time civil servants, a cult of America first and the militarization of the heavens.

READER

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS

The artwork you use to illustrate "Public Executions" (*The Playboy Forum*, October) shows a veiled woman with a red dot on her forehead, holding a man's decapitated head. I assume this woman is supposed to represent the Afghan woman described in the text. But Hindu women, not Muslim women, wear *bindis*. Your editors need to take a religious studies course.

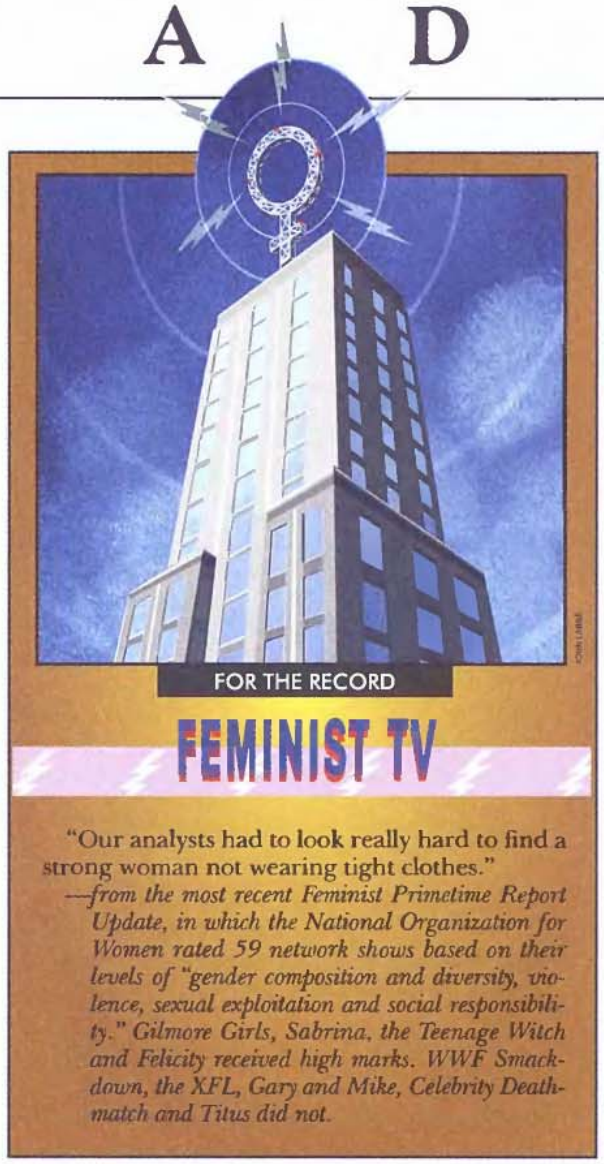
Raj Sharma
New York, New York

We stand corrected. You weren't the only reader to notice the bindi. After September 11, it took on new significance. A reader in Seattle noted that, following the attacks, "Hindu women were advised to wear bindis so they can be distinguished from Islamic women and thus protected to some degree from the misdirected rage against Muslims who are involved in terrorist activities."

You wrote in October that "a mob fought for souvenirs" after Rainey Bethea was hanged in Owensboro, Kentucky in 1936. But according to *The Last Public Execution in America*, a 1992 book by Perry Ryan, they did not. Nor did they party or cheer. They were hushed and parted quietly as the hearse carrying Bethea's body left the scene. The county sheriff happened to be a woman (her husband had held the job until his death just weeks before), and the newspapers had been building their front pages based on the presumption that she would pull the lever. When she handed the job off to a drunken volunteer, the outraged newspaper reporters concocted stories of the crowd going wild.

Nikole Austin-Earnhart
Slidell, Louisiana

According to Ryan's book (posted online at geocities.com/lastpublichang), which is based in part on eyewitness interviews, the press greatly exaggerated the crowd's reaction. The local newspaper lamented in an editorial that a few officials who took souvenirs (such as a tag hanging from Bethea's hood) gave the national press license to describe a rush of scavengers. The coverage so embarrassed the state of Kentucky that it never again allowed a public execution, ending the practice in the U.S.



"Our analysts had to look really hard to find a strong woman not wearing tight clothes."
—*from the most recent Feminist Primetime Report Update, in which the National Organization for Women rated 59 network shows based on their levels of "gender composition and diversity, violence, sexual exploitation and social responsibility." Gilmore Girls, Sabrina, the Teenage Witch and Felicity received high marks. WWF Smackdown, the XFL, Gary and Mike, Celebrity Deathmatch and Titus did not.*

You know who ought to be publicly executed? All the cops and forensic scientists who knowingly testify falsely at death penalty trials, thereby putting innocent men and women on death row.

Jayme Rosenbach
Joliet, Illinois

WE THE PEEPERS

Your October *Forum* interview with Robert Ellis Smith, "We the Peepers," begins with the question of what the founding fathers would have thought of the Internet. I think it's clear that Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Madison and the others would have loved it. It's the first medium that is unmediated and affordable to many. It is truly democratic. It is diverse. It gives speakers the opportunity to speak without identifying themselves, something the founders believed was vital in allowing U.S. citizens to criticize their government.

The framers would have cringed at any attempt by the government to limit or restrict the Internet, particularly if it is justified only with vague talk of protecting "national security." They believed that freedom of speech and freedom of thought were core political values. More than any medium that has come before, the Internet supports these values. Let's keep this firmly in mind before we begin censoring or regulating it, especially in light of recent tragic events.

Shari Steele
Executive Director
Electronic Frontier Foundation
San Francisco, California

Boy, did you ever push my buttons on the issue of who we would consider the main foes of privacy. Scott Turow once commented that the age of instant access has made American privacy a thing of the past. Twenty years ago, the cost of a phone answering machine was prohibitive enough that it wasn't worth it to me to buy one just to take messages. Then came the onslaught of direct marketing, and I had a second reason to buy one: to screen calls. Some states (mine among them) have only now begun to establish no-call lists with fines for any business that violates the law, but it's taken an entire generation to get around to even that.

No-call lists don't cover those idiots who redial wrong numbers. My machine regularly fields a flood of wrong numbers dialed by people who can tell from my greeting that, to paraphrase Dylan, "it ain't me he's looking for." So I end up playing back a message from someone I don't know for someone I don't know. Then the person makes another try after I'm home from work. When I was a kid and called a friend during suppertime, I got smacked upside the head.

Richard Miller
Albion, New York

We're not sure that the annoyance of wrong numbers rises to the level of a privacy

nightmare. Consider the following stories that were sent to us by readers:

• The Detroit Free Press reported that more than 90 state employees over the past five years have used the Law Enforcement Information Network to "stalk women, threaten motorists and settle scores." The supposedly confidential database includes addresses, criminal records, driving histories, auto registrations and other data. One state police detective used the database to gather information about his estranged wife and the men she was seeing. His prying came to light after an unidentified gunman shot her dead as she led the couple's five-year-old daughter through a public zoo. Officials believe her estranged husband, described in search warrants as "obsessive," may have contracted the killing. In another case, a woman caught a married policeman's eye when he came to her boyfriend's home to take a report. He sent her roses, then showed up at her door. He had used the database to get her address. After she filed a complaint, he continued to woo her. His punishment for this gross violation of public trust? A day's suspension and a good talking-to.

• A woman from a small Illinois town went to a clinic to have an abortion. Complications developed, and she had to be sent to a hospital. An anti-abortion activist incensed over the "botched" procedure obtained two pages of the woman's private medical records and posted them online. The woman sued, but other anti-abortion sites copied and also posted the records.

• Local officials in Tampa have placed cameras in a busy nighttime district, Ybor City. The cameras scan the crowds and match faces to mug shots of people wanted by police. One image of a construction worker on his lunch break was printed in U.S. News and World Report as an example of how the technology works. An Oklahoma woman phoned the police, claiming the man was her ex-husband, who was wanted for felony child neglect. Three Tampa cops showed up at the man's job site to question him as curious co-workers looked on. But the woman had been mistaken: It wasn't her ex. The photo had originally appeared in the St. Petersburg Times with the caption, "The man in this image was not identified as wanted."

We'd like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to The Playboy Forum, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, e-mail forum@playboy.com or fax 312-951-2939. Please include a daytime phone number and city and state or province.*

THE REAGAN RELIGION

One of the nation's most overlooked and morbidly fascinating political phenomena is the ongoing and official exaltation of Ronald Reagan, which, as the 90-year-old ex-president's health worsens, is becoming an ideological mission for the true believers of the right wing.

Admittedly, it made sense for the GOP Congress to name an aircraft carrier after the man—he played a central role aboard several carriers in World War II movies. Beyond that, the Reagan commemoration record reads as though George Carlin had a hand in it:

Reagan fired the nation's air traffic controllers and put our system of air travel into a prolonged crisis mode. So they named one of the busiest airports in the country after him: the Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport.

Reagan despised the government's outrageous squandering of tax money on exorbitantly lavish and unnecessary projects. So they built a 3.1-million-square-foot office building and conference center—complete with a 625-seat amphitheater, two ballrooms and a 125-foot atrium—and named it the Ronald Reagan Building and International Trade Center.

When he was governor of California, Reagan routinely flogged the Department of Motor Vehicles as the epitome of governmental inefficiency. So the state's DMV proposed license plates that would bear his image.

There is a campaign under way to get a Reagan memorial designated in each of the nation's 50 states and 3067 counties. Grover Norquist, who created the Reagan Legacy Project in 1997, also would like to see the ex-president's bust alongside those of Washington, Lincoln, Jefferson and Roosevelt on Mount Rushmore. "Do I think that in 20 years Reagan could be on Rushmore? Maybe," says a hopeful Norquist. "Or we could have our own mountain." The Legacy Project's advisors include dozens of prominent Republicans such as Dick Armey, John Ashcroft, Tom DeLay, Bob Barr, Dan Burton, Jack Kemp, Phyllis Schlafly, Newt Gingrich, Jesse Helms and Karl Rove.

Norquist's latest bright idea is to remove Alexander Hamilton, the financial visionary who created the monetary system that is the bedrock of American capitalism, from the 10-dollar bill and replace him with

STEVE BUCHANAN

Reagan, an economic maverick who ran up a national debt so gargantuan that it may not be paid off even in our children's lifetimes. "It will pass very easily when Reagan passes away," says Norquist. "I've told the Bush people to expect it."

The irony, of course, is that according to Republican mythology, President Reagan single-handedly toppled the communist bloc—a place where citizens at every turn gazed upon icons of their deified leaders.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

JUST SAY KNOB

NEW DELHI, INDIA—*India's population is expected to exceed that of China by 2045. The country's health minister has proposed a solution: The government should*

send thousands of free televisions to community centers in the rural areas with the most explosive growth. He says the sets will distract lovers during the evening hours and help the government reach remote areas with family-planning information.

STUMPED

LACEY, WASHINGTON—*To amuse himself this past summer, J.P. Parshall spent a week carving a seven-foot tree stump into the shape of a penis, attached two U.S. flags to the head and positioned the sculpture in his front yard. Neighbors complained to the Thurston County Sheriff's Office, which sent a patrolman to investigate. "My officer said he didn't know what we could do about it, and neither do I," Captain Dan Kimball said. "We don't have a county ordinance that says you can't carve your tree into a penis."*

PARTY FAVORS

NEW ORLEANS—*Federal prosecutors have charged a company that organizes raves at a downtown theater with violating a law that prohibits anyone from maintaining a building where drugs are used or distributed. The company agreed to pay a $100,000 fine, do more to prevent the use of ecstasy at its events and ban "drug paraphernalia" such as pacifiers, glow sticks, massage tables, vaporizer rub and dust masks. Three ravers took the government to court, arguing the ban on accessories violated their rights. "What's next?" asked the director of the state ACLU. "A ban on tie-dyed shirts and dreadlocks?" A judge ruled for the ravers.*

SEALING THE DEAL

DUNCANSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA—*Police suspected that the Garden Health Spa employed prostitutes, so two undercover state troopers made appointments for $50 massages. Sure enough, the masseuse offered to add a blow job for an additional $60. Only after she had fellated both cops did they signal backup officers to arrest her. (She pleaded guilty and left town.) A county prosecutor scolded the men, but a police official insisted "their hearts were in the right place," and their commander said they would not be disciplined. The state police say that in the future, officers may be allowed to have sex on duty only when lives are at stake.*

A WOMAN SCORNED

TORONTO—*When Eunwoo Lee discovered that her boyfriend was married, she sued for the Canadian equivalent of $143,000, charging him with "violation of her body." She said that because her lover had lied about his marital status, her consent could not be said to have been "free, voluntary and informed," which she equated with sexual assault. She also asked for damages because the affair had removed her from the singles market. Lee's ex asked the judge to dismiss the case.*

LIFESAVERS

FREDERICK, MARYLAND—*Two sheriff's deputies pulled over Tom Moore after chasing his pickup for nine miles. The officers say Moore growled at them but otherwise refused to respond, and that it took a nightstick, pepper spray and a police dog to subdue him. In fact, doctors say Moore did not respond because he was slipping into a diabetic coma. He spent the next four days in the hospital because of injuries suffered during the arrest. When he later sued the police and Frederick County for $170 million, the county attorney said that Moore should instead be grateful to the officers for saving his life. The two cops have countersued, demanding that Moore pay them at least $68,000 because his complaints hurt their careers.*

SUCKED IN

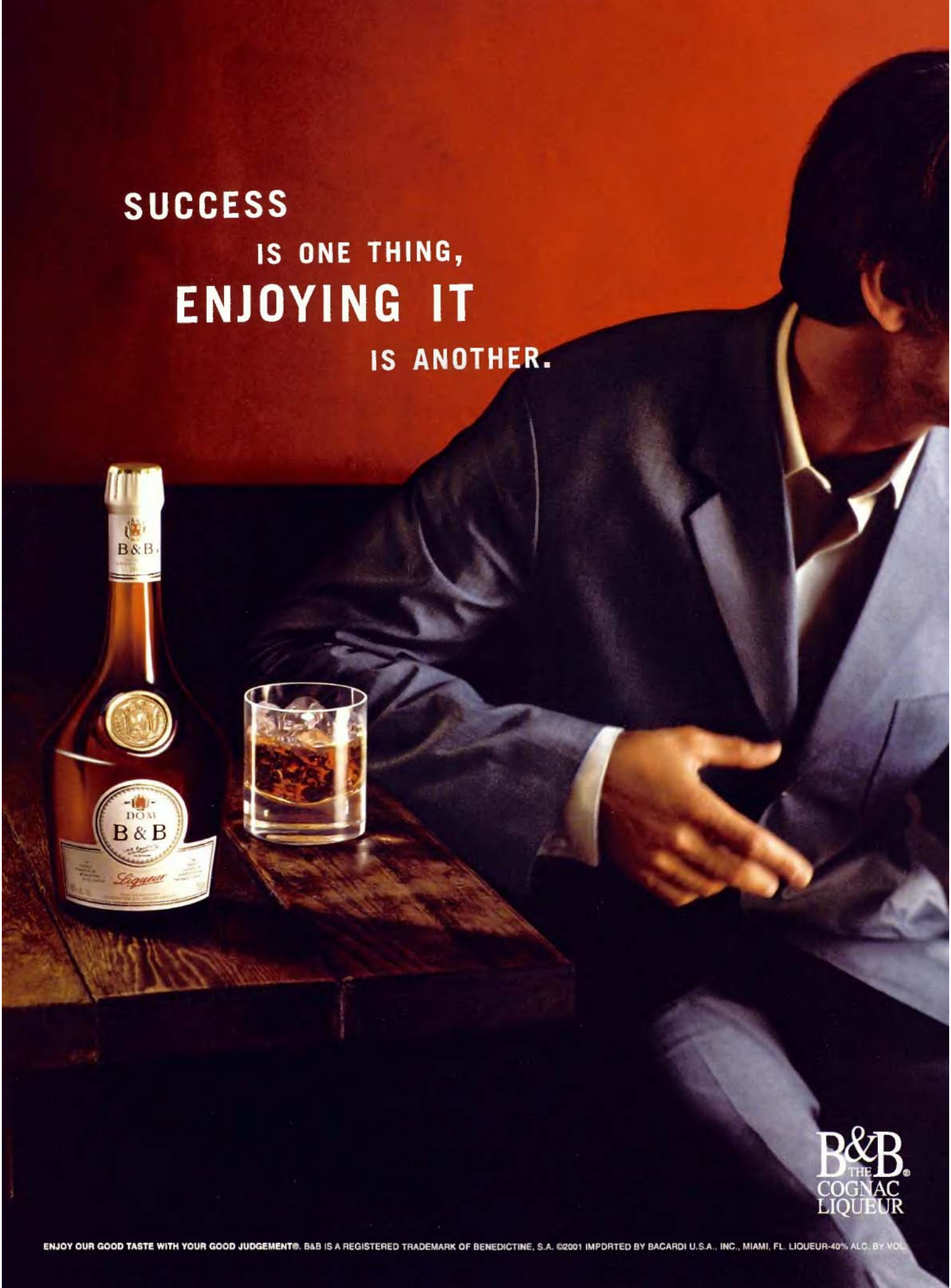
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA—*Based on the victims' descriptions, a Brea police detective believed she knew who had raped two area women. She asked the suspect, who had lived near both victims, if he would meet her at a local Taco Bell to discuss his thoughts on the case. At the restaurant, she offered to refill his soda. She then handed his straw to an undercover officer. DNA tests on the man's saliva linked him to both rapes. He pleaded guilty, and a judge sentenced him to two life terms.*

TOUCH RIGHT HERE

CORONA, CALIFORNIA—*Officers from the state Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control twice visited Angels Sports Bar to determine that topless dancers were touching themselves. The agents reported that eight dancers touched their breasts briefly, including one who tugged on her nipple rings. Citing regulations that forbid "the touching, caressing or fondling of the breasts, buttocks, anus or genitals" in clubs that serve alcohol, the department sus-*

pended Angels' liquor license for 30 days. The club cried foul, and a review panel overturned the decision. It ruled that the dancers have a First Amendment right to touch themselves as part of the "expressive element of the dance."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE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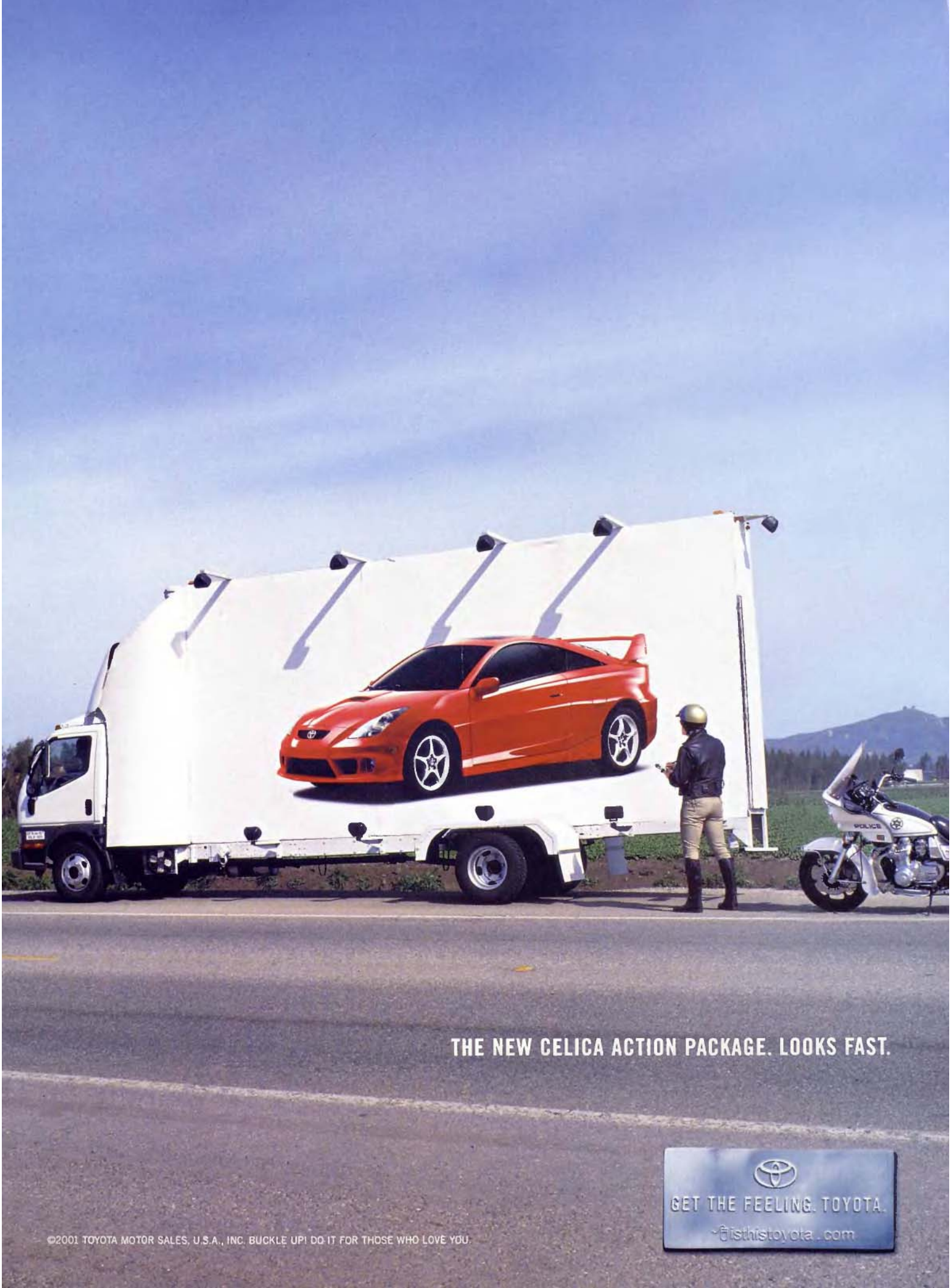

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRIT HUME

a candid conversation with the fox news channel anchor about his upstart network, tv's political agenda, how he'll cover the new war and why tv news matters more than ever

On the morning of September 11, 2001 Brit Hume, Fox News Channel's star anchorman, chief Washington correspondent and managing editor, is having breakfast with a colleague in the company cafeteria when he looks up at the television monitor to watch his network—the newest and hottest 24-hour news network—showing unbelievable images. One tower of the World Trade Center in New York City is aflame. Hume turns up the volume and listens to the sketchy details. Something big is under way, but it's unclear what.

When another jet hits the second World Trade Center tower, Hume quickly heads upstairs to his office, where he assembles his staff. Whatever is happening in New York—by now it's apparent there has been a terrorist attack—will soon require a Washington, D.C. perspective. How is President Bush reacting? Is the U.S. military responding? Hume's team prepares to go live just as the news comes that Capitol police are evacuating the area. A jet, currently 20 minutes away, is speeding toward them.

Hume ignores the evacuation order and instructs his crew to find a different studio in the building. (Hume's regular studio faces the Capitol, and he worries an explosion could blow out their facilities.) Within minutes, the staff of Fox News' Special Report, Hume's evening news program, has commandeered a studio at the far side of the building and, moments later, Hume is on the air, reporting live. The jet en route to Washington has crashed into the Pentagon.

The horrendous day for America is just beginning as the devastation sinks in and the dead are tallied. The nation's citizens huddle around TV screens. Hume rarely moves from his anchor seat. On this day Fox News Channel is simulcast over the Fox broadcast network of affiliates, plus Fox Sports, Fox Family Channel, FX and National Geographic. The huge number of viewers is only part of the story for the network that has challenged the reign of CNN as the nation's premier 24-hour news network. Fox must prove that Hume and his team can hold their own in the face of one of the most important news stories of our era. With more viewers than CNN in some markets, Fox News Channel coverage of the crisis is up-to-the-minute and smart, competitive with CNN and the networks.

Few thought it was possible in 1996 when Rupert Murdoch established Fox News Channel. Even though Murdoch had baffled experts years ago when he founded the Fox broadcast network, no one thought he could duplicate his success with an all-news cable outlet. CNN founder Ted Turner said that he would "squish Murdoch like a bug." The new network didn't seem to have a chance against the more established news outlets—CNN, CNN Headline News and CNBC. But that was yesterday. Fox News Channel is now the fastest-growing cable network, winning more viewers than CNN in more than 30 percent of the 65 million homes with access to both channels. According to The New York Times, "In the prized demographic of adults between the ages of 25 and 54 who watch cable news, Fox News' viewership has increased by a full 430 percent in the past three years, while CNN's has declined by 28 percent." Fox' success means that it is now setting the agenda—and a breathless pace—for 24-hour news networks. Indeed, when CNN recently debuted its new look, it was a mirror image of Fox.

Before joining Fox, Hume was at ABC, where he worked for 23 years, eight of them as the network's chief White House correspondent. He watched as "the most exciting and important" television news coverage drifted from the networks to cable, particularly when CNN's ratings and its influence soared after the Gulf war. NBC entered the all-news fray with CNBC and later MSNBC, but Hume's network, owned by Disney,

"Tim Russert does a good job. Peter Jennings is still the best at breaking a news story. I don't know that anybody has ever done it as well. At the height of his power, Cronkite wasn't as good as Peter is now."

"For hours on September 11 the nation didn't hear from its government. There was no one encouraging or assuring the American people. They needed calm and reasoned reporting. This was a day for us to do our duty."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN CEDENO

"Pushing a party line would be our death. We wanted our coverage to be compelling and we wanted it to be fair. We knew that Fox News Channel had to be a valid competitor to CNN, not some down-market version."

resisted the internal and external pressures to follow suit. Hume had once turned down an offer from Fox News Channel because of his contract with ABC, but he left ABC in 1997. As he says, "People wondered why I was leaving the Yankees to join an expansion team."

Setting up a bureau in the capital, Hume anchored his nightly show and began to build an audience. Meanwhile, Fox News changed the look of television journalism, filling the screen with far more than talking heads. The network incorporated live viewer discussions via Internet messaging and live phone calls to talk shows, as well as graphics and music. Fox News' ratings rose, helped by personalities such as Hume and the bullying conservative commentator Bill O'Reilly, a slimmer version of Rush Limbaugh who won an enormous following for his show The O'Reilly Factor.

Since the beginning, Fox has been attacked for its conservative bias. In fact, many critics slammed the network for pushing Murdoch's conservative agenda. As The New York Times Magazine reported, "Fox has become a major player in Murdoch's global empire of right-leaning media outlets." Hume has consistently argued that it's a baseless attack, maintaining that if Fox seems conservative it's only because it doesn't subscribe to the liberal slant spouted by the rest of the media.

Throughout the summer that preceded the terrorist attack, events were relatively staid. President Bush was wrangling with Congress over energy, education, stem cells and election reform. The biggest story of the season was the disappearance of Chandra Levy. The 24-hour news channels—with Fox News Channel leading the pack—could have effectively replaced their mottoes (in Fox' case, "We Report, You Decide") with something along the lines of "All Condit, All the Time."

Many of Fox' critics, however, might be surprised to see how often Hume pushes his team to make certain that its reports are "fair and balanced." In an editorial meeting, when an editor suggested a piece that would describe "what the Democrats did wrong handling the Condit scandal," Hume snapped, "Or what they did right." When he was given a story about a firefighter who died because of endangered fish in a stream (the protected stream was off-limits to firefighters, who had to travel farther for water), Hume asked, "And the other side of the story is?" He adds, "If the other side isn't told, the piece doesn't run." Whether Hume can succeed in creating a news show that is fair and balanced is hotly debated, though the network's overall bias seems plain—and right leaning. A typical teaser on the Special Report website reads, "President Bush may grant legal status to an estimated four million illegal Mexicans living in the United States. They will be given the same rights as you and me. How will this impact your taxes, your town, your job? I'll have a fair and balanced report." The network claims repeatedly to be fair and balanced, but the teaser, like much of the network's coverage, has an us-against-them tone and a conservative point of view.

Hume's role in a conservative-leaning network wouldn't have been predicted from his background. He grew up in Washington, where his father worked as an inventor. When his brother reached draft age, his parents protested against the Vietnam war.

An unexceptional student, Hume barely graduated from college but found his calling when he walked into a newspaper office in Hartford, Connecticut. He worked for half a decade as a newspaper reporter and, in 1969, he won a fellowship that led to an investigation of the United Mine Workers. A magazine article on the story caught the attention of syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, who hired Hume as a reporter. Working for Anderson, Hume was leaked a memo written by International Telephone and Telegraph lobbyist Dita Beard. In 1972, Hume wrote a story based on the internal document, about ITT's pledge to pay for part of the Republican National Convention in return for relief from Justice Department antitrust actions. It was one of the biggest scandals of its time.

Later, Hume became a correspondent, covering presidential campaigns and Capitol Hill for ABC News. In 1979, he co-wrote and narrated The Killing Ground, the first TV documentary to be nominated for an Academy Award. In 1989, he became the network's familiar trench-coated chief White House correspondent for the first Bush and then the Clinton administrations. While at ABC, he won an Emmy for his Gulf war coverage and made headlines when he asked a question at a press conference that sent President Clinton into a rage.

What higher patriotic duty can there be than to present all sides of any issue?

Hume, 58, is married to Kim Hume, who preceded him at Fox News as the network's Washington bureau chief. Father of three children, he suffered a personal tragedy when one of them, his son, Sandy, from his first marriage—a respected and successful 28-year-old journalist (he wrote for The Hill, The Weekly Standard, The New Republic and did on-the-air commentary for Fox)—committed suicide in 1998.

As we've watched Fox News' ratings (and its influence on the way that television covers the news) continue to grow, we decided to track down the network's star anchor for an interview. Contributing Editor ***David Sheff,*** *who last interviewed the cast and creators of The West Wing, met up with him in Washington. Here is Sheff's report:*

"Hume, spectacles sitting low on his nose, led a summer editorial meeting with seriousness but not without humor. He had a sardonic comment about almost every news story and personality that came up in the next day's meeting, too. When the group decided to ask President Jimmy Carter to be a guest on the interview portion of that evening's show, Hume shrugged and said, 'Yes, sometimes he says something.' Then he peered over his glasses and said, 'The guy you don't want is Ford.' Then, when a producer reported that there are new efforts to kill the B1 bomber, Hume yawned and said, 'I guess we have to do it, but stories about efforts to kill the B1 bomber go back to when the earth cooled.'

"We spoke again after the September 11 terrorist attack. As I watched him and the other network anchors throughout the crisis, I realized that Hume is one of the nation's strongest anchors, holding his own against such stalwarts as Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw and Peter Jennings or any of CNN's lineup."

PLAYBOY: When you heard that a jet was on a collision course with Washington, and Capitol police were evacuating the area, what was your reaction?

HUME: I thought, Am I about to get killed here? Maybe. But this is the duty I have signed up for. I knew what we had to do.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider evacuating?

HUME: I couldn't leave my post. The importance of that decision became clearer as the day went on. For hours the nation didn't hear from its government. After an initial brief statement, President Bush was gone and out of touch except for a second brief statement given hours later. There was no one encouraging or assuring the American people. Congress and the State Department were evacuated and the Defense Department was on fire. We thought, This is a day for us to do our duty and inform the American people. They needed calm and reasoned and authoritative reporting. This was a day for us to do our duty.

PLAYBOY: Overall, did the media succeed?

HUME: We did. We served our country. I was impressed by the unprecedented feeling of cooperation. Everyone was watching for excess. We needed to keep our perspective and put bad information to rest. The only exclusive of the day came from CNN, which reported a retaliatory air strike in Kabul. Even for that, CNN shared its tape, though the story turned out to be wrong.

PLAYBOY: A lot has changed since the attack. Before, briefings by government officials in the middle of the day were considered dull. Not anymore. How intense is your audience's interest?

HUME: People are shaken up in a way they never have been before. It's not going away for a while.

PLAYBOY: Has covering this story personally affected you?

HUME: It's a distressing story to cover. There's nothing fun about it. It has been depressing. As Dan Rather eloquently and emotionally put it on *Letterman*,

"The magnificent verse in *America the Beautiful* may not apply any longer. They may no longer be alabaster cities undimmed by human fears."

PLAYBOY: Will journalism change?

HUME: It already has. The lines have been drawn. One way has been the issue of the type of attitude journalists are supposed to have. Are they allowed to display their patriotism or is that a sin? The debate has exposed a fault line in American journalism that is not attractive. At its most basic level, is it all right for a journalist to wear a flag pin in his or her lapel? Several news organizations, including, I'm sorry to say, ABC News, have adopted policies that one may not. There's a sense that journalists must hold themselves above and apart from the people they serve. I disagree. The idea that wearing a small symbol, not of a political administration or a political cause but a flag of the country, means you have stepped over journalistic lines is ridiculous and unfortunate. At Fox, no one is required to wear—and no one is prohibited from wearing—a flag. But every journalism professor who has written on the subject opposes it. One of them wrote that he doesn't like to mix his patriotism with his professionalism, as if the two were somehow at war.

PLAYBOY: Traditionally speaking, a journalist's job is to avoid representing any point of view.

HUME: If I were to wear a stovepipe hat with the colors on it like the guy who does Uncle Sam in the Fourth of July parade, that would be inappropriate. I wouldn't have enough headroom for the shot anyway.

PLAYBOY: But while it is the government's job to unify the country and present an optimistic scenario, reporters are bound by the truth. Journalists aren't supposed to push patriotism. They must present all sides.

HUME: What higher patriotic duty can there be than to present all sides of any issue? However, what is the other side of the story of a terrorist massacre? Is one side the antiterrorist side and the other the proterrorist side?

PLAYBOY: Their deplorable attacks notwithstanding, the terrorists represent an anti-American view held in some quarters of the Middle East because of a range of issues: our sanctions against Iraq, our support of Israel, our military presence. Doesn't that story need to be told?

HUME: There's nothing we know about this attack to make anything the U.S. has done relevant. We of course tell the other side of the story—the criticisms of American foreign policy. We give voice to those views. But that's not what this terrorism is about. It's not related to Islam. It's related to a crackpot fringe that may be supported by some of the more nefarious elements of the world, including Saddam Hussein. The idea that this is somehow a function of Islam or American presence in Saudi Arabia or U.S. support of Israel is nonsense. However, these arguments present part of our mission at Fox. We are trying to listen carefully to what's being said. We attempt to look deeper, not to jump on the bandwagon. A great example is a story we're currently working on about airline safety. We are looking at the argument that the federal government should take over airport security.

PLAYBOY: You disagree?

HUME: As far as we know, the weapons used in these attacks are all weapons you're permitted to carry on airplanes. Where was the breakdown of security? The terrorists got on the jets carrying things you're allowed to carry on. There were small knives and box cutters. There is no evidence there were any bombs. Everyone is complaining about the level of education of the people who are working in airport security, but what did they do wrong? Nothing, at least from what we have heard so far. That's the kind of thing we look for. We attack the knee-jerk response. The fact is, airport security to this day has been a tremendous success story given its mission. It was designed to conquer the problem of hijacking as we knew it. This was a different kind of hijacking, one we had never seen before. In the past, hijackings

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were used to get a plane from its intended destination to the hijackers' destination. We successfully stopped that. This time, they were going to crash the planes into buildings.

PLAYBOY: In *The New Yorker*, Susan Sontag criticized the media for echoing the administration's voice and for "infantilizing" the public. Do you disagree?

HUME: How nauseating! In the annals of moral equivalency, her article almost made me cry. She tried to draw some moral equivalency between the behavior of our government to these terrorists, but there is no moral equivalency. She represents an anti-Americanism among some of the media and much of academe. It has been there for a long time, but it had been obscured. Now it is obvious. In this attack on America, terrorists motivated by some Ku Klux Klan version of Islam committed a massacre. It's appalling.

PLAYBOY: Many people feel as if the attack ushered in a new era—we are now living in a different world. Is it a different world for the media, too?

HUME: It is. How do we cover a long-term war against terrorists? We know how to cover traditional conflicts between standing armies. New issues are being raised. Since the government was mendacious during the Vietnam war, journalists learned they shouldn't accept what the government tells us about a conflict. Relying on direction from the government was considered the wrong way to cover a war since Vietnam and that held over into the Gulf war. Now, however, we may have to think about that.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that in a war against terrorism the media should work closely with the government?

HUME: I'm suggesting that we have some very important issues to consider. What if you find out ahead of time that there is going to be a clandestine operation? Do you report it?

PLAYBOY: Do you?

HUME: We have to make a careful call and I wonder how the journalists who decline to wear the American flag because they don't want to take one side or the other will decide. If their policy is to report everything they know in a completely objective vacuum, what do they do if they find out where the troops are going? Should they report it? If you know that the United States Special Services are going in to take Osama bin Laden at a particular place and time, whether you choose to report it or not is a decision that affects the events. If you report it, you are in effect warning the enemy. Is it your higher duty to inform the people and damn the consequences? It's not a problem for us at Fox News. We know how we stand.

PLAYBOY: Both politicians and the media have not been widely favored by the public. The president's approval rating is at an all-time high. Will the media be able to redeem itself, too?

HUME: There's a chance. I'm pretty comfortable about how we're going to come out, but not our colleagues. For the sake of the country, I hope they perform well. I don't have high hopes.

PLAYBOY: You have covered several presidents. How has Bush performed during this crisis?

HUME: He has done fine. The steps he has taken are the right ones. His promises of action are correct, but so are his warnings that this will be a long struggle. He correctly put the country on a war footing in a sensible way. In general, it has been a good thing to see how everyone in Washington has come together over this. We are really seeing what most Americans long for: real nonpartisanship.

PLAYBOY: From the front lines, how does President Bush compare with Clinton?

HUME: Bush is a likable guy, but he does not have the magnetism and the utter charm of Clinton. Clinton is the most charming man I've ever met. In his presence, it's impossible to dislike him. I was in the press pool one day and he was having a photo op. The pool waits in the colonnade outside the Oval Office. The doors were thrown open and the group was pouring in like kids going to recess. The president and his guest were seated side by side in front of the fireplace. It's the same drill with every administration. I happened to tumble in first. Clinton looked up at me and said, "Hi, Brit." You would not imagine that that much charm could be packed into those two words, but he was so easygoing and engaging in the way he said it that I felt momentarily shocked. You may not respect him, but you like him. I liked him before he was president, liked him while he was president and like him to this day. Bush is likable, too, but in a different way. At this level of politics, the men and women are all pretty good. They usually come by their charm naturally. They probably wouldn't be in politics if they didn't like people and didn't like the human interaction. More to the point, they wouldn't have gotten where they are if they weren't engaging personalities.

PLAYBOY: The first president you covered up close was Bush Senior.

HUME: I liked him very much.

PLAYBOY: How about Reagan?

HUME: He was more intuitively intelligent and shrewd than he was given credit for, and much more effective. In journalism we have a weakness. We are attracted to knowledgeability because it's what we trade in. In my view, we often confuse it with ability. We therefore find a Bill Clinton fascinating and admirable because he knows a lot. We talk for a living, so we are dazzled by his articulateness. We worry about the person who is much less articulate and who speaks in oversimplified ways.

PLAYBOY: Like our current president, for example?

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HUME: Yes, our current president—and Ronald Reagan. Neither is a particularly polished talker. Reagan was great with a written speech, but he wasn't good at talking off-the-cuff. His press conferences were wild adventures. You see the same with Bush, who avoids them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the media underestimate Bush?

HUME: They think Bush is a dope. That thinking is less of a danger to the president than it is to the people. Why? Smart reporters will be critical of a president they underestimate in a more discerning way. On the other hand, we may miss things if we're blinded by someone's smooth talking. I think we were blinded by Clinton. Carter, too. Some really smart reporters were blinded. If you believe someone is that smart, you feel as if you can relax and sit back and believe them. That's the danger.

PLAYBOY: Still, wouldn't you prefer the smartest possible president?

HUME: I think Bush is very smart even if he may not know the volume of information known by someone like Clinton. Part of the view that Bush is stupid disguises a contempt and resentment that have nothing to do with his ability. These reporters look at the life he's lived. Like Reagan, Bush came to his political career later in life after another career in which he did pretty well. We don't necessarily admire that. Reagan used to be a movie actor. Bush owned a baseball team. We assume a sense of privilege and less sincerity. Indeed, Bush's performance rhetorically during the September crisis wasn't particularly impressive. He is no Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt or Reagan. We didn't elect a great statesman. However, as I said, he has thus far handled things very well.

PLAYBOY: You once caused President Clinton to terminate a press conference. What happened?

HUME: He got mad at me because of my question about the process in which he had chosen Ruth Bader Ginsburg to be on the Supreme Court. Her nomination had followed Clinton's withdrawal of the nomination of Lani Guinier. In my question, I said that the process may have created an impression of a zigzag quality in the administration's decision making. I said it could be an unfair impression, and asked for a comment. I asked the question in a pretty respectful way, and he got mad.

PLAYBOY: Did you regret your question?

HUME: No. It was pretty clear that he'd overreacted. Afterward I thought, How will I ever thank him enough? Andy Warhol said that everybody gets 15 minutes of fame. I knew that my 15 minutes were about to begin. They did. I came in the next morning and there were 40-some messages on my answering machine, most from radio talk-show hosts who wanted me as a guest. I knew that for a while there was going to be a furor over the Brit Hume question.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever discuss it with Clinton?

HUME: The next day. There were some new economic statistics out and Clinton used them as an excuse to come to the pressroom and crow. He threw me the first question, saying, "Now you get your follow-up." We joked about the incident. I had just returned from my honeymoon in Hawaii, and he said something like, "The reason I got mad was that you got a honeymoon and I didn't." Clinton was given to flashes of temper. It was never clear to me that he was really mad.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on Hillary Clinton?

HUME: Along with John McCain, she is one of the most interesting politicians out there.

PLAYBOY: Why those two?

HUME: McCain is the most picaresque character in the Senate and one of the truly compelling figures on the national scene. I don't think that I or the rest of the people here at Fox News drank the same Kool-Aid the rest of the media drank where he was concerned, though. He is portrayed as a man without foibles. He is not without foibles. Still, he is an admirable figure. The problem for McCain is that politics is a team sport, and he's not a team player. And I think you've got to watch Hillary. She is one of a handful of people who are, in and of themselves, interesting.

PLAYBOY: What's your view on Al Gore's future? Will he run again?

HUME: My guess is that he's going to make another go at it. It's awfully hard not to.

PLAYBOY: What did Gore do wrong?

HUME: He made the mistake of condescending to his opponent, which is very unattractive. In addition, I think the economic populism and a lot of the rhetoric that came out of his campaign was right out of an AFL-CIO brochure from the Forties. He didn't run as a centrist Democrat the way Clinton had. He was always talking about fighting. People are tired of fighting. He was going on about the big interests, but I think that's a sour note in America at a time when more than half of the households own stock in the big interests. But look, he did all right. He almost won.

PLAYBOY: As a White House correspondent, do you have to be careful not to offend the president and others in the administration because your access will be cut off?

HUME: No. The job of White House correspondent is a judgment beat more than a reporting beat. You have to interpret what's going on. You're not generally after scoops, and you're not worrying about access. You have to judge and interpret the news and apply the appropriate skepticism and analysis. The great temptation is for a reporter to do this in a smartass way. It creates an aura of sophistication intended to impress the audience, but I'm not impressed by cheap shots. The best reporters offer the appropriate note of skepticism and irreverence, but they are never unfair. It's a balancing act.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, aren't correspondents all vying for the inside scoop?

HUME: The number of scoops that come out of the White House by the correspondents who cover the building are remarkably few. It's even more true now that the Bush team has such a tight lid on information. I don't think they're handling it very well, but that's the way they've chosen to do it.

PLAYBOY: How aren't they handling it well?

HUME: There's a tighter flow of information. Trying to control the media reminds me a little bit of trying to teach a pig to sing. It doesn't work, and it annoys the pig. If it doesn't work and annoys the media, why do it? At first the Clinton White House tried to control everything, but it didn't work for them, either. George Stephanopoulos, in charge at the time, admitted it was his mistake. Every administration sooner or later tries it.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of the administration, however, is a reporter punished by the White House if he is antagonistic?

HUME: The White House doesn't grant access depending on whether or not you're a nice guy. It has to do with your audience—who they want to reach. Ann Devroy [White House correspondent for *The Washington Post* for 12 years before she died in 1997] was mean as hell, and she never stopped getting scoops or access. If you're with one of the major networks or newspapers, they have to do business with you.

PLAYBOY: How much clout do you have at Fox?

HUME: We're a lot farther up the food chain than we used to be.

PLAYBOY: What has changed?

HUME: Part of it is, we've been around long enough to become a fixture. It works that way in Washington: After a while, you're accepted even if people don't like you. It becomes understood that people have to deal with you. It's not only time, though. There's a sense that ours is a widely viewed operation. We're on in Washington—people here see us. You can tell how we're doing by how easy it is to book people on *Fox News Sunday*, which has improved dramatically.

PLAYBOY: Are you having an easier time in the Bush administration than you had in Clinton's?

HUME: Yes. We're treated fairly by this White House.

PLAYBOY: Implying that you weren't treated fairly by the Clinton White House?

HUME: The Clinton team would have liked to strangle us in our cribs. They weren't happy we were here. As a result, they weren't leaping to be on our shows. Now we're doing better even among the Democrats, despite the perception that

we're Rupert Murdoch and Roger Ailes' conservative network. It's a function of having been around and presenting a newscast that is pretty mainstream. As a result, we're being treated fairly, whereas with Clinton there was a sense that we were an illegitimate enterprise that was presenting some kind of whacked-out adversarial news. In addition, we were perceived as not big enough to matter. Now we are broadcast nearly everywhere and our audience has exploded. The perception by this administration is that we're not going to be automatically unfair.

PLAYBOY: Is it, in fact, assumed that you will be sympathetic?

HUME: In an interview early in his term, I said, "Mr. President, we had difficulty at times in the early years, and we are hoping we will get fair treatment now. I'm not asking for anything more than that." He said, "I can tell you right now that you're going to be treated fairly." My feeling was that this was a proper request. If I had said, "Mr. President, as you know, we're not unsympathetic to you," it would have been improper. Nor is it true that we will present news that pushes any partisan agenda. For anyone in doubt, we are the ones who broke the story about Bush's DUI before the election. It's not partisanship but fairness. That's how we will continue to build our reputation.

PLAYBOY: Fox News' ratings rose after the Clinton–Lewinsky scandal. Does it bother you that the news is so salacious?

HUME: I don't think there's anything new about it. Most news organizations always have balanced news, sensational stories and entertainment. A small handful of news organizations—including *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*—are devoted purely to straightforward news. They have sufficiently large circulations among an elite sector of the audience. However, most media don't have that luxury, so they do what they have to do. Newspapers and other news organizations have always tried to engage as many viewers or readers as possible with promotions, games and comics, and there has long been a premium on celebrities. There's always a struggle between serious news and stuff that's interesting or entertaining but may be frivolous. There's a certain magic in being able to find stories that are revealing, important and consequential on some level but also have the element of entertainment.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that a dangerous trend? When it's all about ratings, won't you or similar news organizations drop the stories about education or the budget in favor of sensational stories?

HUME: I don't think so. In fact, we're likely to get more of everything, not less. While Chandra Levy and Lewinsky and the O.J. Simpson trial took over huge sections of daily programming, they did not take over all of it. There was still room for those that chose more substantial news. It's more true than ever when you have so many choices—from C-Span to CNN to Fox.

PLAYBOY: Fox News has been accused of adding to the deterioration of serious news coverage by initiating sensational headlines and MTV-like graphics. How do you plead?

HUME: To the extent that it enlivens the coverage without affecting the substance, no harm, no foul. It may even do some good if it makes people tune in and pay attention when you consider what we're competing against on television. You get worried if you're trashing everything. If you trivialize the important things and rely on the unimportant, then you've missed your opportunity. We are careful to monitor that line.

PLAYBOY: You have been accused of crossing it.

HUME: By people who don't watch us. When we started Fox News, we decided we wanted to create a compelling news station that offers a different kind of reporting than anything out there—coverage that is fair and balanced. We wanted to choose stories that weren't being covered and to find the angles of well-covered stories that were being ignored. In such a competitive atmosphere, we had to do all kinds of things to distinguish ourselves. We knew that Fox News Channel had to be a valid competitor to CNN, and not some down-market version. For example, when the Florida election deadline arrived, we needed to be there with high-quality coverage. We needed to provide a sophisticated and correct analysis. It was an important test for us, and we delivered the goods.

PLAYBOY: Some observers disagree. For one thing, you had freelance political advisor John Ellis heading your election night "decision desk," but Ellis is a first cousin to George W. Bush. In addition, you were criticized—by no less than Dan Rather—for reporting the initial certification of Bush's victory without skepticism.

HUME: Rather was flat wrong. In his report, he called it "the believed certification." I'm sorry, but it was not a believed certification. It was the actual certification of the election, like it or not. It had legal standing and was official.

PLAYBOY: But it was contested.

HUME: Which we reported. However, [Florida Secretary of State] Katherine Harris was not doing this just as she perceived it. She was acting pursuant to a court order. It was not her opinion. It was an official act. Rather was wrong. He was so wrong that it was humorous. He's good, but he was wrong.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that it was improper to have Ellis, who was reportedly on the phone to various Bushes throughout election night, working on your team?

HUME: I have known Ellis for a long time. He's brilliant, and, in spite of his relationship to Bush, he's utterly dispassionate, serious and professional. When the

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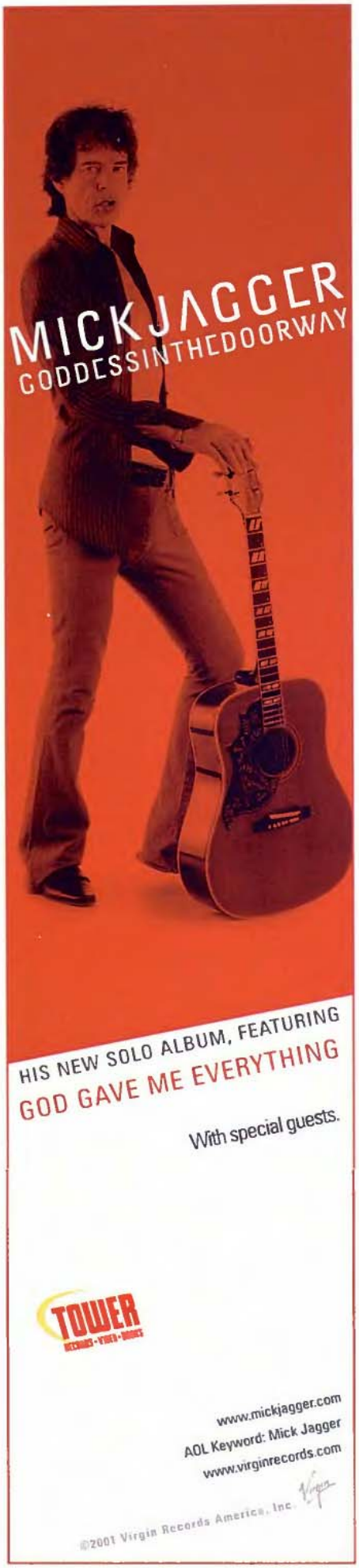

exit polls showed that Bush was losing his lead, I ran into Ellis and asked for his sense of things. He drew a finger across his throat—a dagger. He was prepared for things to go the other way. Did it look good that we had a Bush cousin? Maybe not, but I think the criticism was a cheap shot. Ellis did and does a good job.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree that there is a viewpoint you're pushing?

HUME: Yes, there is a viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: It is Rupert Murdoch's?

HUME: Rupert lets his publications be what they need to be. Out of his gigantic publishing facility in London comes the *Sun*, which is as racy a tabloid as you can find, and the *Times of London*, which is as sedate a publication as there is in the UK. They are pitched to different audiences, and Rupert knows the difference and wants them to be what they need to be. It's no different here.

PLAYBOY: Nonetheless, is it fair to say that Fox News reflects its owner's conservative view, just as CNN reflects a liberal view?

HUME: You could look at it that way, but it would be a crude and oversimplified judgment. We believe that the mainstream media, by and large, tilts left. I don't believe there are a lot of individual reporters and producers and anchors running around with commitments to a political agenda. That's not the issue. Nobody is out there trying to consciously help one political party over another. But I've found in my long years working with various news organizations that there are viewpoints so universally held that they seem almost imperceptible. Everybody holds them to the point that they feel like neutrality. Consider how difficult it is to find reporters who are deeply skeptical of environmentalists, for example. Who are pro-life. Who are likely to have voted Republican in any recent election. Journalists are not necessarily crusading, but their viewpoints are in danger of affecting their work. I genuinely believe that most reporters are pure of heart and don't intend to cover a story with a slant in any direction. However, fairness is not an attitude—it is a skill that must be developed, nourished and worked at all the time.

PLAYBOY: If your views are the opposite of most liberal reporters', however, perhaps your sins are similar. In other words, do you agree that Fox' coverage slants to the right?

HUME: Pushing a party line would be our death. We want our coverage to be compelling and we want it to be fair. I work hard at being certain that we tell both sides of every story.

PLAYBOY: Did the press go too far when it covered Clinton and Lewinsky?

HUME: Clinton was impeached! That's a story, wouldn't you agree?

PLAYBOY: Many Americans maintain that the scandal was largely about the president's private life. How do you decide what is fair game?

HUME: When I was working for Jack Anderson, I did a story about Randy Agnew, who was Vice President Agnew's son. He had broken up with his wife and was living with a male hairdresser. Was it a story? Is someone a public figure by extension? Randy Agnew had done nothing to cross the threshold into public life. He was not prominent in his father's campaigns. He wasn't crusading on public issues by virtue of celebrity. He was only famous because his father was the vice president of the United States. Was that reason enough to look at his private life? I argued no, but the story ran, and I felt badly about it then and I feel badly about it to this day. It pains me to talk about it. It was just a juicy story about some guy's private life that should have been left alone. Later on, however, I did a story about Al Capp, the cartoonist who created *Li'l Abner*. Capp had a spot on NBC's *Monitor*, a radio show on which he delivered right-wing commentaries. He was extremely critical of college protests against the Vietnam war. He referred to college professors as Fagins who preyed on their students. He was also a prominent figure on the lecture circuit at colleges. We found out that he had sexually assaulted several women during a visit to a university back in the early Seventies. We pinned down the story by getting affidavits from a couple of the women. We did the story when a lot of newspapers killed it. I thought the story was legitimate and still think so today. Capp was lecturing the nation, pontificating about the behavior of college professors, while using his access to students on campuses to prey on them sexually. It was a slam dunk. The hypocrisy was there. The story addressed his qualifications to speak on these issues. Weighing the two stories, I decided that the rule was that people were not fair game just because they were public figures by extension, unless they stepped over the line and entered the fray. In the case of Clinton, there was no question. He was a public figure, and not one by extension, and his behavior was relevant, including his lies.

PLAYBOY: Are the children of presidents fair game?

HUME: Chelsea Clinton never entered the fray. In my view, the media's restraint regarding her was absolutely right.

PLAYBOY: How about the Bush kids?

HUME: That's a trickier question. If you get in trouble with the cops and your father is president, you cannot expect privacy. On Fox, we have told the story, but we've never gone far with it. We can't ignore it. At the same time, when I think about my own behavior at that age, it seems ho-hum that the Bush children have been drinking in bars while in college.

PLAYBOY: If Chandra Levy weren't missing, would Gary Condit's extramarital-relationship with an intern have been a

big story?

HUME: Probably not. The intern factor was irresistible, though. I mean, don't they ever learn? In addition, Condit was critical of Clinton in terms of disclosure. His reluctance to discuss the case seemed hypocritical. Worse, when people in his office tried to get witnesses to lie—to file false affidavits—that crossed the line. He was involved in behavior that was manifestly improper by trying to get people to lie in the middle of an investigation.

PLAYBOY: When reporters wrote about the suicide of your son, Sandy, do you feel they crossed the line?

HUME: It was fine. No line was crossed. My son was a journalist in his own right. He had worked on some fairly major stories. He was a public figure. I can't say that there shouldn't have been some inquiry into what happened.

PLAYBOY: Did the experience change at all your view of how the press should cover personal tragedies?

HUME: It affected me powerfully in other ways, but I don't know that it had much effect on me as a journalist. It awakened me to some of the issues about faith—large enough questions that they affect everything.

PLAYBOY: Do you look at the personal tragedies of public figures differently, though?

HUME: I don't think so. It was a very personal matter. I have said more to you now than I've ever said about it, and I don't really care to go into it further. I don't think it affected my journalism in any direct way. My opinions about journalistic ethics have evolved over the entire course of my work as a journalist.

PLAYBOY: Did you always want to be a journalist?

HUME: I had no idea what I wanted to be. I was a terrible student. In fact, I was pretty much a ne'er-do-well. I went to good schools, which was a result of sacrifice on the part of my parents, but after the eighth grade I didn't do well. I had lousy grades in high school and barely got into and out of college. Success was not widely predicted for me. My high school English teacher told my parents it was a virtual certainty I would flunk out of college. I didn't, but it was close. My greatest fortune came when I was out of college and needed to get a job and got one at a newspaper. It was a stroke of luck, because I never cared about newspapers or paid much attention to the news. It all changed when I walked into my first newsroom. It was fabulous, a cacophonous place—whereas now there is relative quiet in most newsrooms because everybody is staring at their computer screens. When I walked into my first newspaper office in Hartford, however, I just loved the energy, the irreverence, the noise and the sense of urgency.

PLAYBOY: Your first big story as a journalist was about the mine workers' union. How did it come about?

HUME: I got a fellowship at the Washington Journalism Center, as it was then called, and got hooked up with Ralph Nader. I told him I had time to work on something and asked if he had anything. He said he did: "I've got just the subject for you, and you're going to write a book about it." I thought to myself, Yeah, and pigs can fly. He was looking into the terrible situation in the coal mines—the rates of accidents and injury and death. He said, "Where is the mine workers' union?" He had found the union to be feckless, passive, inept and weird. So I went at it. It was like turning over a rock.

PLAYBOY: How did you switch from print to television?

HUME: ABC News had been a frail also-ran in terms of its news ratings and prestige, and it was trying to do something admirable. It established a documentary series, the first of which was about the coal miners in West Virginia. Because of my book about the union, ABC asked me to act as a consultant. In 1976, the network asked me to try it as a correspondent. As a shoe-leather reporter, I thought the correspondents seemed kind of silly. They wore makeup and spoke to an inanimate object. It wasn't really reporting, to my mind. There was a general feeling of superiority

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among print reporters.

PLAYBOY: Is there still?

HUME: Most of that is gone. TV news became very serious. The power of television became apparent. In addition, of course, it's a source of celebrity; journalists like being on TV. Even print journalists like to be on TV whenever they are asked.

PLAYBOY: When you got the job of White House correspondent, you were following in the footsteps of Sam Donaldson. Were you nervous?

HUME: I was. In those days Sam was famous for his boldness at press conferences and his questions shouted to candidates and presidents who may not have wanted to hear them. Sam was and is a superb television craftsman, and his work at the White House and his understanding of how to marry the raw materials of television to a good story is unmatched. On the other hand, I felt like I was well prepared after 11 years on the Hill with time out for covering national political campaigns. I didn't feel like I was at a disadvantage, though it was a tall order to fill those shoes.

PLAYBOY: Who picked out your White House correspondent's overcoat?

HUME: I got my own. For years, I used this taupe overcoat. It worked better than trench coats, which I tried, too. You have to be careful about dark coats at night, because it looks like your head is hanging in the sky. Also, you don't want to look like the Man From Glad with a white raincoat.

PLAYBOY: After all the jokes about anchormen's hair, how much attention do you give yours?

HUME: The thing you worry about in television is that something about your appearance will be so striking that it will distract from what you're saying. You want to be attractive, but you don't want to call all that much attention to the way you look or what you're wearing. You know how you can tell when a print journalist has finally made the transition from print to broadcasting? He stops making jokes about makeup and starts wearing it.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to be careful about changing your hairstyle?

HUME: Dan Rather changed his hair, and there is no end of to-do about it. With Ted Koppel and Sam Donaldson, there's always the thing about whether it's a wig. I'm surprised when people write to me to say they either like the way I dress or hate it and then tell me I don't know how to dress. I've been dressing the same fuddy-duddy old-fashioned way since I was young.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to go to Fox after 23 years with ABC?

HUME: I had been approached by Fox once or twice. It got so far as dinner one time when they were going to start a news division. It wasn't the right time because of my contract, and it wasn't the right offer. But I was interested, because unlike a lot of my colleagues, I didn't think Rupert Murdoch was the anti-Christ. I had met him and found him unassuming—courteous, easygoing and genial. I liked him a lot. Even before NBC announced it was going into partnership with Microsoft, ABC News announced it was going to start a 24-hour competitor to CNN. [ABC's parent company] Disney had given the go-ahead but then backed down. Meantime, here comes Rupert Murdoch, who has no news division of any consequence to build on, and yet he's going forward. My contract was up at the end of the year. I thought, Who do you want to work for? Do you want to work for a company that has a head start and walks to the edge and then backs away, or somebody who's willing to take a gamble? The answer to that is obvious. By the time 1996 rolled around, I had read that Rupert had named Roger Ailes to start a 24-hour news channel. I knew Roger from politics. I knew that he shot straight and that no one should ever underestimate him. Rupert had tried various ways to start a news division but had failed, and I thought, This will not fail.

PLAYBOY: Your wife, Kim, was working at Fox. Were you reluctant to work in the same office?

HUME: No, but I was reluctant to see how it would be perceived. I was concerned that people would think this was just a mom-and-pop operation. I'm sure there are people who thought it was nepotism, but I can't help that. I don't think the people who work here think so.

PLAYBOY: Would you try to argue that Bill O'Reilly, Fox' biggest name, is fair and balanced?

HUME: Bill O'Reilly does a show that's about Bill O'Reilly's views. That's legitimate. We're not saying that he's bringing you the evening news. O'Reilly does a good job. I like and admire him. I admire the way his show is run.

PLAYBOY: Would you want to be a guest with whom he disagrees?

HUME: I know I'd get my say, and I know I might be interrupted. Still, Bill is pretty fair. He's opinionated, but it's his show, after all.

PLAYBOY: In general, do you approve of the political talk shows that seem more like shouting matches?

HUME: I don't particularly like to watch them when you can't hear what everyone is saying. On the other hand, they can be lively.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they change people's minds?

HUME: Maybe. You get to hear the basic case for each side of an issue, if the shows are done well.

PLAYBOY: Who are your favorites among the mainstream anchors?

HUME: Tim Russert does a good job. Peter Jennings is still the best at breaking a story. I don't know that anybody has ever done it as well. At the height of his power, Cronkite wasn't as good as Peter is now.

PLAYBOY: How has Fox News Channel and CNN changed their jobs and the jobs of other newscasters?

HUME: We are making their shows increasingly irrelevant. Network news is going to be with us awhile—it still commands a large audience—but it's not the same as it used to be. To some extent, network news is being supported by local news. The networks come along with a half hour of world news after the local news and get a lot of piggyback audience. Meanwhile, the news junkies have come to cable.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of the father of cable news, Ted Turner?

HUME: He is a hero. He had an idea that nobody else was willing to bet on. He created CNN out of sheer will. He's a colorful, eccentric, brilliant guy.

PLAYBOY: What's in store in the contest among the 24-hour news channels?

HUME: It's down to us and CNN.

PLAYBOY: Are you dismissing MSNBC?

HUME: They're likely to have success, but they're going in another direction. They won't admit it, but they are really a part-time news channel. They are magazine-show oriented. I think they're competing with somebody—maybe the History Channel or even E—but not with us or CNN. It's a two-horse race.

PLAYBOY: What are going to be the defining factors in the two-horse race?

HUME: One thing is how quickly we can expand and get more reach. Another is how able we are to respond to breaking news. CNN has an enormous array of affiliates that supply them. We have a smaller number. CNN is trying to enliven its schedule and upgrade its people, but I don't know how quickly they'll be able to do it. They have more reach, but that is changing. Meanwhile, I like our correspondents and anchors better. I'm biased, of course, and CNN is a big and successful organization, and it's not to be underestimated. But during the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks, we showed how well we can cover an event of world importance. Our coverage will improve, too. We already were set up in the Middle East, and we quickly increased our presence there.

PLAYBOY: When you made the decision to join Fox, you compared it to being with the Yankees and going to an expansion team. How do you feel about it now?

HUME: I came here and we had no news organization. Now I feel personally invested in this place. The key players are Rupert, who had the nerve, and Roger, who had the skills, to do what was needed to build this. I play a supporting role. I'm along for the ride, but I'm putting everything into the game. I want *Special Report* to succeed, and I want Fox News Channel to win. Will we? Stay tuned.

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The Terrorist Dollar

"follow the money" is the battle cry in the 21st century's first war

article By Jeffrey Robinson

TUESDAY, December 14, 1999: As the ferry from Victoria, British Columbia pulled into the Black Ball Terminal at Port Angeles, Washington, the small group of U.S. Customs officers prepared to wave through the usual assortment of Canadians heading south and Americans coming home. Then, one of the officers spotted a young man driving a rented Chrysler with Canadian plates and decided to look more closely. In the Chrysler's trunk were timing devices, a substance used to make military-grade C-4 explosives and a nitroglycerine equivalent in two glass jars.

Searching the driver, Customs officers found cash, false IDs and the business card of someone in England. The suspect wouldn't give his real name, so they fingerprinted him. Within hours, the prints linked the man, Ahmed Ressam, a 31-year-old Algerian, to a terrorist "sleeper" cell in Montreal.

Cops descended on Ressam's pals in Vancouver, Montreal, New York and London, who, along with Ressam, were all graduates of an Osama bin Laden training camp in Afghanistan. The timing device found in the car was identical to gear used by Bin Laden–trained terrorists in previous attacks. And the man in England turned out to be a liaison for Bin Laden, linking various terrorist cells around the world.

Their mission was to blow up Los Angeles International Airport, as close to the millennium celebrations as possible.

The Canadian connection raised eyebrows in Washington because the U.S. and Canada share the longest unprotected border in the world. The Canadian Security Intelligence Service eventually had to make the embarrassing admission that they had already identified some 50 terrorist groups in the country—comprising 350 people—and that Canada had become a sieve for terrorists.

It had also become home to more criminals, because the members of the Montreal cell had to earn a living while waiting to blow up the LA airport. They had run credit card fraud, counterfeited checks, sold stolen IDs, forged documents and broken into cars to steal computers and cell phones. Oddly, the crime they didn't commit was selling drugs. Or maybe they had and no one ever found out. What money they accumulated in excess of their living expenses was sent through an established network to finance terrorist cells in France, Belgium, Italy, Turkey, Australia and Bosnia.

The salient point is: Here were terrorists working as criminals, which is what terrorists usually do, because, in the end, the only difference between a terrorist and a criminal is that one thieves for politics, the other thieves for profit.

But the perpetrators of the World Trade Center atrocity appear to have been so well funded that they did not need to support themselves with crime. Indeed, it appears that the murderers benefited from an efficient money-moving system that paid for everything from lodging to flight training to purchasing airline tickets.

Two weeks after the attack, President Bush announced that the government was going after the financial assets of 27 organizations and individuals in the U.S. who might have been part of the terrorists' financial support system. That system undoubtedly stretches around the world, from financial capitals such as New York, London and Vienna, to unlikely places like Albania

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN REA

DIRECTIONS

Secret high-tech globe-girdling financial netwarks (along with strippers and the odd Russian surplus submarine) help keep cave-dwelling terrorists and internationl criminals in business—and hard to find.

and the Sudan. In subsequent weeks, U.S. officials broadened their investigations and began seizing more accounts. Osama bin Laden mocked the American efforts. In an interview with *Ummat*, a sympathetic newspaper in Pakistan, he boasted that his organization, Al Qaeda, "has three alternate financial systems, which are separate and independent, being run by hundreds and thousands of highly educated youth around the world. And if the whole world, including the U.S., tries to remove them, they won't succeed."

The landscape in which money moves is one of the most important battlefields in the first war of the 21st century.

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The final decade of the 20th century saw the greatest leap in technology since man invented the wheel. Satellites, faxes, cell phones, the Internet and e-mail have reduced the planet to the size of a computer screen. At the same time, radical changes in transportation and communication have diminished governments' controls over the movement of goods, services, people and ideas. Borders, which once defined nations and national authority, have begun to evaporate.

Along with the confusion created by the global flood of goods, services, people and ideas has come a new kind of money; it's called megabyte bucks, electronic blips on computer screens that are not tethered to central banks or geography.

In 1993, when terrorists first attacked the World Trade Center, it was estimated that $100 billion to $300 billion in dirty money was circulating the world. Call that, if you will, the turnover of transnational organized crime. By September 2001, that figure was estimated at more than $500 billion. It includes money from drug trafficking and extortion, prostitution and alien smuggling, as well as frauds and counterfeiting. The figure also includes global terrorist money.

Until September 11, most politicians considered terrorism something that happened outside the U.S., and regarded organized crime as a local matter. The reasons are obvious: The politicians themselves couldn't do much about global terrorists except sit on committees, issue reports and point fingers. By insisting that crime was a local issue, they could get reelected.

But when tainted money grows from $100 billion to more than $500 billion in so short a period of time, it sounds as if politicians don't know what they're talking about.

And until September 11, they clearly didn't. Look at the way they've dealt with money laundering. That's the process by which criminal groups, including global terrorists, move their ill-gotten gains through shell companies and across borders—jurisdiction stops at borders—and run them in and out of secret bank accounts, bringing the loot out the other end looking as if it has been legally obtained.

The trick is to obliterate the paper trail, so that even if the authorities try to find it, they can't. Making life especially easy for the bad guys are more than 50 jurisdictions around the world with banking secrecy as strict as, if not stricter than, Switzerland's.

The U.S. has the most stringent money laundering laws in the world. In the States, all cash transactions over $10,000 must be reported. That information is then fed into computers run by the Financial Crimes Enforcement Network in Virginia, where analysts watch who's moving how much where. It is certain that within hours of the World Trade Center attack, the Fincen computers were searching out money movements that could point to the terrorists.

The Italian mafia took payment in guns, rocket launchers and uranium rods, which they offered to sell to any group with enough cash to buy them.

But even with rigorous money laundering laws, the bad guys are still able to stash away huge amounts because of loopholes in the laws. Simply put, most money laundering laws dictate that bankers ask only who is opening the account. No one is required to know who the "beneficial owner," or ultimate source, of the money is. That's how lawyers, bankers, accountants, brokers and company formation agents all over the world have wound up doing the bidding of transnational organized criminals and global terrorists. Either they don't want to know who the beneficial owner of the money is, or they don't know enough to ask. Pablo Escobar was one beneficial owner. Osama bin Laden is another. Both of them have enjoyed the protection of "plausible deniability."

Granted, many lawyers, bankers and accountants in the U.S. today would not agree to do business with a global terrorist with a suitcase full of cash. But these same lawyers, bankers and accountants don't usually ask too many questions when the client in front of them is a suitcase-toting lawyer, banker or accountant.

If you earn your living doing business with money, and a professional client with all the right letters of introduction walks in, you don't push too hard. Someone else will gladly take the money. Never mind that the client represents an attorney in Liechtenstein who represents a company in the Bahamas with goods stored in Panama that must be moved to a shell company in Antigua that is represented by a lawyer in Hong Kong who has a line of credit in the Cayman Islands.

By adding enough lawyers, bankers and accountants to the equation, the respectable professional at the end of the money laundering cycle can plausibly deny that his client is a drug trafficker or a terrorist.

The bad guys know that. They organize their affairs to obscure the beneficial owner of the money. They have the best lawyers, accountants and financial advisors giving them access to the wealth-creating machines of the major financial markets.

Criminals and terrorists move money the same way corporations do. But until recently, it never dawned on most politicians that the best way to beat any corporation—or terrorist network—is to bankrupt it.

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Financial sleuths on the front lines of our new war would do well to understand the history of global crime and its connection with global terrorists. Nine years ago, when I began researching my book *The Laundrymen*, I was

flabbergasted at how much dirty money was moving through the financial systems of the world. Money laundering was then, and today remains, the world's third largest business, after petroleum and foreign exchange, accounting for around two percent of the world's gross domestic product. A few years later, when I started researching the book's sequel—*The Merger: The Conglomeration of International Organized Crime*—I learned another disturbing truth from my law enforcement sources around the world. Joint ventures and strategic alliances have made criminal enterprises such as the Colombian cartels and terrorist networks such as Al Qaeda the most powerful special interest groups on the planet.

During the Seventies, Colombian cocaine dealers colonized Miami and, with their glass-fronted skyscrapers, condos and banks, transformed the place into the financial capital of Latin America. Soon they began doing business with the Italian Mob, which had been there since before World War II.

The Colombians wanted to open up new markets, so they shipped coke to Italy. The Italians paid for it with heroin, which the Colombians moved on to the Mexican drug cartels, who were already smuggling their cocaine into the U.S. The Italians, looking to move their coke through eastern Europe, turned to Moscow.

When the Soviet Union disintegrated, the Russian mafia was eager to get into the business. The Italians offered to provide them with coke. But the Russians had no money to speak of, and the best they could do was barter. The Italians asked, "What have you got?" The Russians answered, "Military surplus weapons and fissile materials."

So the Italian mafia supplied coke to the Russians and took payment in guns, rocket launchers, ammunition and uranium rods, which they then offered to any group with enough cash to buy the stuff—such as global terrorists.

Before long, those same terrorists were short-circuiting the systems by doing their own drugs-for-arms deals. As that market grew, so did the Russians' ambitions to move more weapons. In New York, for example, a band of Greek criminals showed up with five tons of radioactive zirconium for sale. A critical ingredient in nuclear reactors, it had been smuggled to the West by a Russian organized crime group who used the Greeks as their agents. They also had plutonium and enriched uranium to sell.

Business was booming and everyone was making money. And all this time, the cops in the U.S. were busy fighting the war on drugs by arresting kids on street corners.

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These mergers among a veritable UN of new and traditional criminals and steadily growing terrorist organizations garnered extraordinary power.

Consider the case of Ludwig Fainberg, a.k.a. Tarzan, an iron-pumping hustler born in Russia in 1958 who before coming to the States in the early Eighties had trained as a dentist. He bounced around Brooklyn's Brighton Beach for several years, working in furniture and video stores. Then he headed to Florida, where he ran a discount clothing business. By 1991 he'd ripped off enough of that business to buy a strip club.

Porky's, behind Miami International Airport, quickly earned a reputation for being sleazy even by Florida strip-club standards. Adding to the allure of the place was Fainberg himself. He was pumped up with steroids, sported a goatee and a blond ponytail, and his business card had a caricature of him as Atlas. He knew plenty of Russians in Brooklyn who vacationed in south Florida, and by knowing which visiting Russians to hook up with his strippers, Tarzan became a player in Miami.

"Porky's was the place for Russians to meet in Miami," said former FBI special agent Bob Levinson. "Tarzan hired Russian girls, and when the big spenders were in town, he'd make sure they never went back to their hotel suites alone. He ingratiated himself with the Mob guys. But he didn't just supply girls, he offered the men whatever they needed. He had people around him carrying guns, people who weren't afraid to take on anybody, so when the Russians needed muscle, Tarzan supplied it. When they needed hotels, cars or bank accounts, he helped them out. In turn, they became indebted to him."

While Tarzan was building a power base with the Russians, Latino traffickers started frequenting Porky's. Over time, they began mixing with the Russians.

Porky's was where the Russian–Colombian connection was born.

Two Cubans with Colombian connections whom Tarzan had befriended helped him arrange small shipments of cocaine (hidden in frozen shrimp) from Ecuador to Russia. When they informed him that the Colombians were always looking for weapons, Tarzan got into the arms business as a middleman, brokering drugs for guns.

Over time, Levinson explained, the Colombians grew more interested in Russian military surplus. So Tarzan and his amigos began supplying surplus equipment, from Kalashnikovs to Russian helicopters. Then he cooked up a plot to sell the Colombians the ultimate dope-smuggling device—a Russian-made Tango-class diesel submarine. The Colombians were interested enough to send Tarzan from Florida to Russia to look for a sub for sale. To everyone's surprise, he found one, complete with an admiral to command it and an 18-man crew. The price to Tarzan was $5.5 million. The Colombians deposited $35 million in a Swiss bank account, which Tarzan figured was enough to cover his expenses and retirement.

As it happened, the FBI and the DEA stopped the deal, having been tipped off by a Russian-speaking agent who had infiltrated Tarzan's organization. It was a good example of law enforcement using human intelligence to gather information the old-fashioned way.

Tarzan is now in a witness protection program, and everyone else involved is either in jail or is a fugitive outside the U.S. But their submarine venture suggests the enormous ambitions of the global networks of criminals and terrorists. Here, too, the bad guys took a lesson from global business, where no deal is dead forever. In September 2000, the Colombian national police broke into a warehouse west of Bogotá—and hundreds of miles from the sea—and discovered a steel-hulled submarine being built by Russian engineers.

In global business, that's the sort of project that is called a "technology transfer." The same approach could be used to deliver expertise in weapons of mass destruction to terrorists' arsenals.

•

Financial sleuths have plenty of connections to examine these days.

Russian gangsters, for example, regularly huddle with Colombians in the islands of the Caribbean. Aruba, St. Vincent and Antigua are the usual venues, but the Dutch section of St. Martin has become popular in recent years. Russian mobsters and Colombian traffickers sail together on cruise ships out of those ports. Italians and Russians also get together in the islands. As a result of several such meetings, four Italian crime families and their Russian friends infiltrated two dozen brokerage houses along Wall Street.

Are there links between terrorists hiding in caves in Afghanistan and organized criminals hiding in dealing rooms a few blocks from Ground Zero in New York? Did one of those groups short airline and insurance shares with insider knowledge just before the attack on the World Trade Center? After all, globalization is all about joint ventures and strategic alliances.

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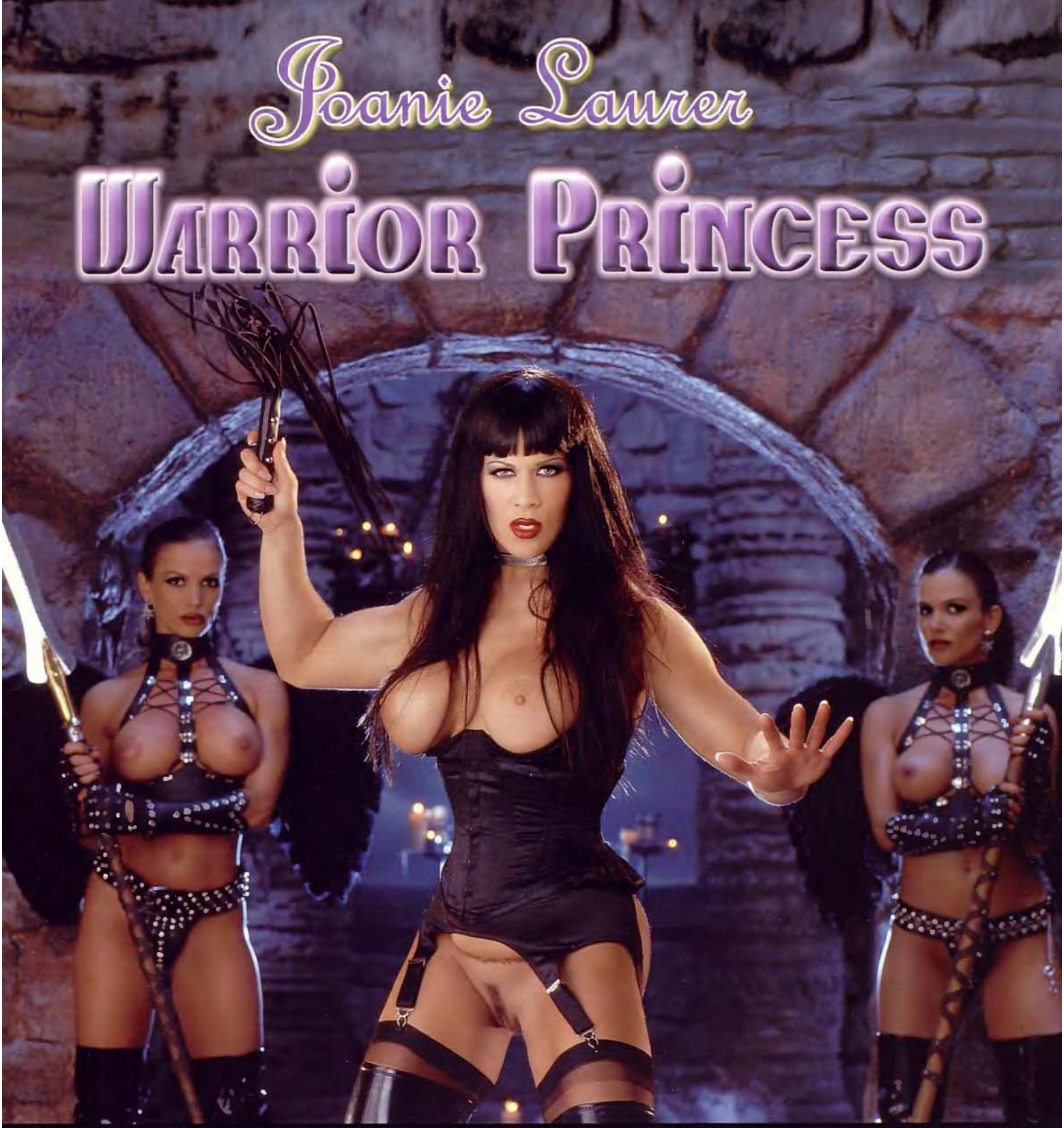
The Italians and the Russians are especially adept at cooking up various

(continued to page 188)

"Charlie and I gave each other my breast implants."

Joanie Laurer

Warrior Princess



she's tough, she's buff, she's not taking prisoners

Chyna was a great fantasy: The dominatrix with the Amazon body appealed to men and women alike. But Joanie Laurer, who played Chyna for six years, knew when it was time to retire her. "I don't know one woman out there who doesn't want to feel strong and beautiful, dress up in fun costumes and tell somebody to go take a hike. I brought that character to life because I wanted to live vicariously through Chyna, too. But the fact of the matter is that it was fake, just a character on TV."

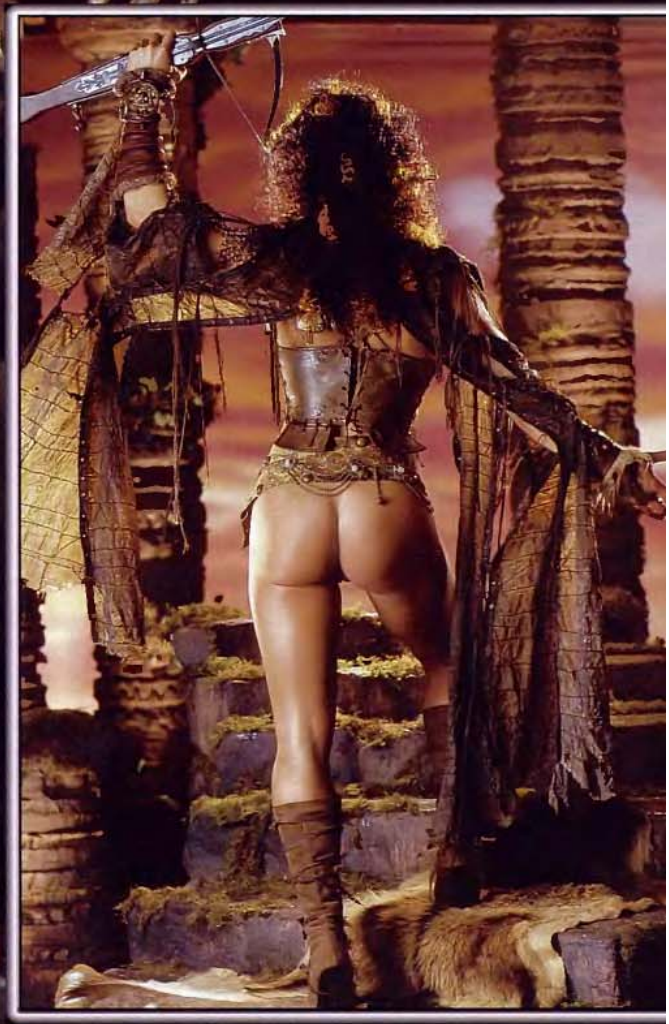
Since her first appearance in PLAYBOY's November 2000 issue, Joanie has left wrestling to pursue other acting roles. She has seen her tell-all autobiography become a best-seller, broken up with her longtime boyfriend, starred in a play in Canada, moved to California, created her own website (bodybyjoanie.com) and is now in negotiations for a TV series. And she's never felt stronger nor happier.

"I had become a role model because of the physical aspects of Chyna," she says. "But when Joanie emerged in my book, showing I was a person who'd had a series of struggles in her life and come out on top, people started to

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

relate to me on a different level. It wasn't until that time that I really began to appreciate who I am."

Joanie says men aren't nearly as intimidated by her as they used to be. She recalls that when she first started wrestling, there weren't many strong women on TV or in print, "unless it was of a freakish nature. So while people used to treat me really mean, now I don't believe I've had one negative comment in the past year. I have more guys coming up to me, and more dates than I can shake a stick at. I love it!"



Joanie's new passion is acting. "I love comedy," she says. "People have no idea what a goofball I am." Still, she realizes that "it would be a shame not to play on my physicality. I'm a given for a superhero. My role models growing up were Wonder Woman and the Bionic Woman. Now it's time to put some substance behind the boobs."

STYLING BY LANE W.
HAIR BY BERTRAND W. FOR CLOUTIER
MAKEUP BY ALEXIS VOGEL

SEE MORE OF JOANIE AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

FICTION BY ROBERT COOVER

when no one can see you it works quite nicely to be a crime fighter—or a criminal

The Invisible Man gave up his life as a crime fighter—it was too hard and no one cared enough—and became a voyeur, a thief, a bugaboo, a prowler and pickpocket, a manipulator of events. It was more fun, and people paid more attention to him. He began inhabiting horse tracks, women's locker rooms, extravagant festivities, bank vaults, public parks, schoolyards and centers of power. He emptied tills, altered votes, made off with purses and address books, leaked secrets, started fights in subway cars and boardrooms, took any empty seat he wanted on planes and trains, blew on the necks of naked women, moved pieces on gameboards and gambling tables, made strange noises in dark bedrooms, tripped up politicians and pop stars onstage and whispered perverse temptations in the ears of the pious.

Theft was particularly easy, except for the problem of what to do with what he took. To be invisible he had to be naked, and there were not many places on or in his body where he could hide things that themselves were not invisible. And these places (notably, his mouth and his rectum, which served as his overnight bag, so to speak) were often filled with other necessities. So, except for small items from jewelry store heists that could be slipped in, he was generally limited to what he could hold in his closed fists or squeeze under his armpits or between his buttocks, his daily spoils comparable then to that of a common panhandler, from whom on bad days he also sometimes stole. Still, there was not much on which to spend his wealth; whatever he wanted he could simply take, and he could travel and live as and where he pleased, so he soon amassed a small fortune and, privy to all the inside information he needed, became a successful day trader on the side.

Though drawn into a life of crime without remorse, and tempted like anyone else to kill a few people while he was at it, he had no place to conceal a suitable weapon; indeed it would be dangerous if he tried, so his new career was *(continued on page 176)*

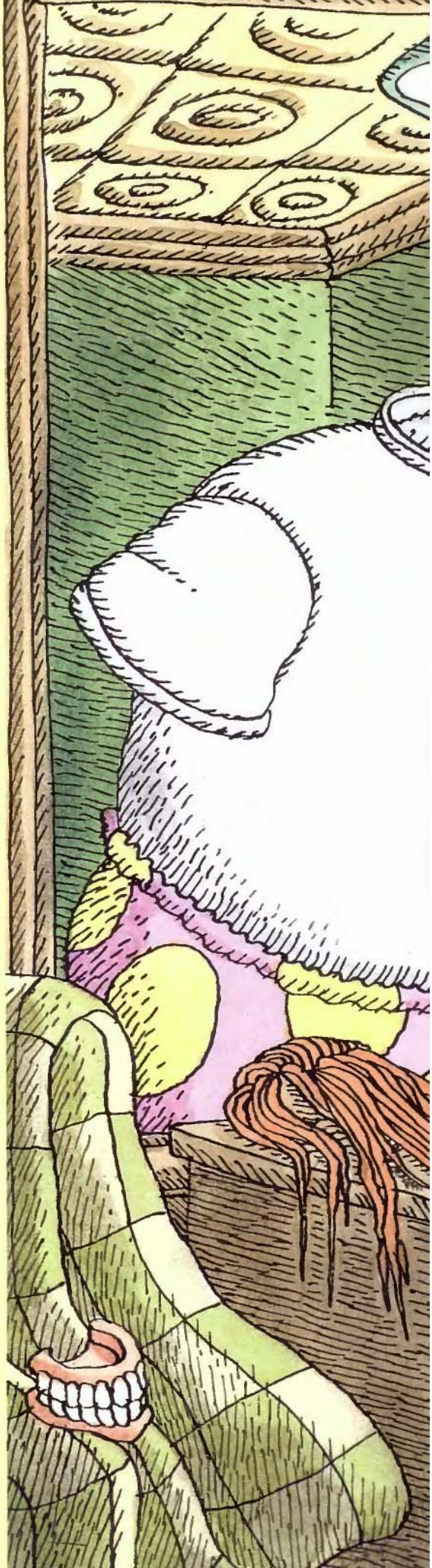
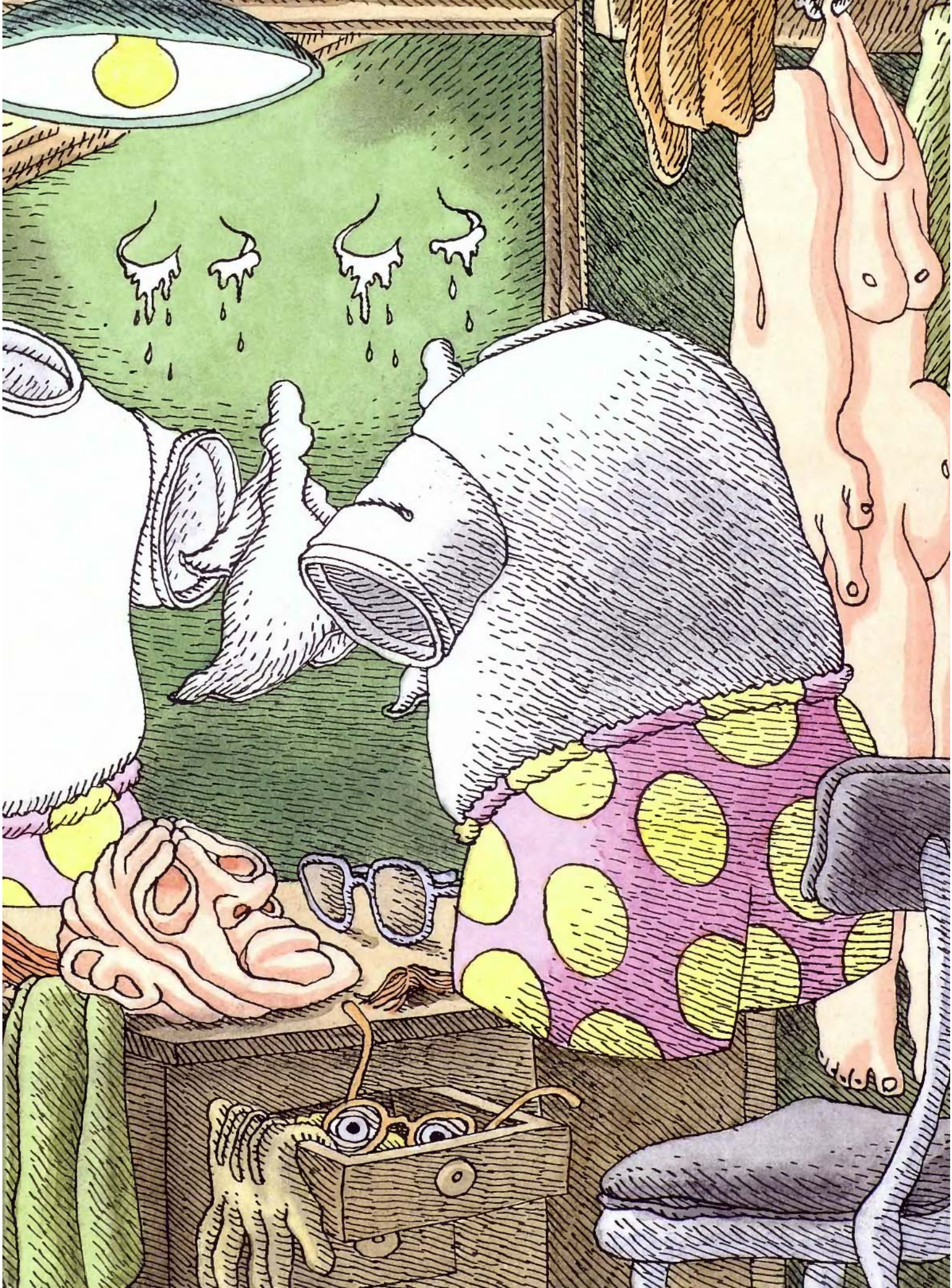


ILLUSTRATION BY GAHAN WILSON



to pop her cork new year's eve, fizz up a champagne cocktail

Oh, yes, chicks love champagne cocktails. The fizz that tickles the nose. The fun that follows. How can you miss when you combine two of the world's sexiest delights—champagne and a cocktail? The classic version calls for bubbly, brandy, bitters and a cube of sugar, but on New Year's Eve there's no reason to stand on ceremony. A bellini Americana is what Eastside West in San Francisco will pour on December 31. It's made with bubbly, bourbon and peach puree. At New York's Tonic, bartenders will be mixing El Cubano with mint, rum and bitters. Those recipes and others follow, in case you can't make it to a bar. Should you pour a great champagne such as Perrier-Jouët or Roederer Cristal (one of the champagnes of choice at the Playboy Mansion) in a cocktail? It's New Year's Eve—live large. The drink will be all that much more memorable. See you at the parties. *(cont'd on page 166)*

By John Mariani

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Bubble

Or

Nothing

TABLOID TSAR

Even Before The Anthrax Attack At His Office, National Enquirer Editor Steve Coz Was Making News

PLAYBOY PROFILE
BY JOE DOLCE

As editor of the *National Enquirer*, Steve Coz was used to covering the most scandalous, bizarre news imaginable. But covering weird news is one thing—being in the center of it is quite another. Coz found that out in October, when the *Sun*, one of the *Enquirer*'s sister publications, was the target of an anthrax attack. One person was killed, one became seriously ill and five more tested positive for exposure. In an uneasy atmosphere of war and terrorism, the incidents that followed spooked the nation. Both papers are owned by American Media, and Coz, who is now corporate editorial director, not only faced a barrage of media inquiries, but also had to find a way to publish while his offices were shut down because of contamination. It was the strangest of many strange twists in Coz' career—and another unpredictable moment in the evolution of the *National Enquirer*.

The *National Enquirer* used to be the paper that you bought to read about aliens who had landed in a cornfield or the birth of a two-headed baby. Somewhere in the Eighties it became the bane of celebrities with its barrage of gossip, sometimes scabrous, occasionally even true. But no one could have seen the *Enquirer*'s latest incarnation: the paper that breaks hard news and gets scoops that leave *The New York Times* and *Washington Post* playing catch-up. It began with saturation coverage of the O.J. Simpson case—coverage that was groundbreaking and accurate. Then came Monica and the president, Hugh Rodham and the pardons, Jesse Jackson and his love child. Now America's favorite tabloid is branching out into international reporting. Two weeks after the World Trade Center attack, it ran a major piece on a Taliban defector from one of Osama bin Laden's Afghan training camps. Even *The New York Times* has grudgingly praised the paper for its "aggressiveness and accuracy," and the man who gets the credit for this transformation is Steve Coz. The 44-year-old editor is a fascinating amalgam: He's a mild-mannered working-class guy from Grafton, Massachusetts who went to a Benedictine prep school before attending Harvard, where he majored in English. He's also a pit bull reporter who trained at the foot of Generoso Pope (the *Enquirer*'s notorious founder), an ex–CIA officer who sent his staff sniffing through Henry Kissinger's trash, instituted helicopter coverage of celebrity weddings and drove circulation to a high of 6 million copies per week in the Seventies. (The paper received so many letters from readers—more than a million a year—it was given its own zip code.)

It was a pair of shoes that won Coz the job of editor of the *National Enquirer*. After months of searching for a shot of O.J. wearing the famed Bruno Magli loafers, the *Enquirer* staff finally came up with the goods. But when the editor mysteriously decided not to run the picture, Coz was incensed. He stormed into the chief executive's office and made a case for the photograph, which turned out to be key in persuading the civil jury to find Simpson responsible for the deaths of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman. A week after he won the battle of the shoes, Coz also

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

NATIONAL
ENQUIRER

won the battle for the top. He was promoted from executive editor to editor and began his campaign to get the *National Enquirer* something that had eluded it for decades: respect.

We talked to Coz several times—our final interview took place the day after he attended the funeral for Bob Stevens, the *Sun* photo editor who died from anthrax. Coz was working from the circulation building about five miles away, unable to access his e-mail and relying on his cell phone for contact with the outside world.

PLAYBOY: What is it like on the inside of these events? You've said you and your colleagues were the last to know.

COZ: First, we were told that Bob Stevens had encephalitis. Then, it was meningitis. Meanwhile, we're reading on CNN.com that it was anthrax. That's how we found out—on the Internet! The local health department had told us not to worry. They were saying it was from a natural cause. So we came to work on Thursday and Friday. On Saturday there were 30 people working in the building. On Sunday David Pecker [American Media's chairman and chief executive officer] was working in the building when he got a call to get out.

PLAYBOY: All of you could have been infected.

COZ: There were kids in the building throughout that time. Anyway, on Monday they send about 400 of us into the parking lot of the local health department. We get there and there's a sign on the door that says CLOSED FOR COLUMBUS DAY. It was taking, on average, 20 minutes per person to fill out forms and give blood samples, and we're outside in the blazing sun for hours. People start fainting. We asked them to open the building next door so we could go in and sit down, and only after we refused to sign the papers allowing the FBI to search our offices did they do so. The Department of Health was a joke. But to be fair, they have never dealt with anything like this. They are overwhelmed. They should probably be distributing Valium with that Cipro. The FBI has been fantastic, though. They were precise, accurate, quick to respond and professional. I'll tell you something else. You know how Giuliani and Pataki were at the WTC that day? Jeb Bush still hasn't been to south Florida. He's sitting in his office in Tallahassee in northern Florida, issuing statements urging people not to treat the employees of AMI the way the first people with AIDS were treated. This, while the feds have gone to great extents to say that anthrax is not contagious. To equate this with AIDS is ridiculous. It's insane. It's an insult.

PLAYBOY: Why the *Sun*?

COZ: My theory is that Bob Stevens got an envelope, and because he's farsighted, he held it up to the light to see what was in it. We think that's how he inhaled so many spores. A few other people probably handled the envelope.

PLAYBOY: Could this have been the work of some disgruntled *Sun* reader?

COZ: It's definitely some sort of bioterrorism, but who or why is still the question. A *Sun* reader? No way. Bioterrorism is a very complicated, sophisticated weapon to build and distribute. If Ted Kaczynski couldn't figure out how to do it—and he went to Harvard—I don't think a reader of the *Sun* could. Don't forget, Mohammed Atta was a few miles from here. He went into a local pharmacy because he had a red irritation on his hands. My feeling is that he may have been trying to bleach away some sort of contaminant.

PLAYBOY: But why would they target AMI?

COZ: Look, the WTC was an obvious symbol of American capitalism. The Pentagon, the obvious symbol of American defense. Imagine being a foreigner who's only been here for 18 months or so, and in every supermarket or pharmacy you see the tabloids. They are everywhere. It's very possible you might think that this is the symbol of American freedom of expression. In a lot of ways it is.

PLAYBOY: I'm sure you've noted the irony of the tables' being turned, that for the first time you're the subject of the story rather than the reporter of it.

COZ: Being the subject of the media is nothing compared with people dying and being terrified.

PLAYBOY: When the Twin Towers were hit, the *National Enquirer* broke form by featuring on its cover a shot of firemen raising the flag atop the rubble. What was the last world event the *Enquirer* had covered?

COZ: I believe it was the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island in 1979. We didn't respond to the Gulf war. You know, the reason the tabloids have covered celebrities so exhaustively in the past eight years is that people want to read about them. But tabloid readers are extremely patriotic. This was a direct attack on Americana.

PLAYBOY: Americana?

COZ: Americana is the deeply engrained lifestyle that includes our national foibles—from county fairs to Aunt Sue's apple pie to the town mayor kissing a baby when he's running for office.

PLAYBOY: You ran a story about a Taliban defector. It's hard to imagine the *National Enquirer* having a Pakistan correspondent.

COZ: We sent someone over to Pakistan to pound the streets the same way they do here. Apparently, the Taliban has stacks of guns, but their soldiers are starving. This soldier left camp because they chopped off his buddy's hand for stealing food. The buddy bled to death, then this guy threw himself into a crevice to injure himself. At that point they let him leave because he was no good to them injured. Apparently, there was open talk in the training camps that there was going to be a bloodbath in America at the end of summer.

PLAYBOY: Do you pay sources there?

COZ: We haven't paid anyone in Pakistan. We haven't had to. When you're there, the surprising thing is that Osama keeps popping up all over the place. These people are talkative, and they will pose for pictures with machine guns. We could only photograph half of the defector's face because he was worried about retribution.

PLAYBOY: That story is an example of a big change at the paper. What's the biggest difference between today's *Enquirer* and the old scandal sheet?

COZ: Eight years ago the *Enquirer* was pushing the envelope to a tremendous degree.

PLAYBOY: Pushing the envelope or the facts?

COZ: Pushing the facts. It was a free-and-loose environment, and we'd do anything to get a sale. In the past five years we have focused on bringing out a news product that's as truthful as we can make it and that will sell in a tabloid environment.

PLAYBOY: But there are still credibility issues. You'll have groundbreaking reporting on a major story, but when readers turn the page there's a psychic urging them to rub the Blue Dot to make wishes come true.

COZ: The Blue Dot is loved by our readers. It's an interesting anachronism. Getting rid of it would be the equivalent of *The New Yorker* getting rid of its cartoon with the monocle.

PLAYBOY: So what is the real purpose of the *National Enquirer*?

COZ: To sell papers.

PLAYBOY: *The New York Times* called you the bible of the O.J. Simpson trial. You were out in front on Monica Lewinsky, and you broke the Jesse Jackson love-child story and the Hugh Rodham pardon scandal. Why, suddenly, is the paper going mainstream?

COZ: It's not that we're going mainstream; the mainstream has had to go entertainment. Do you watch the *Today* show? Katie Couric was on a trapeze during sweeps. We did not do Bill Clinton stories to go more mainstream. We did them because the public was interested. It gets even more confusing when you consider something like the autopsy photos of JonBenet Ramsey. We refused to run them—the cord is tied so

(continued on page 191)

"I've been giving for so many years that I'd forgotten how nice it is to receive."

Sands
A PLACE
IN THE SUN
FRANK SINATRA
DEAN MARTIN
SAMMY DAVIS JR.
PETER LAWFORD
JOEY BISHOP
IN THE LOUNGE

The Birth of Cool

it all started with ocean's 11 and the rat pack

article By BILL Zehme

Frank Sinatra's calling
And it means tonight we're balling
All the way. . . .
Many fears soon plague us:
Is it Palm Springs, is it Vegas?
Who can say?
—Sammy Cahn, parody lyrics from 1957

Vegas, this time. Vegas, baby—but of course. Frank said so and told them to come and to bring their birds, so as to better partake of all the requisite mothery gas. They came—but of course—just like always. How could they not? This time, after all, there was history (plus many a chick) to make. The boys followed, but fast. To wit, classic story: One morning at the Sands, in the middle of this madness, the actor Norman Fell looked out of his hotel window and saw Dean and Sammy and Peter Lawford running hard, past the pool. He stuck his head out the window and yelled: "Hey, where are you guys going?" And Sammy hollered back: "*Frank's up!*" *(continued on page 100)*

George Clooney (above) knows the volue of a guys' night out. Moybe thot's why he wos drawn to the new version of *Ocean's 11*. The originol movie shoot was a nonstop Rat Pock porty ot the Sands in Vegas, with occasional work thrown in.

The New Sexual Etiquette

good bedroom manners

by Anka Radakovich

Good manners are useful. They keep you from insulting and offending people, especially people you are trying to have sex with. As a single girl out there looking for love, I estimate that 85 percent of my dates are like the most laughable episodes of *Blind Date*. I thought I was alone until I spoke with a bunch of my girlfriends. Since the dating game is more of a game than ever, the art of courtship has somehow been lost. This is why the girls and I have regretfully concluded that sexual etiquette is at an all-time low.

Good manners require you to focus on the desires and needs of someone else, which is beneficial because it keeps everyone from becoming too self-absorbed. Women will love you for having manners, and you will get laid. So in the interest of your fulfillment, I invite you to eavesdrop on my late-night conversations with my friends as we discuss some sticky, sticky issues.

should women expect an orgasm first?

Maryanne: I've had a boyfriend for a year and I don't always expect to go first, but I do expect to have an orgasm eventually. It's disappointing when a man shoots his load, rolls over and falls asleep. Then I lie there thinking, What about me? What happened to my orgasm?

Annie: You can't always keep score, but at least if the woman goes first, nobody's disappointed.

Stephanie: I think it's thoughtful to forget about your own orgasm and to try to give the other person one. It's a Zen thing; whenever I do that, I end up not even noticing who had one first and we end up having hotter sex. *(continued on page 104)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

Étiquette

YEAR OF THE HOBBIT

IS THE LORD OF THE RINGS THE NEW STAR WARS?

J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* is finally getting its big-screen due after a limp 1978 animated version. The epic trilogy kicked off with *The Fellowship of the Ring*, to be followed by *The Two Towers* this year and *The Return of the King* in 2003. It has what all genre geeks love: a fellowship of hobbits, wizards, elves, dwarves and humans banding together to fight a Dark Lord's demonic army and to destroy his One Ring, which has the power to rule their world, called Middle-earth, and enslave its people. It's the 21st century's *Star Wars* without Jar Jar Binks—and that's fine with us. —ROBERT B. DESALVO

TEN SIGNS THAT YOUR FRIEND IS REALLY A HOBBIT

(1) He's under four feet tall.
(2) He has big, hairy feet and doesn't wear shoes.
(3) He has Vulcanesque ears.
(4) He disguises the former with a mop of curly hair.
(5) He eats six times a day.
(6) He brews his own ale.
(7) He wants to be or currently is a farmer.
(8) He doesn't play well with strangers.
(9) He entered adulthood and started acting responsibly around the age of 33.
(10) He smokes a lot of what he tells you is "pipe weed."

FIVE REASONS TO BELIEVE THAT GEORGE LUCAS HAS READ *THE LORD OF THE RINGS* MORE THAN ONCE

Star Wars

(1) Obi-Wan Kenobi is a white-haired Jedi (with a fondness for hooded cloaks) who seemingly sacrifices his life to help Luke Skywalker on his quest.
(2) The characters battle using light sabers.
(3) Yoda sees visions of the future and asks Luke, "Judge me by my size, do you?"
(4) Darth Vader used to be a noble Jedi Knight until he was seduced by the Dark Side of the Force.
(5) Luke Skywalker's struggle to resist the Dark Side is the underlying theme of *Star Wars*.

The Lord of the Rings

(1) Gandalf is a white-haired wizard (with a fondness for hooded cloaks) who seemingly sacrifices his life to help hobbit Frodo Baggins on his quest.
(2) The characters battle with magical swords.
(3) Galadriel sees visions of the future and tells Frodo, "Even the smallest person can change the future."
(4) Saruman used to be a wise wizard until he was seduced by the power of the One Ring.
5. Frodo's struggle to resist the One Ring's corruptible power is the underlying theme of *The Lord of the Rings*.

RINGS 101

- J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* has sold more than 50 million copies and has been translated into 25 languages. That's up there with the Bible.
- The trilogy made movie history by being filmed concurrently with the same core cast under the direction of Peter Jackson. Filming began in October 1999 and will take three years to finish, about the same time it takes to make one *Star Wars* sequel.
- The character Gollum will be completely computer animated.
- The trilogy cost $270 million to produce.
- You can thank Tolkien and his trilogy, *The Lord of the Rings*, for inspiring everything from *Dungeons and Dragons* to *Star Wars*. But you can blame George Lucas alone for Jar Jar and the B movie–sounding title *Attack of the Clones*.

"I can't believe what a good neighbor you are, inviting that lonely girl next door over for some Christmas cheer."

Ocean's 11 (continued from page 95)

But this bacchanal would be bigger, wilder, the most-est, the first and last Olympics of Cool.

Which explained all. Which explains all else to come.

When Frank called, you did well to run. A radiating nucleus among men—among his men in particular—he led them, briskly and directly, into temptations abounding. His eternal battle cry—"Let's start the action!"—tore across the landscape of his life. Where the action wasn't, he would not be. (I once asked him the secret to living large and he responded: "You just keep moving.") The fellows followed suit, whereupon they could collaborate in never-ending ring-a-ding-ding, or gassers, or hey-hey (i.e., good times, featuring women and/or alcohol and/or blowing up each other's shoes with cherry bombs—and there were no clydes allowed, ever. Clydes were strictly bums of the brown-shoe variety—i.e., losers from the province of nowhere, also known as harveys, in case you were wondering). So this time—starting in mid-January 1960—he ordered them all to the neon desert, where he ruled like a potentate, which of course he was, and decreed that it would be some kind of "F-U-N" (he regularly spelled when throwing weight) to make a caper movie there by day, then gag it up twice every night at the Sands Hotel, ever together, in pack formation. He would rig the accoutrements—booze, broads, festivities attendant, everything—just like always. But this bacchanal would be bigger, wilder, the *most-est*, as he would say—nothing short of the first and last Olympics of Cool. Riotous weeks ensued whereupon envious eyes everywhere shifted toward Las Vegas, like never before or since—"a scene Las Vegas will never forget," this magazine reported from the front lines at the time. What the boys perpetrated each night onstage came to be called the Summit, as anchored by the five principals who thereafter came to be called the Rat Pack or, occasionally, the Clan (Brother Sam didn't dig that one at all)—and it would forever dog-ear show-business annals as the most notorious nightclub act unleashed anywhere.

But what they put on film by day (and also by the wee small hours of predawn)—this casino heist confection and apotheosis of ego called *Ocean's 11*—would be revered as the ultimate Vegas cult movie, the ultimate men-bonding-while-behaving-badly movie, and unquestionably the quintessential Rat Pack home movie. It is for certain all of those things, but much more as well. Never mind that it wasn't exactly a good movie. The larger point, I think, is that if you are male and possibly bent toward urbane virile aspiration, this is a movie you just wish you could have been in. (Acting ability didn't seem all that big of a requirement, frankly.) More than anything, it is a movie that, in tone and essence, captures what it felt like to be around Frank at a time and in a place when and where there was nothing more exciting than to be around Frank. It has now been remade by Oscar-winning director Steven Soderbergh and will star George Clooney, among other talented actors, at a time and in a place when and where it is impossible to be around Frank, graveside visits notwithstanding. Theirs will be a better movie, no doubt, but I can promise it will never stoke dreams of debauchery like the *Ocean's 11* that came first. That one was all about the moment, baby. And that moment is long gone.

•

Of capturing moments long gone: Dean said to Frank during one of the finest scenes in the film, "If you want to try to catch lightning in a bottle, you go ahead—but don't try to catch yesterday! Old times are only good when you've had 'em!" (He could well have also been trying to tell Soderbergh and company something here, but probably not, since Dean was never one to lecture, unless he was in character, which he was when he said that.) Nevertheless, let me now try to catch lightning in a bottle and reconstruct for you specific good times that other men had and you didn't. To attempt this, I have raided the archives of all things ring-a-ding, tracked down survivors and witnesses (the few who still walk among us), sifted production notes, excavated the long-lost final shooting script (actually, Angie Dickinson, who played Frank's martyred wife, let me copy hers) and also gotten hold of the saucy paperback novelization with its shockingly different ending. From these pieces there emerges a vivid mosaic of key events and minutiae surrounding the real *Ocean's 11*—mayhem, women, tantrums, camaraderie, sleeplessness, hangovers, liver damage. I'm sure that being around George Clooney can also be F-U-N, but not quite like this.

At the core we have five men to consider—three of whom (Frank, Dean, Sammy) needed no last names for introduction or marquee recognition in Las Vegas, nor anywhere else. (Privately, Frank and Dean called each other Dago, or Dag, and both addressed Sam as Smokey—as per his superior nicotine intake.) Joey Bishop—who did need a last name, who had begun opening shows for Frank eight years earlier, and whose deadpan delivery defined him as the Frown Prince of Comedy—was the wry moderator of their stage work together, but was more peripheral in this film (ninth billing) and in other such Pack collaborations. (He once considered writing a memoir titled *I Was a Mouse in the Rat Pack*.) "Have you seen the marquee out front?" he would ask giddy audiences each night in the Copa Room of the Sands. "The way they've got my name way down on the bottom, only tall dogs will know I'm working here." Joey, incidentally, is the last living member of the five Summiteers (*"I've never touched a drop of liquor in my life!"*) and at 83 is a cranky guy. Whenever I call him, he yells at me a lot, but you get used to it and kind of enjoy it after a while. Among other peeves, he is angry about the remake of *Ocean's 11*—"How can they re-create a friendship that existed between five guys?" he says. "They don't know shit!" Joey once said of the original film: "If it was so great, why wasn't there an *Ocean's 12*?" Meanwhile, without Peter Lawford—the debonair British-born actor whose presence in this quintet has forever tested logic (notwithstanding the fact that his brother-in-law was a young Massachusetts senator and presidential aspirant named Jack Kennedy)—there would never have been an *Ocean's 11* in the first place. But he could dance OK and always looked good in a tuxedo, which meant a great deal to Frank.

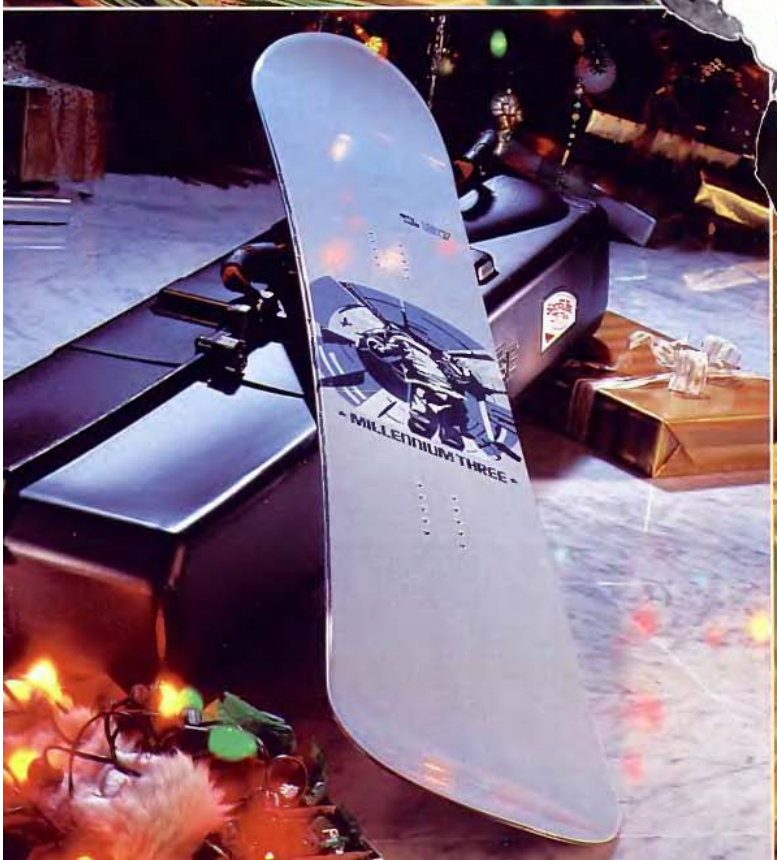
•

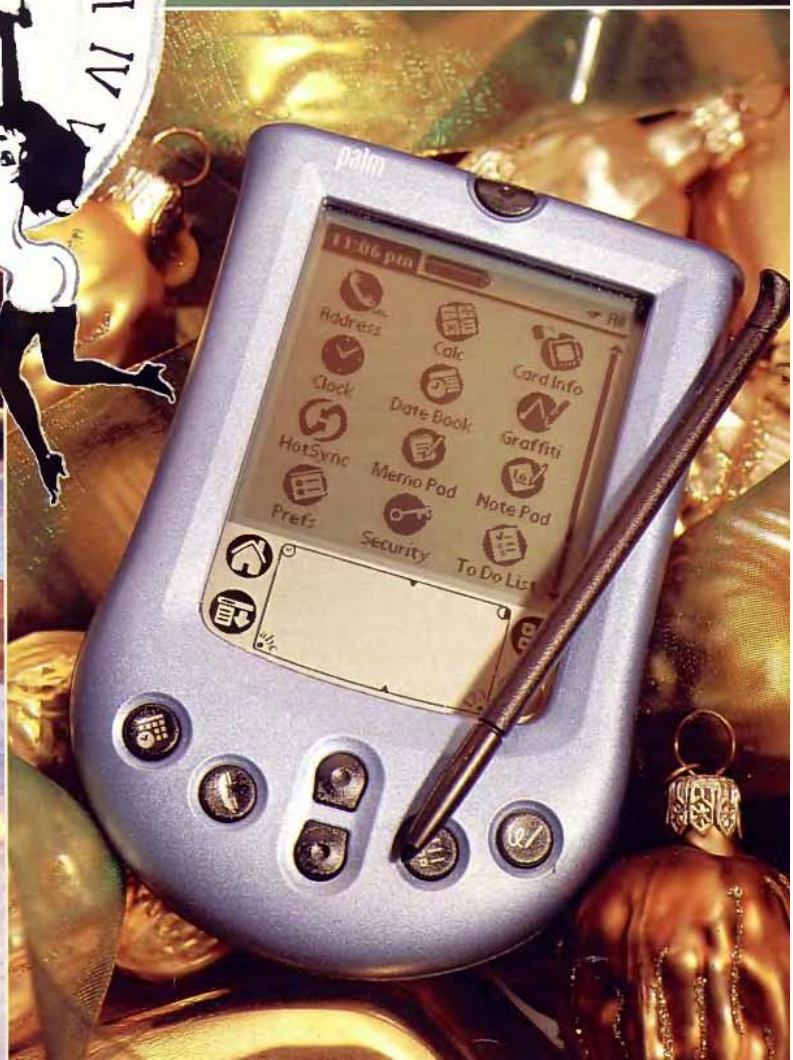
It was Brother-in-Lawford—as Frank called him—who actually found the germ of what would become *Ocean's 11* while sitting on the beach at his Malibu compound in 1955. A small-time director friend had wandered down the shore one day and laid out the story right there, looking to put the touch on Lawford for financing. This director, Gilbert Kay, said the inspiration had come from a local gas station attendant who, according to Lawford, "was one of 25 men to dismantle some valuable radio equipment in Germany during the war and carry it piece by piece out of the country." Kay and Lawford noodled with the notion of another intrepid team of, say, 11 World War II vets

(continued on page 182)

Eleventh-Hour Santa

Top left: SureFire's three-inch Executive E1 flashlight produces 15 lumens, an amazing amount of illumination for a light this small (about $70). Its big brother, the Millennium Magnum M6, delivers 500 lumens ($350). No wonder SWAT teams carry it. The Multi-Plier 700 Urban Legend, Gerber's new midsize multitool, includes a wire cutter among its many gizmos (about $100). Center left: Pipe authority Richard Carleton Hacker has designed his first briar, a limited-edition (500) billiard with sandblasted finish and a silver band embossed with his signature ($200). Below left: Millennium Three's Cap 57 snowboard is made from aspen and maple for a lightweight board with plenty of pop ($450). Transport it in Sportube's durable snowboard case with wheels and a handle ($150). Below: The Palm m125 includes 8 MB of RAM and a universal connector for use with an optional wireless modem, GPS receiver or other attachment ($250).



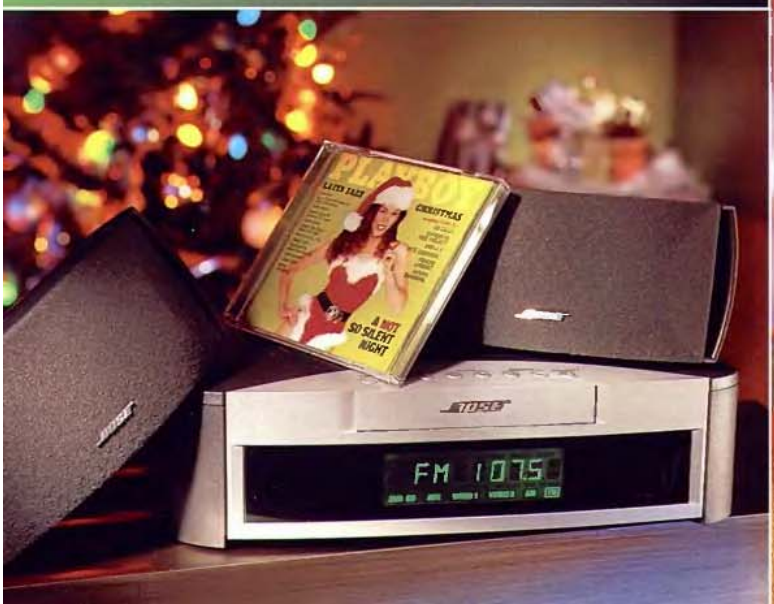


The Bushnell Yardage Pro Tour (above) provides golfers with distance information from 10 to 700 yards (about $350, including a carrying case that clips on to a golf bag or cart). Top left: The Kimber diver's model wristwatch, with quartz analog movement, stainless-steel case and illuminated face, is water resistant to 660 feet (about $340, including rubber wristband, storage case and five-year battery). A stainless-steel band is also available. Next to the watch is the Remington MicroScreen Sport, a rechargeable wet/dry shaver with retractable trimmer (about $60, including travel pouch). It's designed for active guys who may want to tote it from the office to the gym. Left: What distinguishes the 10" Super Slicer by Wüsthof is its reversed serration, which virtually assures a clean cut, from Broadway Panhandler (about $50, including a storage sleeve). Below left: Orvis' leather-and-hardwood Zambezi River Plantation campaign chair, with a drink tray, folds for storage (about $250). A similar canvas-and-hardwood folding chair minus the drink tray is also available (about $150). Below: Orlimar's TriMetal HipTi driver uses a forging method called hot isostatic processing to eliminate internal porosity in the titanium face, which is thin and superstrong. The result: more distance off the tee, even on bad drives (about $300).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Above: Two new Ultimate Guides, *Spider-Man* and *Batman*, from Dorling Kindersley ($19.95 each) and *Jack Cole and Plastic Man* (also $19.95) from Chronicle Books. A number of Cole cartoons that originally ran in PLAYBOY are featured in *Plastic Man*. Top right: Samsonite's Xylem aluminum briefcase from eluxury.com is similar to the one created by Samsonite for Pierce Brosnan as James Bond in *The World Is Not Enough* ($365). On the briefcase is a 1:36 scale limited-edition (1000) model of the Aston Martin that Bond drove in *Thunderball*, by Spy Guise in conjunction with Corgi Classics ($75). The car's machine guns, bulletproof shield and ejector seat are button activated. Right: DeMarini Sports' new Maxxum –3 aluminum bat has ideal balance, thanks to a construction technique that removes deadweight from the barrel ($275). Below right: Aberlour 15-year-old scotch, aged in both sherry and bourbon casks (about $50 a liter), and Distiller's Masterpiece, a 20-year-old bourbon finished in port casks ($300). Below: Bose's new 3•2•1 digital DVD system delivers surround sound from two speakers and a subwoofer (about $1000). Atop the Bose is the Playboy Jazz label's new release, *Playboy's Latin Jazz Christmas: A Not So Silent Night*, featuring Arturo Sandoval, Pete Escovedo, Sheila E. and others ($17).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.



Sexual Etiquette

(continued from page 96)

MARYANNE: Since I usually have two orgasms anyway, he gives me one first, then I give him one, then I get so excited watching him have one, I have another one.

LORI: It depends on how far into the relationship you are. Lack of etiquette is about being selfish. It's selfish to ignore the fact that she has not been satisfied. It doesn't always have to be ladies first, but it should be ladies by the time it's over. Guys usually don't end a sex session until they have an orgasm. In fact, most get pissed off if they have sex without having an orgasm.

KATHLEEN: I want a guy like Sting, who's into tantric yoga and can control himself and not blow his nuts in 10 seconds.

MARGO: Once they fall asleep, it's over for us. The problem is, there's a difference between girl time and guy time. We sometimes need more warm-up time. I'm not even picky how I have the orgasm. I'll even take a finger job.

SUSAN: Have you ever seen that look a guy gets just after he has his orgasm and you say, "Could you make me come now?" That's when he looks at you like you just told him to dump the garbage.

IS ORAL SEX A 50-50 DEAL?

KAREN: Oral sex ought to be reciprocal. It's only fair. Men have to think about "the little lady down there." What about her? If I give a guy a hum job first, I often don't get satisfied in return. It's unfair to demand oral without giving it. The best lovers are the ones who are givers. Etiquette is about fairness. But you don't always have to reciprocate at that moment, as long as you do it at some point. Later on that night is good.

MARGO: About half the guys out there seem neutral about it, the other half are generous. I had one boyfriend who was so selfish, I had to institute the "you have to do me first before I do you," otherwise it would never happen. But I had another boyfriend who was so into it, that's all he wanted to do. I called him the Tongue.

LORI: There's nothing wrong with telling each other what you want. It's funny: Men and women put their genitals into each other's mouths, yet we're afraid to tell each other what we like. I don't mind if a guy says, "Be a little firmer." Or "Don't stop." I especially like "Oh my God! That's it. Oh, yeah." Then I like when he is rendered speechless.

ANKA: Oral sex is so trendy these days. It seems like the thing you do before you have intercourse.

ELYSE: But what about swallowing? I'm not going to swallow some guy I don't know.

MARGO: I don't swallow, and don't expect me to.

LORI: Again, as with all of these issues, it's about communication. Let me know when it's about to happen. I like when a guy warns me of his ejaculation. That way I can decide if I'm going to accept his mojo. I once had a guy stand over me, and he squirted all over my face without giving me notice. It felt like he was peeing on me and I didn't like it. I'm married now and my husband always asks, "Where do you want it?" This way, I can keep from getting semen in my eye.

STEPHANIE: It's a respect thing. But the problem is that it's somewhat humiliating. If I don't know someone well, I don't want him standing above me expecting me to swallow. But if I know someone better, it seems primitive and hot. It's a situational thing. I think oral sex is a gift you give to each other.

DO GUYS GET THE WRONG IDEAS ABOUT SEX FROM PORNOGRAPHY?

KATHLEEN: I love porn. I like to watch it alone or with a guy. But I have noticed that in the past couple of years, it seems like 90 percent of the money shots involve ejaculating on a woman's face. And last time I was porn shopping, I noticed one called *100 Facials*, which consisted of 100 money shots on 100 girls' faces. I thought it was hilarious, until I was at a party recently and a guy, in his early 20s, came up to me and asked, "Can I come on your face?" I was shocked by his abruptness, so I asked him, "Now, why would you ask me such a rude question?" And he said, "Because I like your face and I would like to come on it," with no irony. All I could think was, Somebody has been watching too much porn.

MARGO: Guys must get ideas from watching porn, because I don't think they sit around and discuss sexual techniques with their homies. In most pornos, when a girl gets her face squirted on, she laps it up like a Saint Bernard who hasn't eaten in two days. It really does look like chicks dig that, especially when they say stuff like, "Oh, yeah, give it to me, oh, yeah, it tastes so good." I think most girls don't mind getting facials, but they don't want it every time.

KAREN: The problem is doing it without asking. After a guy watches a certain number of facial pornos, he thinks it's OK to do it.

ANNIE: Maybe that explains why men keep trying to convince us to have threesomes. I'm not bisexual and I'm not going to apologize for being heterosexual. I'm into the weenus and that's my story. But almost every porno movie shows girl-girl, and men are turned on by that, which is fine. But don't ask me to do it. Porn is not real life. The last three boyfriends that I've had, all in their 20s, have tried to convince me to have a threesome. Porn must give them ideas. The "let's bring some girls into our love thing" is like this new sexual obnoxiousness. My last boyfriend bugged me about it for a year. Finally, I found it insulting. It made me feel like he was dissatisfied with me. So I made a deal with him. I said, "OK, I'll have a threesome with you and another girl if you have a threesome with me and another guy." He never brought up the subject again.

SUSAN: This is what I don't like about porn: They don't kiss, they don't say much and they rarely compliment each other in any interesting way. And they always zoom in on that filmed-from-behind tea-bagging shot with the guy's balls hanging out. That never does it for me. What I do like about porn is that the guy always gives the girl cunnilingus. That is always good etiquette.

ELYSE: A lot of men start watching porn at 15, when they first learn about sex. By the time they are 25, they request a threesome and a double penetration on the first date.

ANKA: I actually think men and women should watch more porn together. It's a bonding experience. I've never put on a porn and had a guy say, "Let's watch something else." It's fun to make a running commentary about what you are seeing. Once a boyfriend and I were watching some cheesy porno we were making fun of and the next thing you know, we were saying, "You know, we should be doing that."

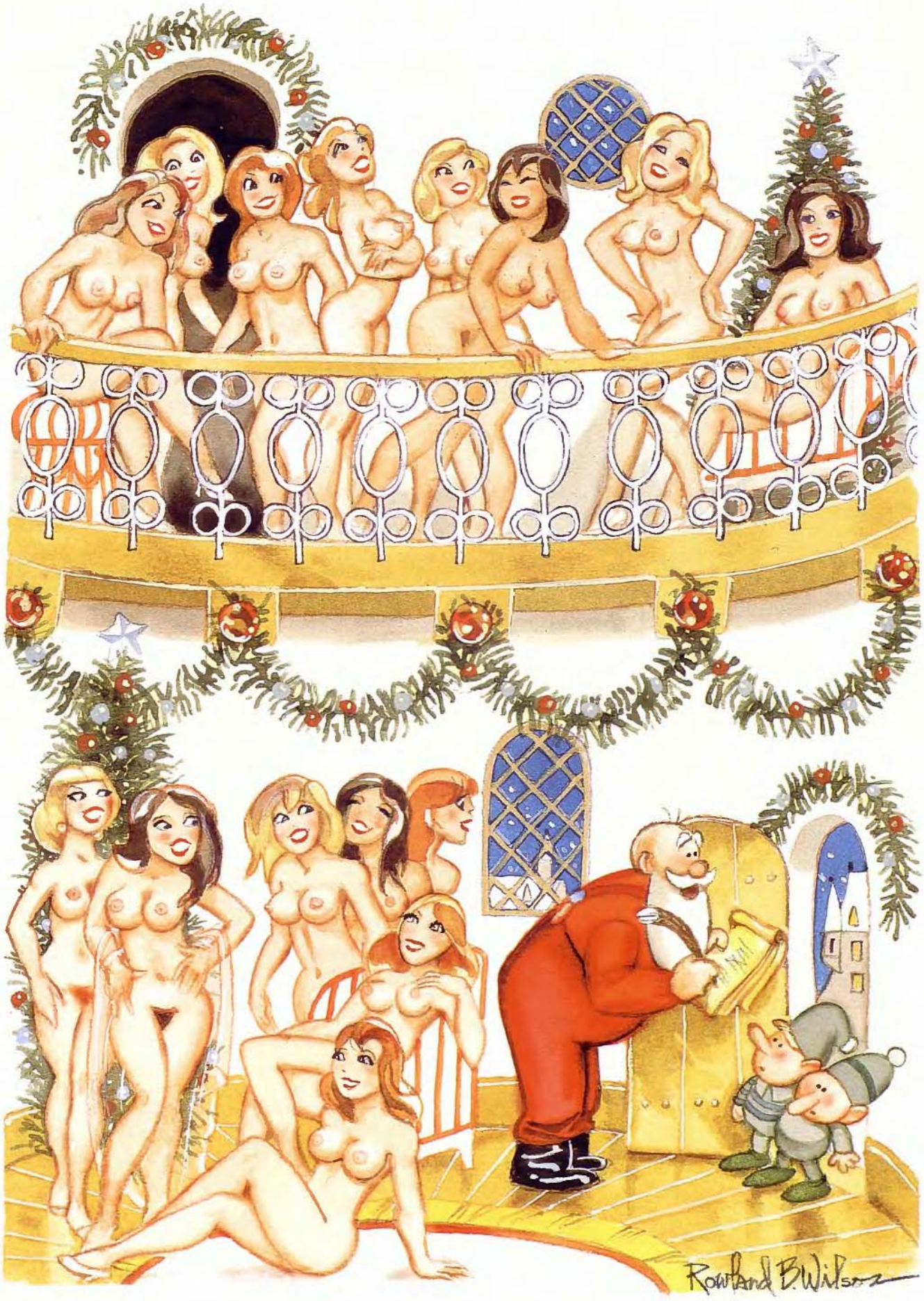
IS IT RUDE TO HAVE SEX IN PUBLIC?

KAREN: Personally, I like public displays of affection, but I prefer a man to put his arm around me or hold my hand rather than shove his tongue down my throat and grope my boobage in the middle of a crowded restaurant. That's embarrassing. I don't want to perform for everyone in the restaurant.

ANKA: I had a boyfriend who wanted me to give him a hand job under the table at a restaurant. I'm a pretty good hand-job giver, but it was just too crowded in there to go undetected.

ELYSE: Often when I fantasize about having sex outdoors, I think of someplace exotic, like a waterfall in Hawaii or a luxurious beach. Someplace where you have a chance of getting caught yet has some atmosphere. I'm sorry, but it's a big turnoff to try to have sex in a place that's gross. Guys always want to have sex in some dirty, smelly bathroom somewhere, like a gas station, because they think that it's

(continued on page 169)



"This year I'm putting in a provision for good big boys, too!"

Nicole NATURALLY

for miss january, it's nothing but net

IT WAS A TREAT to have Nicole Narain hang out at our Chicago office for a month. During the photo shoot, she gave us some sweet advice: If a man drinks a lot of pineapple juice, his semen will taste better. After that, every guy in the office was walking around, pineapple juice in hand, hoping Nicole would notice. Outside our office, Nicole was also a magnet. The night we took her to Le Colonial on Rush Street, men mobbed her at the bar, commenting on everything from the 27-year-old's striking looks to her tattoos. She handled them deftly. Miss January is a woman who can take care of herself—and others. Before we even opened our menus, she told us what we should have and ordered everything.

Originally from Aurora, Illinois, Nicole is the first member of her immediate family to be born in this country. Her mother is from British Guyana, a country whose name we apparently had trouble pronouncing. Nicole groaned when she heard us say it. "You're butchering it," she said.

Her father is half East Indian, half Chinese. Growing up in such a cultural mix informed Nicole's dating preferences. "I've always liked dating different types of people," she says. "My

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

whole family does. Holiday photos look like Benetton commercials."

In high school, she was twice crowned homecoming queen. She also was a sprinter on the track team, a skill that came in handy when she had to outrun classmates jealous of her drop-dead good looks. "I'm a success, and those people who were mean to me along the way can go to hell."

When she turned 16, Nicole bolted to Los Angeles. While living with family, she worked as a hostess and a supervisor at a Discovery Zone. Two years later, she finished high school and answered a roommate-wanted ad in the paper. The three men who had placed that ad must have thought they were dreaming when Nicole walked in. She swears they were perfect gentlemen during their cohabitation, and never once hit on her. But they still managed to screw things up. One night, as the four roomies watched a movie, "One guy snapped on me for not buying groceries and eating their food," she says. "But I had a shit job. They all had good jobs." Three days later, she returned to Illinois.

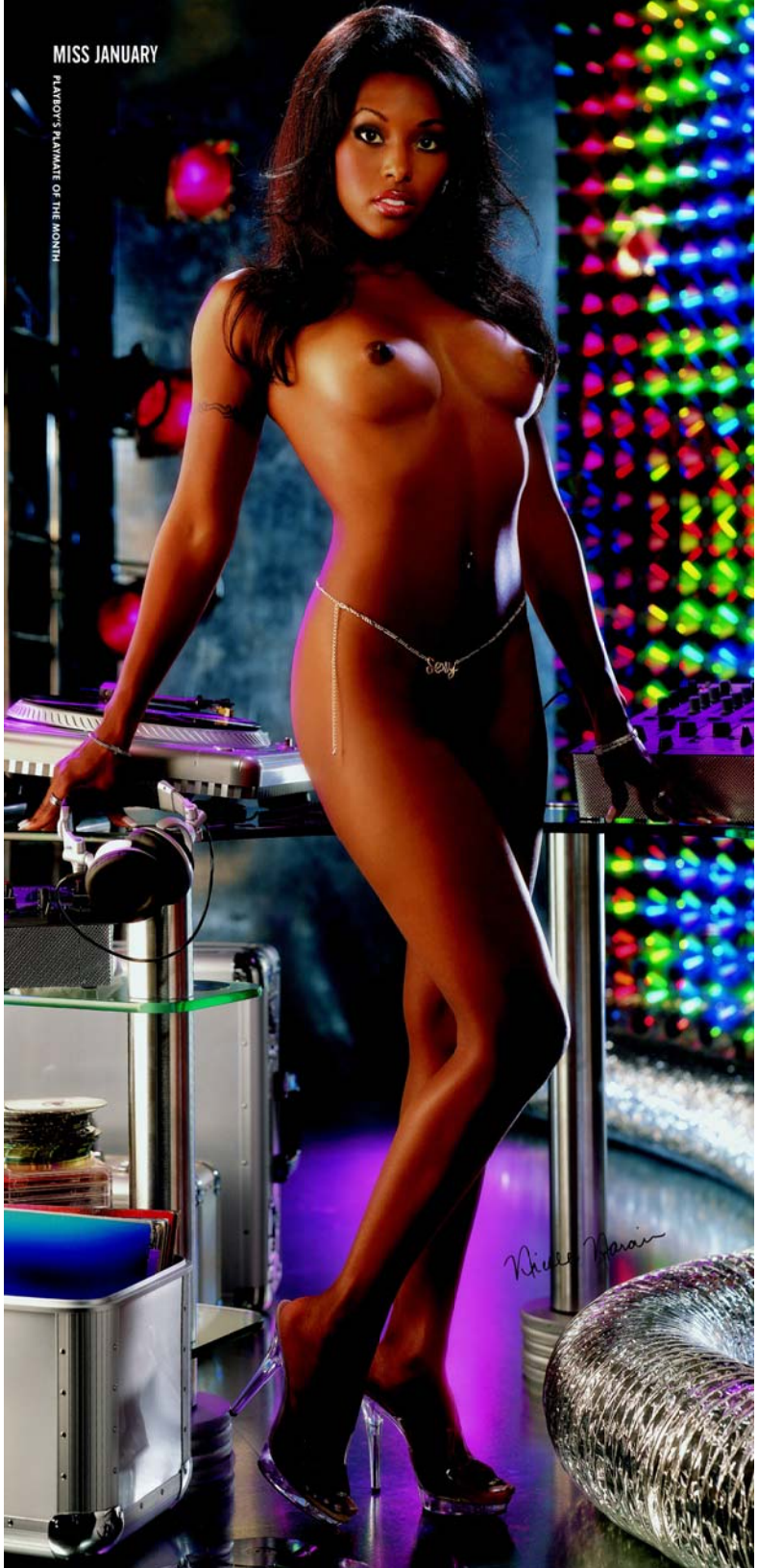
Nicole is both a model and an inventor. Her latest brainchild, the Optical Ear, addresses her biggest pet peeve—dirty ears. "It's a handheld mirror that lights up," she explains. "Two rotating mirrors are attached to it. You face another mirror and stick the Optical Ear inside your ear canal. Then you can see the reflection." Ever since Nicole pointed this out, we can't stop looking into women's ears. But we haven't seen any as cute as Nicole's.

Nicole is a cat lover. "I'd get a Bengal tiger if I could," she says. "Cats are independent. You have to earn their love. And if you're fighting with your boyfriend, who cares? You've got your cat. Dusty is my favorite. When I get into bed, he lies right next to me."

The prettier Miss January became, the more it irritated her classmates. "One afternoon a girl came up to me and said, 'Some guy just gave me $50 to beat you up, but I don't have a beef with you. I just thought I would warn you because there will probably be some girls waiting for you after school today.' I had to have my uncle pick me up that day. He had to do that a lot," Nicole says.

THERE ARE MORE PICTURES, PLUS VIDEO, OF NICOLE AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

While she has no use for diamonds, Nicole is enthusiastic about body jewelry despite all the troublesome accompanying pain. Of her tongue piercing she soys, "People think I had it pierced to please men. But I got this for me." So who's lucky enough to receive the benefits? Nicole was evasive when we asked, but we know for a fact thot the tongue barbell is attached—and she's not.


MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Nicole Narain

BUST: 34B WAIST: 27 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 07.28.74 BIRTHPLACE: Chicago, IL

AMBITIONS: To find peace of mind, stay focused and to keep what's important to me close- Family & Friends.

TURN-ONS: Good looks, sense of humor, noncontrolling men, easy going & honest.

TURNOFFS: Insecure men, Carriage rides, and people who are cruel to animals.

IF I CAME WITH A WARNING LABEL, IT WOULD SAY: *Warning* Too Sensitive to touch.

MY GREATEST GOAL IS: Not having to worry about money.

THIS IS HOW I KEEP WARM IN WINTER: Fuzzy Sweaters and my best Friend in the winter - Block Buster.

EVERY DAY I TELL MYSELF: You're gonna make it.

Beauty Queen starting young.

Snow white.

Cuddling w/ my Cat Dusty.

PPY NEW YEAR

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man stumbled out of a bar. A cop saw him and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Yesssh! Sshomebody ssshtole my car," the man replied.

The cop asked, "Where was the car the last time you saw it?"

"It wasss at the end of thisssh key," the man slurred.

The officer looked down and saw that the man's penis was hanging out of his fly. He asked, "Sir, are you aware that you are exposing yourself?"

The drunk looked down and blurted out, "Son of a bitch. They got my girlfriend, too."

What happens when you plan a threesome and one more woman walks into the bedroom?

She divorces you.

A man walked into a bar, ordered a drink and started a crossword puzzle. After a few drinks, he was stumped. "Hey, bartender," he said. "What is the bird of wisdom?"

The bartender replied, "The owl."

A few minutes later, the customer said, "I know the bird of freedom is the eagle. And the bird of love is the dove. But what is a seven-letter word for the bird of true love?"

The bartender said, "That one's easy. It's the swallow."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A man told his wife he'd gotten a tattoo. "What kind of tattoo, and where is it?" she asked.

"It's a $100 bill tattooed on my penis," he replied.

"Why the hell did you get that there?" she asked.

He said, "Because I know how much you like to blow money."

En route to his next performance, a juggler was stopped by a cop. "What are these matches and lighter fluid doing in your car?" the officer asked.

"I juggle flaming torches," the juggler said.

"Oh yeah?" the cop said. "Let me see."

The man stepped out of the car and began to juggle the blazing torches. A couple driving by slowed down to watch. "Wow," the driver said to his wife. "I'm glad I quit drinking. Look at the test they're giving now."

A banker and his friend were fishing one afternoon when their boat began to sink. The banker said, "I can't swim."

His friend held on to the banker and swam toward shore. After 20 minutes, he grew tired and asked, "Do you suppose you could float alone?"

The banker replied, "Well, this is a hell of a time to ask for money."

A woman was distraught because she had not dated in a long time. Her doctor suggested she visit a Chinese sex therapist, Dr. Wang. Upon entering the examination room, Dr. Wang said, "OK. Take off your crows."

The woman did so and stood naked before him. "Now," Dr. Wang said, "get down on your knees and craw very fast away from me to the other side of the room."

She got down on all fours and crawled away from him. "Now craw back," he said.

She did as he asked. Dr. Wang shook his head. "Your probrem is very bad. You have Ed Zachary disease. Worst case I ever saw. That's why you don't have dates."

Confused, the woman asked, "What is Ed Zachary disease?"

Wang replied, "Your face rook Ed Zachary rike your ass."

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: A man walked into a bar and ordered a beer. He took a sip and heard a voice say, "Nice tie."

The only other person there was the bartender, and he was standing at the opposite end of the bar. A few minutes later, the man heard another voice say, "Beautiful shirt."

The man called the bartender over. "I must be losing my mind," he said. "I keep hearing voices that say nice things."

"It's the peanuts," the bartender said.

"What do you mean?" the man asked.

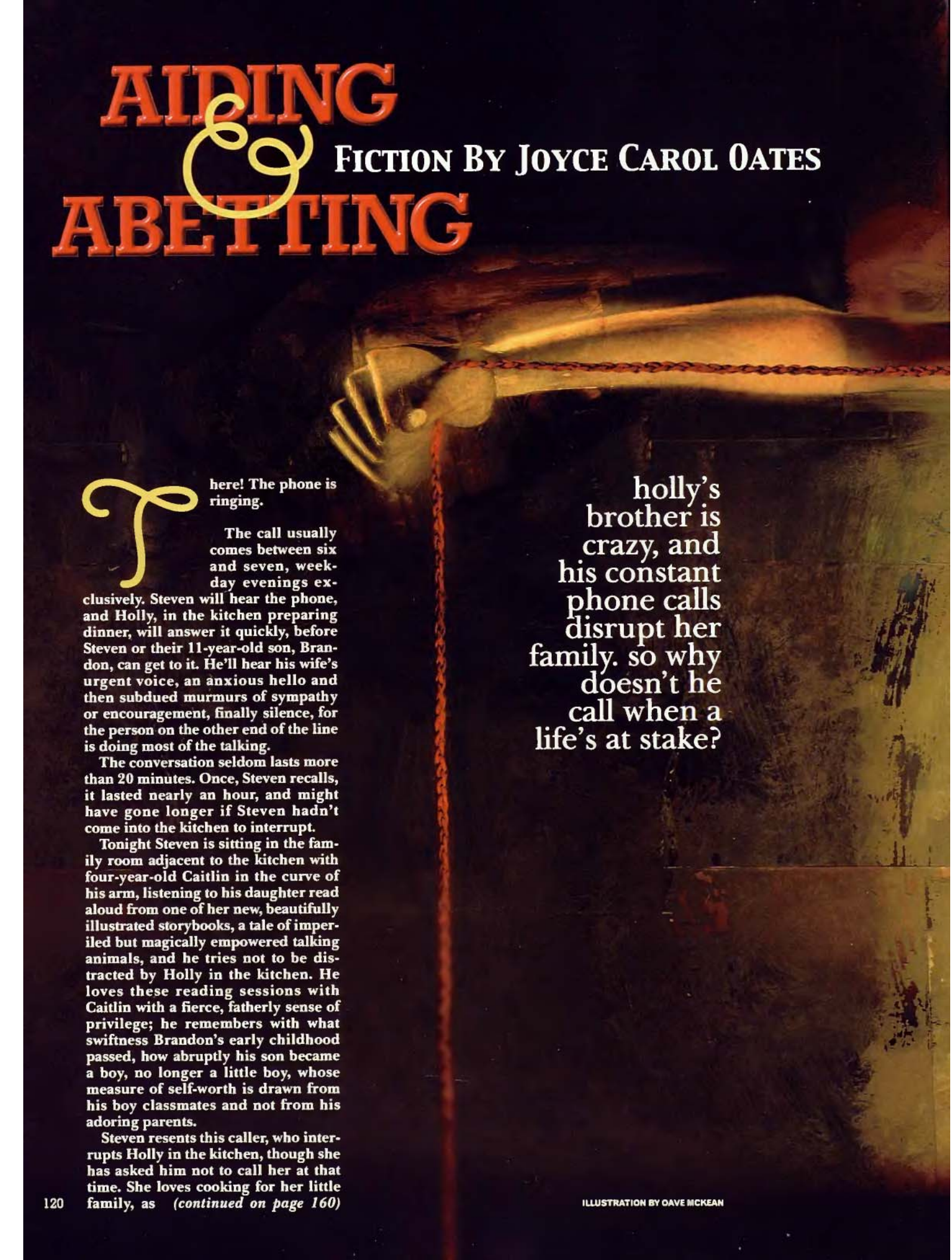
"It's the peanuts," the bartender repeated. "They're complimentary."

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Next door. Live mannequins. Pass it on."

AIDING & ABETTING

Fiction By Joyce Carol Oates



holly's brother is crazy, and his constant phone calls disrupt her family. so why doesn't he call when a life's at stake?

There! The phone is ringing.

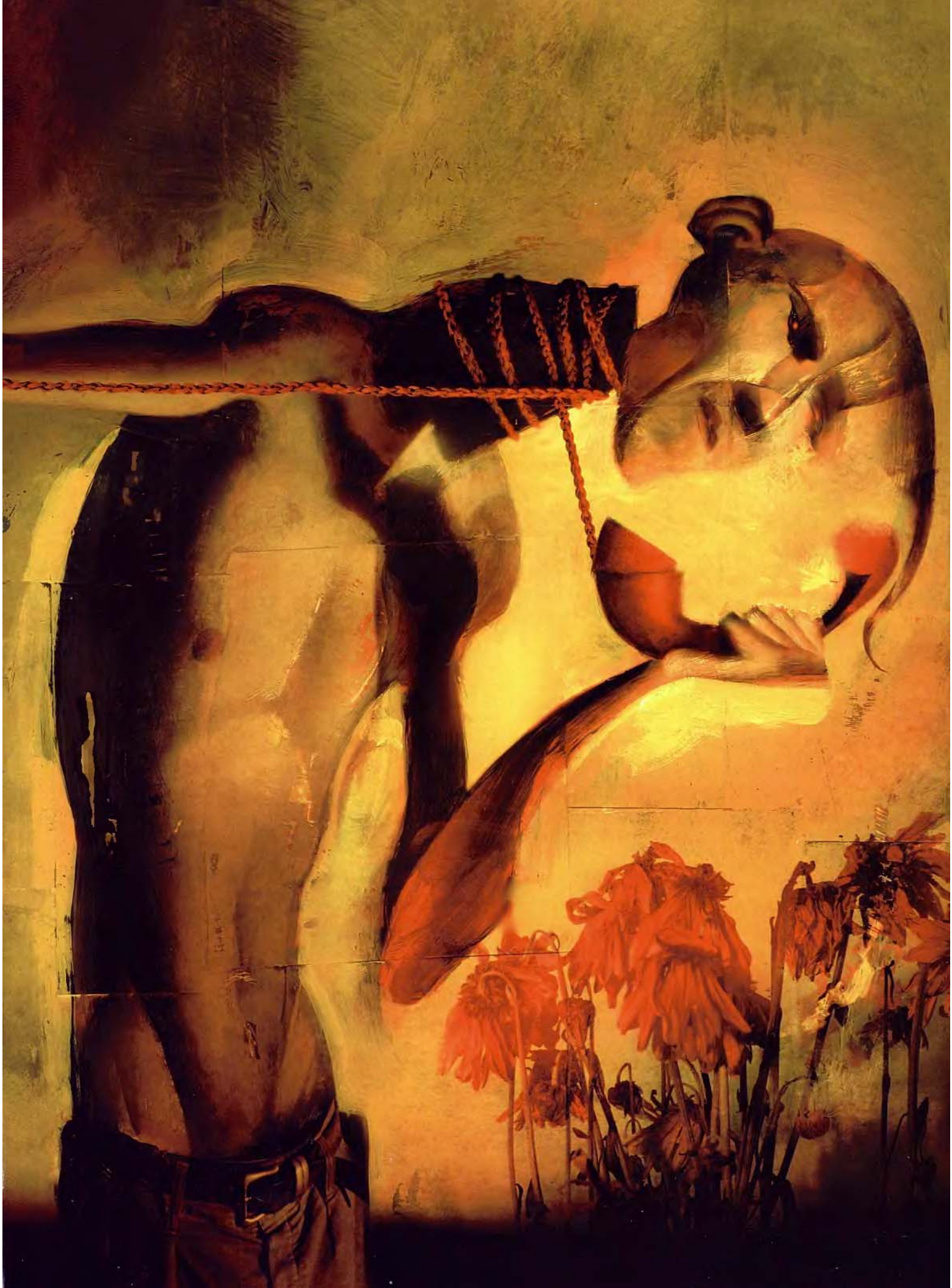
The call usually comes between six and seven, weekday evenings exclusively. Steven will hear the phone, and Holly, in the kitchen preparing dinner, will answer it quickly, before Steven or their 11-year-old son, Brandon, can get to it. He'll hear his wife's urgent voice, an anxious hello and then subdued murmurs of sympathy or encouragement, finally silence, for the person on the other end of the line is doing most of the talking.

The conversation seldom lasts more than 20 minutes. Once, Steven recalls, it lasted nearly an hour, and might have gone longer if Steven hadn't come into the kitchen to interrupt.

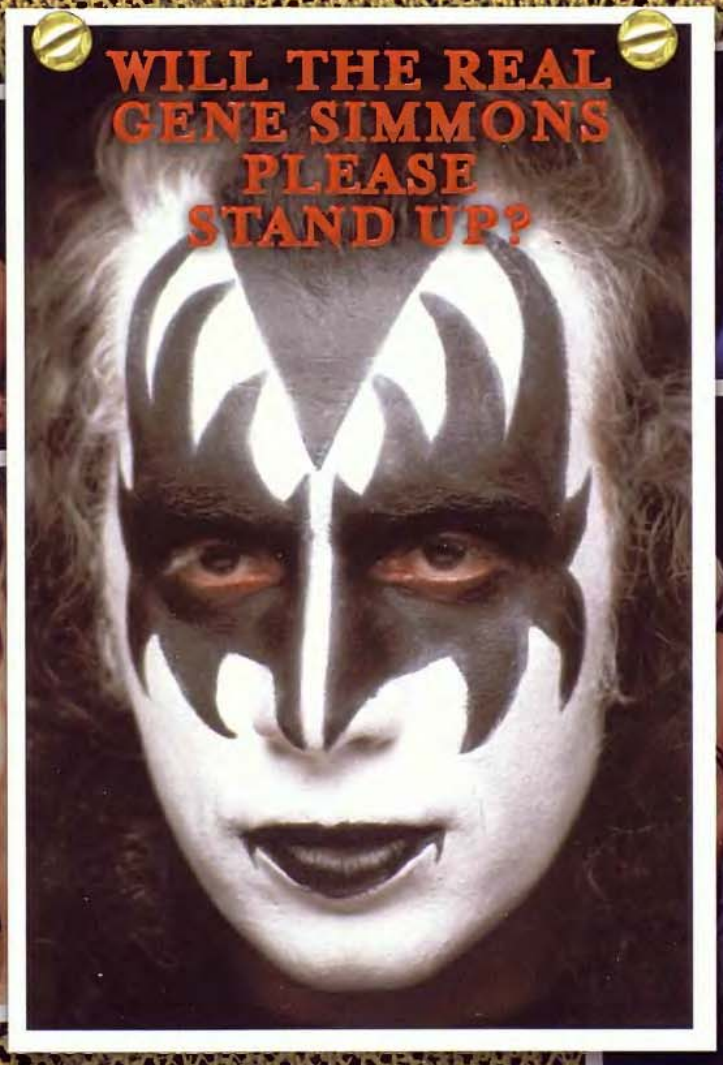
Tonight Steven is sitting in the family room adjacent to the kitchen with four-year-old Caitlin in the curve of his arm, listening to his daughter read aloud from one of her new, beautifully illustrated storybooks, a tale of imperiled but magically empowered talking animals, and he tries not to be distracted by Holly in the kitchen. He loves these reading sessions with Caitlin with a fierce, fatherly sense of privilege; he remembers with what swiftness Brandon's early childhood passed, how abruptly his son became a boy, no longer a little boy, whose measure of self-worth is drawn from his boy classmates and not from his adoring parents.

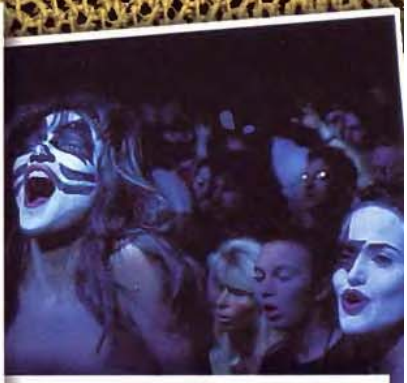
Steven resents this caller, who interrupts Holly in the kitchen, though she has asked him not to call her at that time. She loves cooking for her little family, as *(continued on page 160)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE MCKEAN



KISS AND MAKEUP

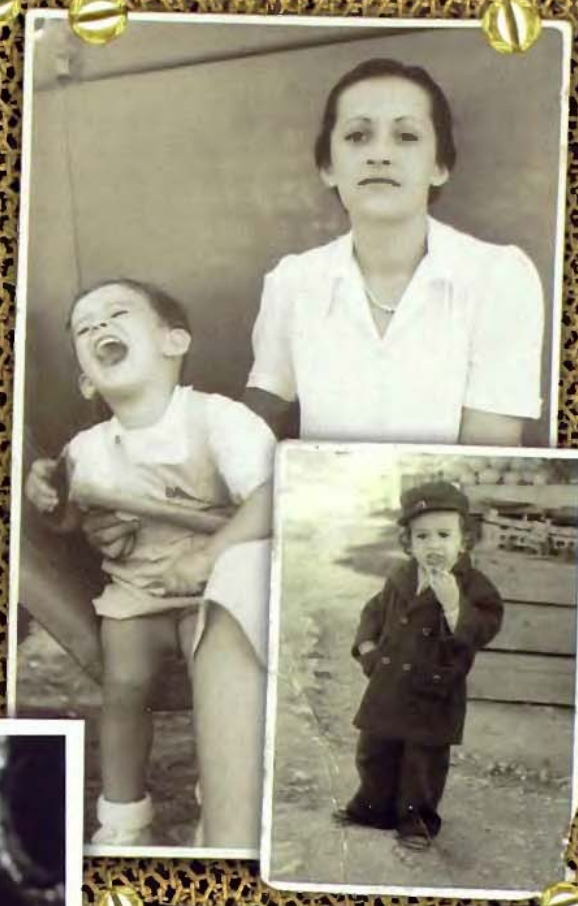




BY GENE SIMMONS

Someday soon, just after the final chords of *Rock and Roll All Nite* ring out on the Shea Stadium stage, I will pick up my bass and exit stage right. After I experienced 29 glorious and tumultuous years filled with the highest highs and the lowest lows, America will have seen the last of Kiss onstage. America was our home. Americans were our people. And playing the final show will be bittersweet, to say the least.

Thirty years ago, there was no Kiss. There was only Gene Simmons, an aspiring rock musician in New York City. Ten years before that, there was no Gene Simmons—only Gene Klein, a Jewish kid who lived in Queens with his single mother. And 10 years before that, there wasn't even a Gene Klein—only Chaim Witz, a poor boy growing up in Haifa, Israel. All those people, of course, were me, and I was all those people. I was born in Israel, saw the world change around me when I came to America with my mother and then began to change myself—first my name, then my face. When I picked up a bass, it was a kind of transformation. When I put on face paint, it was a kind of transformation.



And when I took the stage, it was the most profound transformation of them all. In the process, I had managed to help steer Kiss to the pinnacle of rock and roll: We would eventually stand right behind the Beatles in the number of gold-record awards by any group in history.

THE EARLY DAYS A band is like a puzzle. Some of the pieces get filled in right away, and some take a little longer. At first, Paul Stanley and I had a vague idea of what we wanted our band to be like, but as time went on, we began to hone in on what we were trying to achieve. We saw plenty of bands doing things we didn't like, and every time we saw them, we were able to

GENE'S SCENE. OPPOSITE PAGE: GENE AND KISS GIRLS AT A 1998 CONCERT. THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: GENE AND HIS MOTHER, THEN GENE ALONE AT TWO IN ISRAEL. GENE IN KISS REGALIA AT THE PLAYBOY EXPO IN LOS ANGELES IN 1999. A LADIES' MAN EVEN THEN: HANGING OUT IN THE SIXTIES. GENE PREPARES FOR A 1975 PEOPLE MAGAZINE SPREAD. TOMMY LEE AND GENE GOOF AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION IN 2000.

refine our vision. Paul and I were primarily songwriters and singers. We could play instruments, but at demo level. We needed the rest of a band to fully realize our vision. First on the list was a drummer. One afternoon I ran across an ad in *Rolling Stone* that read, "Drummer available—will do anything." I called the guy, and even though he was in the middle of a party, he took my call. I introduced myself and said we were starting a band and looking for a drummer, and was he willing to do anything to make it? He said he was, right away.

He answered almost too quickly. So I slowed him down.

"Look," I said, "this is a specific kind of band. We have very particular ideas about how we're going to make it. What happens if I ask you to wear a dress while you play?" He covered up the phone and repeated the question to a guy in the background, who laughed. I went on: "What happens if I ask you to wear red lipstick or other makeup?" By now, the people in the background were beside themselves. But the drummer answered my question. No problem, he said. "Are you fat?" I asked. "Do you have facial hair?" Because if he did, I explained, he would have to shave it. We didn't want to be like a San Francisco hippie band. We wanted to be big stars, not medium stars who looked like hippies or truck drivers. We were going to put together a band the world had never seen. We were going to grab the world by the scruff of its neck and. . . .

I guess I went on too long, because at some point the drummer stopped

me. "Why don't you just come and see me?" he said. "I'm playing at a club in Brooklyn on Saturday."

Saturday came, and Paul and I took the subway all the way down to the end of Brooklyn, to this small Italian club, whose clientele could easily have been actors on *The Sopranos*. There were maybe 20 people there, all of them milling around, drinking beer and watching this trio onstage. The bass player and guitar player looked like soldiers for the Genovese family. The drummer was something else entirely. He had a shag haircut that looked like Rod Stewart's on a good day, and he wore a big gray scarf. He outdressed everybody in that club, and he looked like a star.

They were playing mostly soul covers, and when they did *In the Midnight Hour*, the drummer started to sing, and this Wilson Pickett–style voice came out of him. Paul and I said, "That's it, that's our drummer." His name was Peter Crisscoula. We shortened it to Peter Criss. We brought Peter into our loft on 23rd Street and began to play as a trio. It was 1972 and things were moving more quickly now: We had songs we were happy with, and our look was starting to crystallize—we were even starting to wear makeup, although it was far cruder than it eventually became.

This new version of the band needed to go before Epic to see if they were interested. The record label sent down the vice president of A&R. He came to the loft, where we had set up a little theater—10 rows of four seats—to simulate the feeling

OPPOSITE PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: PAUL STANLEY PUTTING ON HIS STARCHILD MAKEUP. GENE WITH ALICE COOPER AND JAN WALSH AT KISS' CASABLANCA RECORDS COMING OUT PARTY IN LOS ANGELES. HEF, GENE AND A WIGGED-OUT SHANNON TWEED CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN AT THE MANSION IN 2000. KISS CIRCA 1982—WITH ERIC CARR ON BOARD. COMMUNING WITH THE FANS AT A 1998 CONCERT. A KEYCHAIN FROM THE KISS INTERNET STORE. THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: FLASHED BY THE KISS GIRLS FROM THE FRONT ROW OF A 1998 COMEBACK CONCERT. HANGING OUT WITH CHER IN 1978 AND HIDING FROM THE PRESS—WHO HAD PUT A $25,000 BOUNTY ON HIS UNMADE-UP FACE. THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS: SHANNON, WHOM GENE MET AT A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM PARTY AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION IN 1984—THE REST IS HISTORY. GENE AND PAUL PUT ON A SHOW AT DICK CLARK'S *IN CONCERT* IN 1974. A MINIATURE PORTRAIT PLATE FROM THE KISS INTERNET STORE MAKES A PERFECT ORNAMENT. GENE AND BABY KISSERS IN CADILLAC, MICHIGAN IN 1976.

of playing in front of a live audience. He sat down, and we played the three songs that we were most confident with: *Deuce*, written by me, *Strutter*, written by Paul and me, and *Firehouse*, written by Paul. The set went well, although we weren't sure the A&R guy exactly understood what we were about. I was wearing a sailor's uniform, and I had my hair puffed out and painted silver. At the end of *Firehouse*, there was a stage move we had worked out where Paul grabbed a pail filled with confetti and tossed the contents over the audience. He went for the pail, and as he flung it toward the seats, I saw a look of terror on the A&R guy's face. Clearly he thought the pail was filled with water. He leaped to his feet and headed for the door.

Around this time Paul and I recognized that if we were going to change the band—hire new players, write new music—we should probably have a new name. One day Paul, Peter and I were driving around, and we started brainstorming for names. I had thought of a few, like Albatross, but I wasn't happy with any of them. At one point Paul said, "How about Kiss?" Peter and I nodded, and that was it. It made sense. Hindsight is 20/20, of course, and since then people have talked about all the benefits of the name: how it seemed to sum up certain things about glam rock at the time, and how it was perfect for international marketing because it was a simple word that people all over the world understood.

We weren't finished hiring the band, though. We still needed a lead guitar player, so we put an ad in *The Village Voice*. While Peter had fallen right into place as the drummer, the search for our guitarist was significantly more problematic. We went through audition after audition. One after the other, loser after loser.

One guy, Bob Kulick, had played around town, and we really liked him. While we were talking to Bob, in walked this strange-looking guy in two different-colored sneakers. One was orange and one was red. We had chairs in the back lined up so you could come in and sit and wait for your turn. Completely oblivious to the fact that we were still talking to Bob, this new guy plugged into the Marshall amplifier and started playing. "Hey," I said, "are you out of your mind? Sit down and wait a second, will you?" It was like he didn't even hear me. He just kept playing. We excused Bob and told him we would call him later. We sat this new guy down. "You'd better be good," I said, "because two notes into it, if you suck, you're out on your ass." We played him *Deuce* twice, and the third time he got ready to play his solo. And it just fit. Here was this troublemaker who couldn't match his sneakers and didn't have the good manners to wait his turn, and he just fit.

"What's your name?" I asked. He said it was Paul Frehley. "Well," I said, "we can't have two Pauls in the band."

At that point, he turned around and said, "Call me Ace."

I said, "Call me King." I wasn't joking. Neither was he.

LIFE WITH CHER

I met Cher in 1978 at a party Neil Bogart was throwing for Casablanca Records. I didn't really know any of the other people there—I knew some by face and by reputation but not personally. At some point in the evening I found myself talking to Cher. I introduced myself, and she didn't believe I was who I said I was. It turned out that her daughter, Chastity, was a Kiss fan and had encouraged her mother to go to the party because she knew Gene Simmons would be there. But Cher apparently had it in her mind that she would be meeting Jean Simmons, the actress. She didn't make the connection.

At that time, I was starting to think of ideas for my solo album. I thought it would be great if I could get Cher to sing on it.

At the end of the night, I went over to her place. Normally, this would have meant one thing and one thing only, but in this case it meant something else entirely. We were back at her house, and before I knew it we were talking about our lives, where we had come from, what we were like as children. I started to feel the presence of another person in the conversation. This was a strange feeling for me. She was smart, interesting and funny. At that moment I set aside any thoughts of it turning into something sexual.

The night went on, we kept talking about things—her life, my life, my record. I remember the hot chocolate because she put marshmallows in it, which I had never seen before. She seemed interested in the fact that even though I was a rock-and-roller, I could put a sentence together, and also by the fact that I was straight and had never been drunk. Cher had just come out of a relationship with Gregg Allman, who reportedly had a serious substance abuse problem. Cher was always antidrug.

Early the next morning—five or six o'clock—she drove me back to L'Ermitage Hotel, where I was staying. We parted and agreed we should talk more about my solo record. I felt there was something brewing, and I wanted to see if she was interested in going out that evening. She said she was going to see the Tubes. "Great," I said. "What time do you want me to pick you up?" She explained she had already invited her friend Kate Jackson, who at the time was on *Charlie's Angels*. I didn't know Kate, but it was fine with me. Usually at a concert, I would arrive with the audience and leave with the audience. But this was different. When we went backstage, it was awkward. Some of the Tubes were taken with Cher, so I sat in the corner and talked with Kate. Finally, the backstage party was over, and we got in the car to go home. On the way back you could have heard a pin drop. Back at the house, when Cher finally spoke, she exploded. She told me she didn't take very kindly to being ignored, especially when I was coming on to her girlfriend Kate. I was speechless. When I tried to talk to her about it, she told me she never wanted to see me again.

In retrospect, I realize I should have been more aware. But I was oblivious to that kind of thing, because I hadn't had any real relationships, and because the whole jealousy thing was foreign to me. I wasn't accustomed to having conversations about how somebody else felt. I'm an only child. My mother came from incredible hardship: She was in the concentration camps. I grew up poor. I was happy if I had something to eat. For me, that was the beginning and the end of everything. If I wanted companionship, I'd get companionship. If I was tired, I went to sleep. Life was good, simple and straightforward. But at first with Cher it was neither simple nor straightforward. I called her from the hotel and said I was going to New York to work on a record, and that I would call her when I got there. "Fine," she said. "I can't talk to you now."

On my way to New York, and after I arrived, I was still thinking about her. Cher was on my mind a tremendous amount. During the day I kept calling her, under the pretense that I wanted her to sing on my record. We would speak for hours on end and I found her fascinating. Our conversations usually got personal pretty fast. Early in our relationship she had me talking about the situation with Kate, and how she was angry that I had given attention to another woman. This seemed fair to me. It made sense.

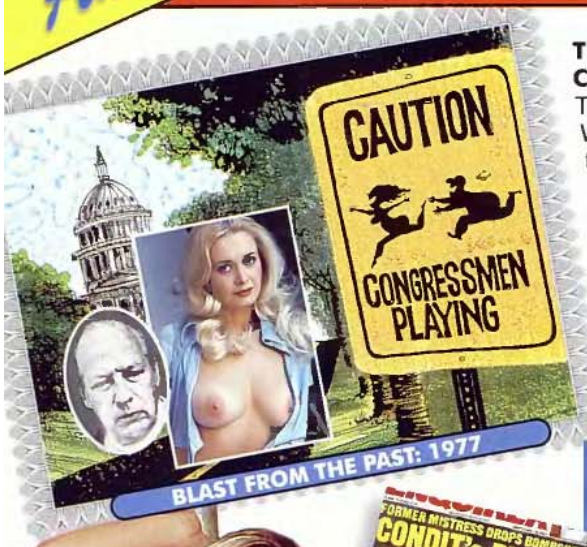
One night while I was in the company of a beautiful young woman, the phone rang. It was Cher. She wanted to know when I was coming back to California. She wanted to know when we could sit down and talk about the record. So then we started talking about us again—about Cher's feelings, about what she wanted from me. It was a strange situation made stranger by the fact that there was this beautiful girl in the other room waiting for me. I

(continued on page 180)

"Ye gods! You still here?"

25th Anniversary

THE YEAR



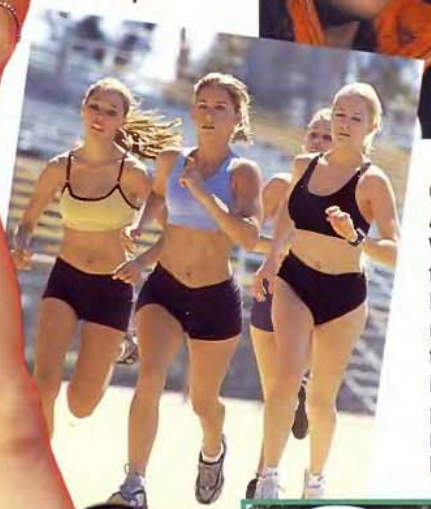
THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT CARNAL CONGRESS

Twenty-five years ago, Representative Wayne Hays was fingered by his non-typing secretary and mistress, Elizabeth Ray. Now the media feast on Congressman Gary Condit and his alleged amours, notably the missing Chandra Levy and (inset) the flighty Anne Marie Smith.

CONGRESSMAN BEDDED FOUR OTHER WOMEN
COPS: CONDIT'S WIFE ATTACKED CHANDRA
WORLD EXCLUSIVE
• The furious phone call
• What wife is hiding

TRACK AND PEELED

Leilani Rios, booted from Cal State–Fullerton's track team for moonlighting as a stripper, was reinstated—but academic ineligibility kept her from doing more laps.



JESUS, MARY AND RUDY

A hero when tragedy struck New York, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani recovered civic affection he'd lost after public snits over Brooklyn Museum exhibits—first an elephant dung Virgin Mary, then photographer Renee Cox' portrait of herself as a naked Jesus at the Last Supper.

Last Supper art is last straw

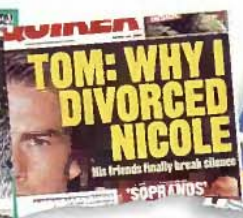
Mayor Rudolph Giulinni says he will establish a panel to set "decency standards" for exhibits.

By Elisabeth Hamilier

Photographer Renee Cox talks to the media in front of her "The Yo Mama's Last Supper"

CRUISE IN FOR A BRUISIN'

When Mr. Cruise dumped the Mrs., she suspected his *Vanilla Sky* co-star Penélope Cruz had something to do with it—making Tom and Nicole the poster couple for Fortunoff's novelty wedding-cake topper of a battling bride and groom.



IN SEX

a quarter century of nudes and boobs proves some things never change

Somewhere over the rainbow ...
JESSE JACKSON IMAGE SHATTERED IN LOVE CHILD SHOCKER
SSE JACKSON'S LOVE CHILD
His 38-year marriage blows up over secret family
oving Expenses: $40,000
ypocrisy of "counseling"
resident Clinton with your
wn pregnant mistress? Priceless
There are some things money can't buy. For everything else, there's MasterCard.

DAUGHTER OF A PREACHER MAN

We bet it got ugly when Jackie Jackson learned that her husband, the Reverend Jesse, had fathered a child with ex-aide Karin Stanford (inset). On the Internet, a mock MasterCard ad blasted Jesse for counseling President Clinton while masking his own ejaculate conception.

POPE TO BISH: THAT'S *CELIBATE*, NOT *CELEBRATE*!

Unconventional Zambian Catholic Archbishop Emmanuel Milingo got into hot holy water by marrying South Korean doc Maria Sung in a Moonie wedding. A peeved pope had him recant.

WHAT'S NU?

What's with this scene from Tom Ford's Parisian launch party for YSL's Nu perfume? Well, in French the word *nu* means nude. It comes from the Latin for nyuk nyuk nyuk.

TITS-A-POPPIN'

Who needs radio bad boys Opie and Anthony's Whip'em Out Wednesdays? The fallout is everywhere, viz.: (1) Juliette Binoche; (2) Donna D'Errico; (3) Lady Victoria Hervey; (4) eager bridesmaid; (5) and (6) models Molly Sims, Gisele Bundchen; (7) Pam Anderson; (8) spring breaker; (9) Alexandra Holden; (10) XFL fan; (11) Julie Bowen; (12) starlet in Cannes.

25th Anniversary

THE YEAR IN SEX

CANADA'S BUSH LEAGUE
Another of our faves: Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's then wife, Maggie, sans culotte at Studio 54.

Star
PREGNANT KELLY RIPA FIGHTS TO SAVE MARRIAGE
CLINTON'S SECRET MISTRESS
HILLARY KICKS BILL OUT!
BUSH BUDGET
IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET THE HEADLINES AWAY FROM CLINTON.
SWIMSUIT ISSUE
CLINTON AND DENISE
REVEALED AT LAST!
Their romantic nights alone in the White House
EXCLUSIVE SHOCKING NEWS
Denise: Pardon me, but I never slept with Bill

BILL AND HILL HIT THE BOOKS
The press still has Bill and Hillary Clinton to kick around, thanks in part to Denise Rich, the ex-wife of pardoned fugitive Marc Rich. Meanwhile, both Clintons have received mega-advances for their memoirs. Popular title suggestions for Bill's autobiography: *With a Thong in My Heart* and *Crouching Intern, Hidden Cigar*.

FRENCH TWIST
Miss France, Elodie Gossuin, battled rumors that she was playing *The Crying Game*.

NOW YOU SEE IT . . .
Censors hit ads for Candie's shoes (1), removing condom and butt crack (1a); Claudia Schiffer's poster (2) drew protests in Copenhagen; YSL ads, with model flashing in French *Vogue* (3) but not in the U.S. edition (3a); and Sophie Dahl's billboard for Opium (4), banned in Britain.

WIFE TO HAN: GO SOLO, MIO!
Melissa Mathison, tired of husband Harrison Ford's reported boozing and womanizing, used the force and filed for legal separation.

WE'RE DUMPING OUR MAIDENFORM STOCK

The no-bra look triumphs with (1) Italian actress Francesca Dellera, (2) Renée Zellweger, (3) Gwyneth Paltrow, (4) Jennifer Lopez, (5) Serena Scott Thomas, (6) Leonor Varela, (7) Hilary Swank, (8) James King, (9) Joely Richardson (with her co-star in the play *Madame Melville*, Macaulay Culkin).

ABSENCE MAKES THE WIFE GO YONDER

In filing for divorce, Phylicia (*The Cosby Show*) Rashad cited abandonment. Seems her sportscaster hubby, Ahmad, was never home. At least the plea didn't air on live television, as his marriage proposal had before a Lions–Jets game on Thanksgiving Day 1985.

MERRY WIDOW

Will there be a Marshall Plan for Anna Nicole Smith? After a judge in LA awarded her $474 million from the estate of hubby J. Howard Marshall II, a Texas jury denied her the cash. Then the original judge voided that last verdict. Pending is a new appeal, in California.

People
Inside New York's Nastiest Split
THE MAYOR, THE WIFE, THE MISTRESS
Here's why Hizzoner is 'sleeping' all over town
I'M ALLOWED TO LIVE WITH MORE THAN ONE WIFE!
IS THAT THE POLYGAMIST FROM UTAH?
NO, THE MAYOR FROM NEW YORK.

THREE'S NOT COMPANY!

Scenes from Gracie Mansion: Hizzoner Giuliani in Rockette drag at a press corps show, and a court's refusal to allow his "very good friend" Judith Nathan to live in the mayoral abode as long as his estranged wife, Donna Hanover, was still residing there.

25th Anniversary

THE YEAR IN SEX

BLOW THE MAN DOWN
Hugh Grant's encounter with professional fellatrix Divine Brown foreshadowed his split from Elizabeth Hurley.

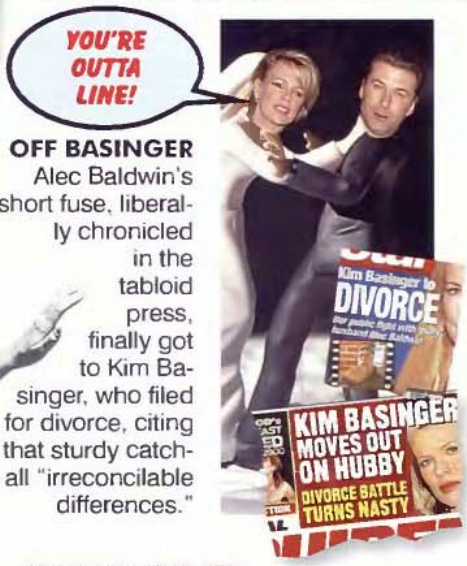
NUDES BULLETINS
O Canada! *Naked News*, at 6 million hits a month an Internet phenomenon, is no flash in the pan: It has logged on as a PLAYBOY pictorial and a pay-per-view cable TV show.

NAME THAT NAVEL

Belly buttons are out and about. Can you ID these awesome omphali?

A. Tara Reid
B. Kylie Bax
C. Christina Aguilera
D. Anna Kournikova
E. Shannon Elizabeth
F. Britney Spears
G. Halle Berry
H. John Cameron "Hedwig" Mitchell
I. Eve
J. Carmen Electra
K. Cindy Margolis
L. Beyoncé Knowles
M. Sarah Jessica Parker
N. Jennifer Lopez
O. Janet Jackson

Answers: 1 E, 2 C, 3 L, 4 G, 5 H, 6 O, 7 A, 8 D, 9 N, 10 B, 11 E, 12 I, 13 M, 14 J, 15 K

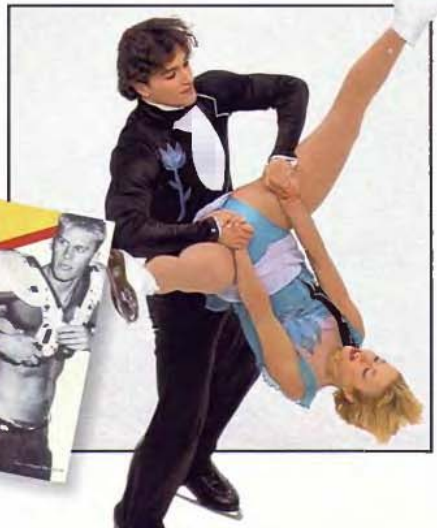


OFF BASINGER
Alec Baldwin's short fuse, liberally chronicled in the tabloid press, finally got to Kim Basinger, who filed for divorce, citing that sturdy catch-all "irreconcilable differences."

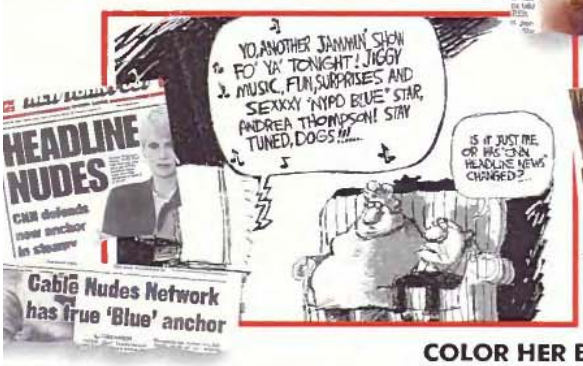
ARSE FOR ART'S SAKE
You saw it here first: a David Duchovny butt print, created by wife Téa Leoni and auctioned for $3500 on behalf of the charity Farm Sanctuary.

ABERCROMBIE AND FLESH (CLOTHING OPTIONAL)
The outfitter's latest catalog gets rid, at last, of those annoying panty lines.
I READ IT ONLY FOR THE ARTICLES.
PLAYBOY
I READ IT ONLY FOR THE CLOTHES.
A&F
THE BRIGHTEST

CRACK IN THE ICE
Make an "undignified move" like this, and the International Skating Union says judges will deduct a tenth of a point from your score.



FUSS ON A BUS
After touring the country with live cameras aboard, the VoyeurBus came to a screeching halt in Manhattan, where cops busted its occupants for disorderly conduct.



LUST-SEE TV
Sex rules in (1) France's *Loft Story*; (2) HBO's *Sopranos*; Fox' *Temptation Island*, with (3) Lola Corwin, an early evacuee; (4) Showtime's *Queer as Folk*; CBS' *Survivor 2*, after which (5) Amber Brkich picked our cover girl (6) Jerri Manthey as girl most likely to succeed with her; and (7) Playboy TV's *7 Lives Xposed*.

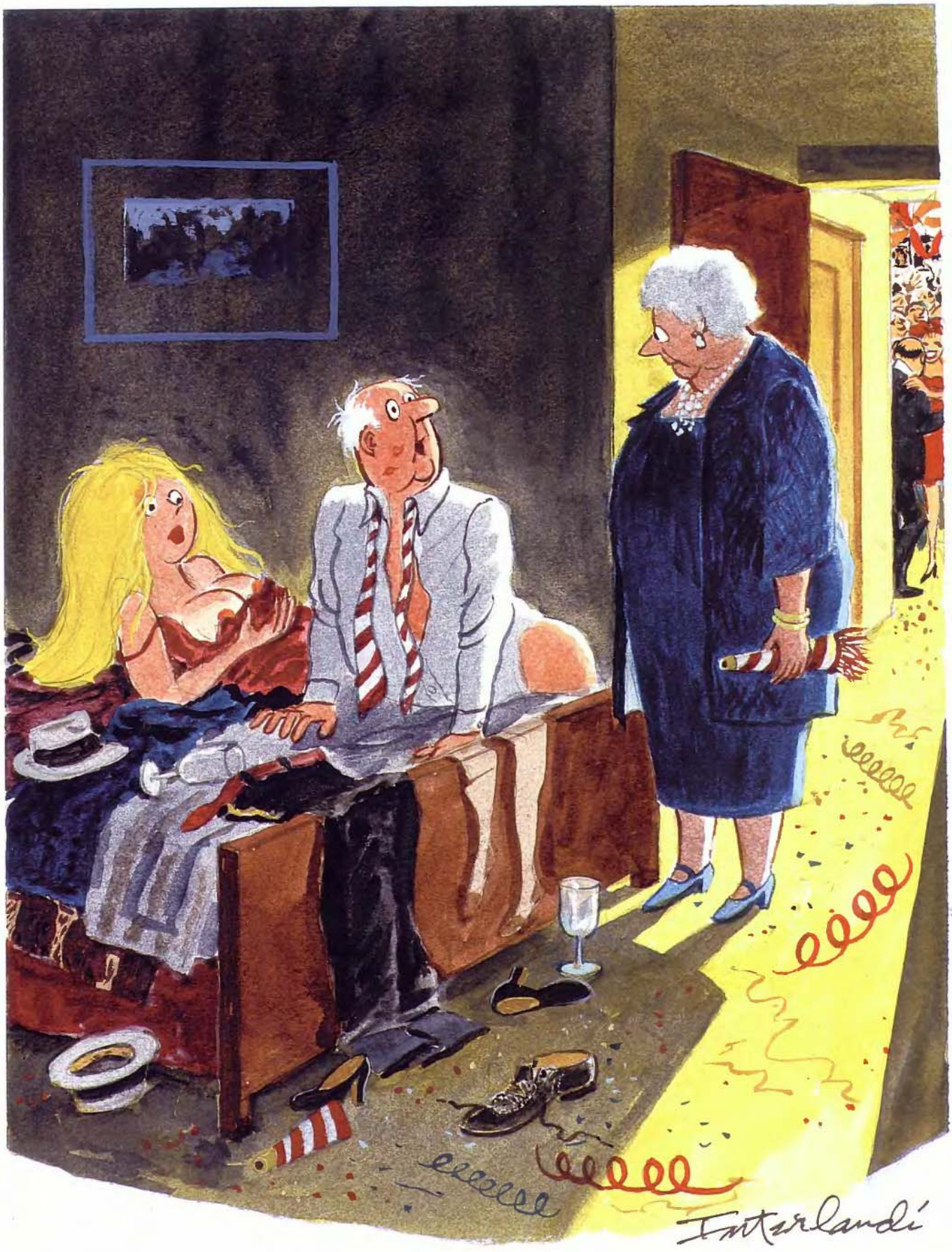
STARR-CROSSED LOVERS
We miss Bill, Monica, Elizabeth Gracen and Inspector Javert.

COLOR HER BLUE
Tongues wagged and cable fans thrilled when nudes of CNN news anchor Andrea Thompson surfaced in *Black and White* magazine. That was before she learned to do color commentary.

CRAZY LIKE A FOX
Despite confessing that sex with lesbian partner Ellen DeGeneres was her best ever, Anne Heche got pregnant and married cameraman Coley Laffoon.

BACKFIELD IN MOTION
Mighty cheeky of them: The *Sun*'s usually topless Page 3 Girls drop trou for charity at a British football match.

PARLIAMENT'S LOSS, OUR GAIN
Jordan, arguably Britain's reigning Page 3 Girl, ran for the House of Commons on a platform of free breast enlargements for all. Sadly, Jordan garnered a mere 713 votes, about enough to fill an A cup.



"Where have you been? I looked all over for you when my Viagra kicked in!"

CENTERFOLDS ON SEX

JULIE CIALINI MY EARLY SEXUAL HISTORY

I was a very sensual child. I would often play with myself because it felt good. I mean, I didn't know what I was doing—all I remember is that I liked the feeling. I was probably four or five years old. I used to do it in school and once I got caught. The teacher said, "Julie, what are you doing? Stop that!" I used to get a good feeling from it, but nothing like an orgasm. When you masturbate, you don't get the same orgasm you get when you're having sex with a man. Masturbation is a poor substitute for a man's penis or his touch. I remember my first orgasm. It was with my second boyfriend, who was three years older than I was and ended up being my husband. It was an accident. I was grinding my pelvis on his leg and it felt so good. It built and built and then I felt an explosion. I trembled afterward and just knew. The first guy I slept with was like, "Did you get one?" and I'm like, "Yeah, sure I did." But I sure didn't.

I LIKE TO FIND A MAN'S SECRET PLACES

Some men have really sensitive nipples. Very sensitive. It's amazing how they get erect when I start playing with their nipples, slightly biting on them, licking and biting them in just the right way. I also like to suck on them. Men appreciate that. I like to explore all of a man's body. When I'm engaging in foreplay, there shouldn't be any rules. Absolutely no rules in sex play. Otherwise it's not any fun.

DON'T UNDERESTIMATE A SMALL PENIS

I've had penises that were small and some that were very big. As long as they get the job done, that's what's important. Size doesn't really matter. It's definitely true that a man who is smaller tends to take care of a woman better. Because he knows he's not a certain size, he tries to please the woman more. My ex wore a size 14 shoe, so he was very big. It's weird when you've had someone so big and then go to someone who is small; you're like, Oh, my God. But the most important thing is just having a good time. Someone who loves you and adores you and would do anything for you, who has a good job, who's secure, who has something going on—that's what you should be looking for.

THE PROBLEM WITH 69

I like oral sex a lot. I can do it for a long time. Yeah, a long time. Actually, I like doing 69 for fun. But I prefer for a guy to do me, and then I do him. I've never found a comfortable position when doing 69, because I'm tall and a man has to fit the length of my body perfectly or it doesn't work.

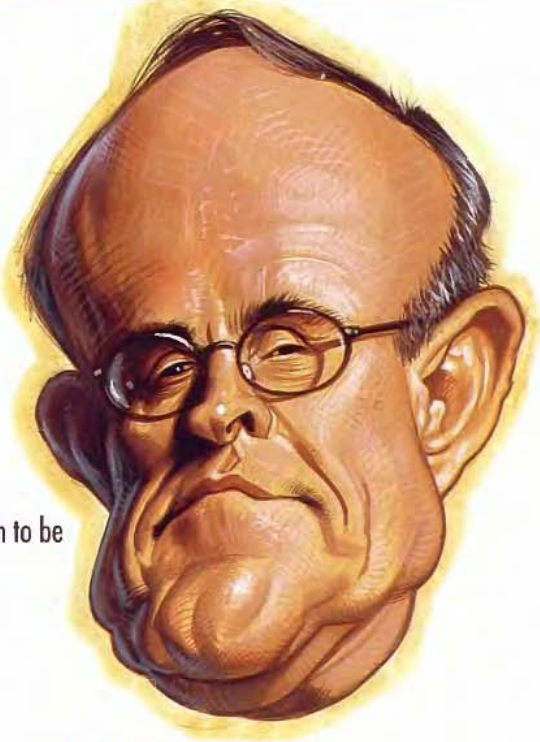
GET MORE INTIMATE WITH JULIE AT CYBER.PLAYBOY.COM.

That Was The Year That Was

the last 12 months coughed up fears, loathings and ironies. here are just a few

JOHN ASHCROFT

"We must give up some rights," John said,
"If we're to win this war."
We trust he knows it's rights like those
That we are fighting for.



RUDY GIULIANI

After years of pettiness, of
Tontrums, pique and whining,
Who knew that he'd come through to be
His city's silver lining?

THE ADMINISTRATION

Cheney, Rumsfeld, Powell—they're back, and
In a Mideast fight
Much like before. Thus we implore
Them: This time, end it right.

THE FBI

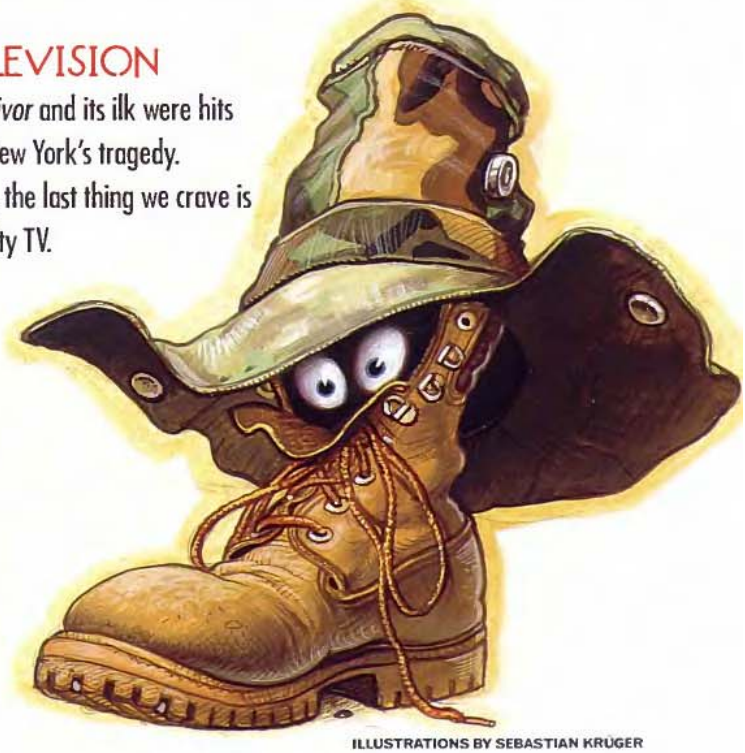
Traitors, lost files, terrorists—
It oll called for a shake-up
More drastic than the Bureou'd seen
Since Hoover changed his mokeup.

TERRORISM

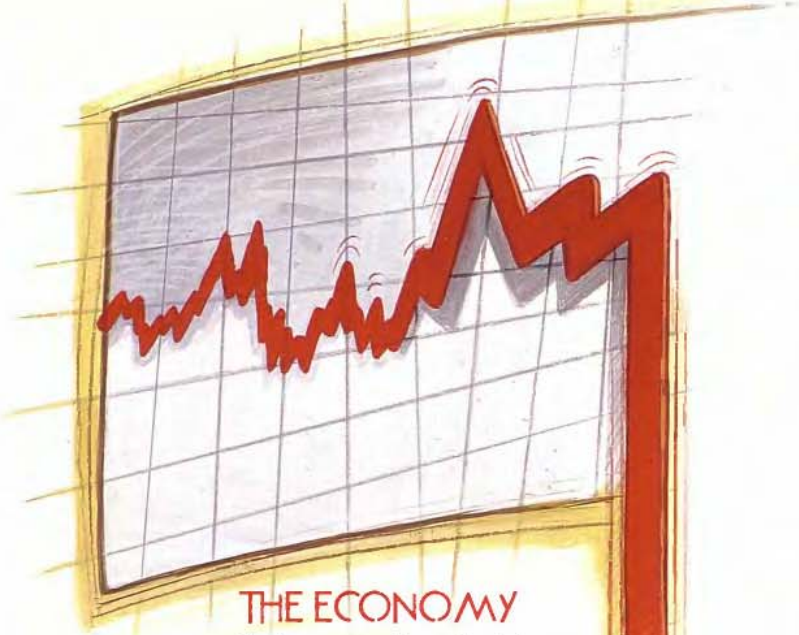
When hunting vicious animals
Who've fed on something rotten,
The rule, we learned, is tread with care—
Don't step in their Bin Laden.

TELEVISION

Survivor and its ilk were hits
Till New York's tragedy.
Now, the last thing we crave is
Reality TV.

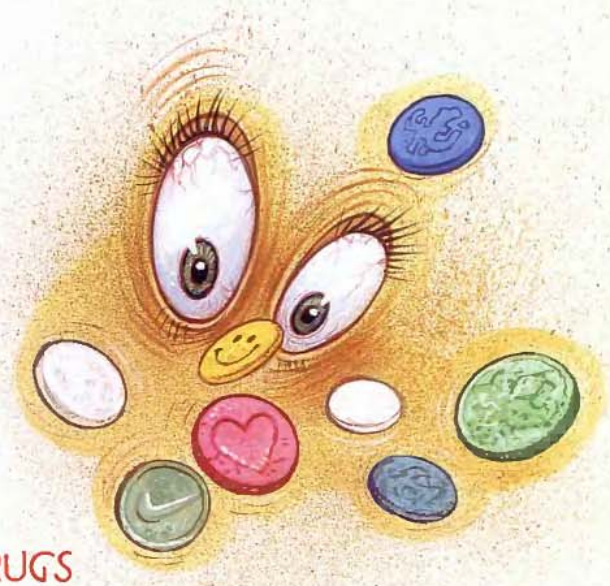


ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEBASTIAN KRÜGER



THE ECONOMY

Not long ago, when asked about
A downturn, pundits scoffed.
We'd ask them what they'd say today
But gee, they've been laid off.



DRUGS

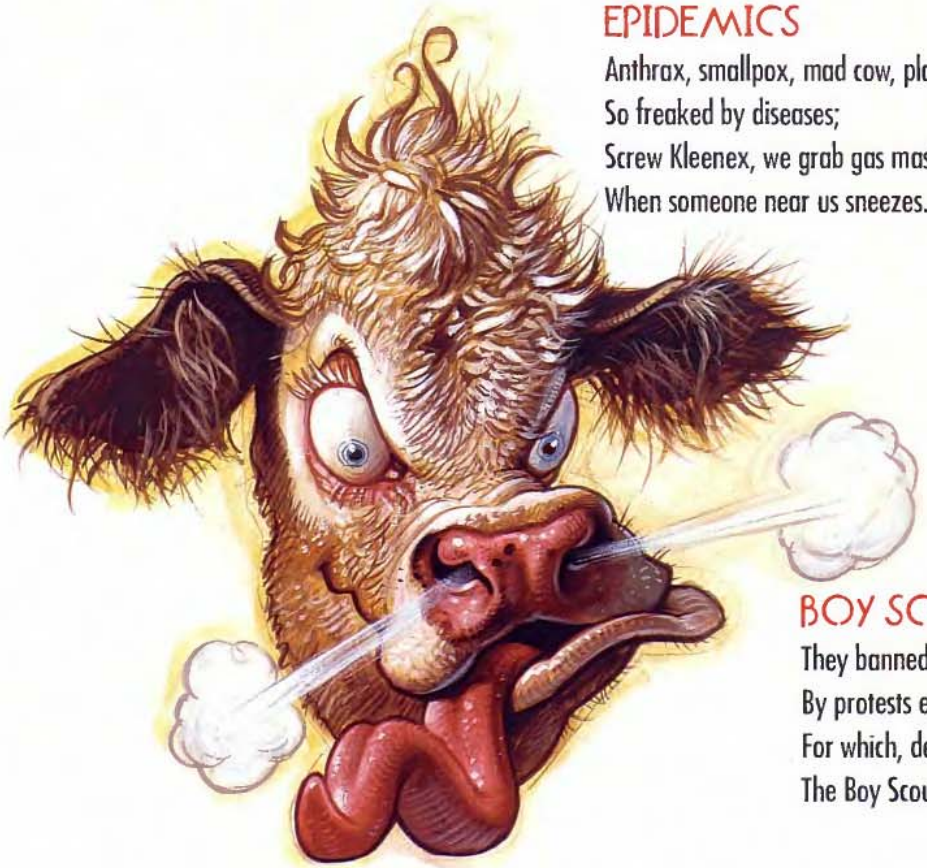
"Make ecstasy a felony,"
They said. "That should be dauntin'
To those abusing outlaw drugs.
Now, where's our OxyContin?"

THE HUMAN GENOME

"We've cracked the human genome; now
Of life we'll be the masters!"
Crowed science, which gave us A-bombs, smog
And similar disasters.

BARRY BONDS

Seventy-three home runs: a feat
You couldn't help admire
(Unless you were a pitcher or a
Guy named Mark McGwire).



EPIDEMICS

Anthrax, smallpox, mad cow, plague: We're
So freaked by diseases;
Screw Kleenex, we grab gas masks now
When someone near us sneezes.

BOY SCOUTS

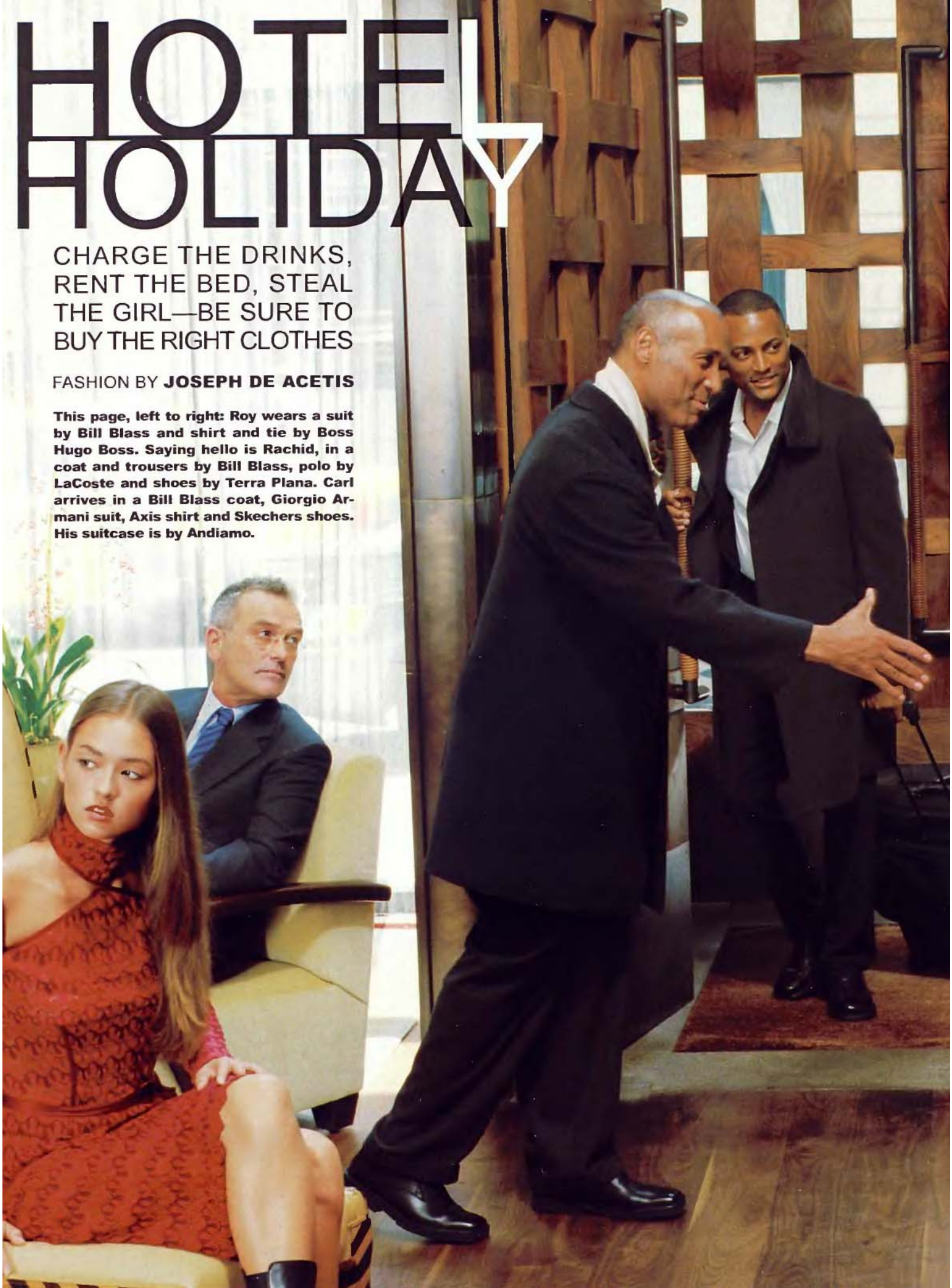
They banned all gays, then were amazed
By protests everywhere—
For which, despite their motto,
The Boy Scouts were not prepared.

HOTEL HOLIDAY

CHARGE THE DRINKS, RENT THE BED, STEAL THE GIRL—BE SURE TO BUY THE RIGHT CLOTHES

FASHION BY **JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

This page, left to right: Roy wears a suit by Bill Blass and shirt and tie by Boss Hugo Boss. Saying hello is Rachid, in a coat and trousers by Bill Blass, polo by LaCoste and shoes by Terra Plana. Carl arrives in a Bill Blass coat, Giorgio Armani suit, Axis shirt and Skechers shoes. His suitcase is by Andiamo.



Ah, the holidays. Who needs sleep? You can catch some z's after the Rose Bowl. This is the year-end finale, the time when you blow three months of savings in three days. You make the pilgrimage back home to impress family and friends, you put yourself up in a deluxe hotel and then you step out in clothes that make no bigger a splash than Rudolph pissing on the roof. When you head out to party, you need styles to make your exes swoon and your mom's friends jealous. Time to adopt a loose elegance. Bright ties pep up the muted hues of classic fabrics. Overcoats are shorter. Details distinguish chic—so sweat the small stuff, because there's one other tradition that livens up the holidays: single girls looking for love. That chicklette who just walked into the hotel bar? You could be her stocking stuffer.

This page, left to right: Adia makes her entrance in an outfit by Peter Som and boots by Stuart Weitzman. Shine shakes in a jacket, shirt and trousers by New Man, belt by Johnston and Murphy and shoes by Terra Plana. Sabina is in a Boss Hugo Boss suit and Diego Della Valle sandals. Her duffel is by Ghurka.

PRODUCED BY JOE DOLCE
PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANCESCA SORRENTI

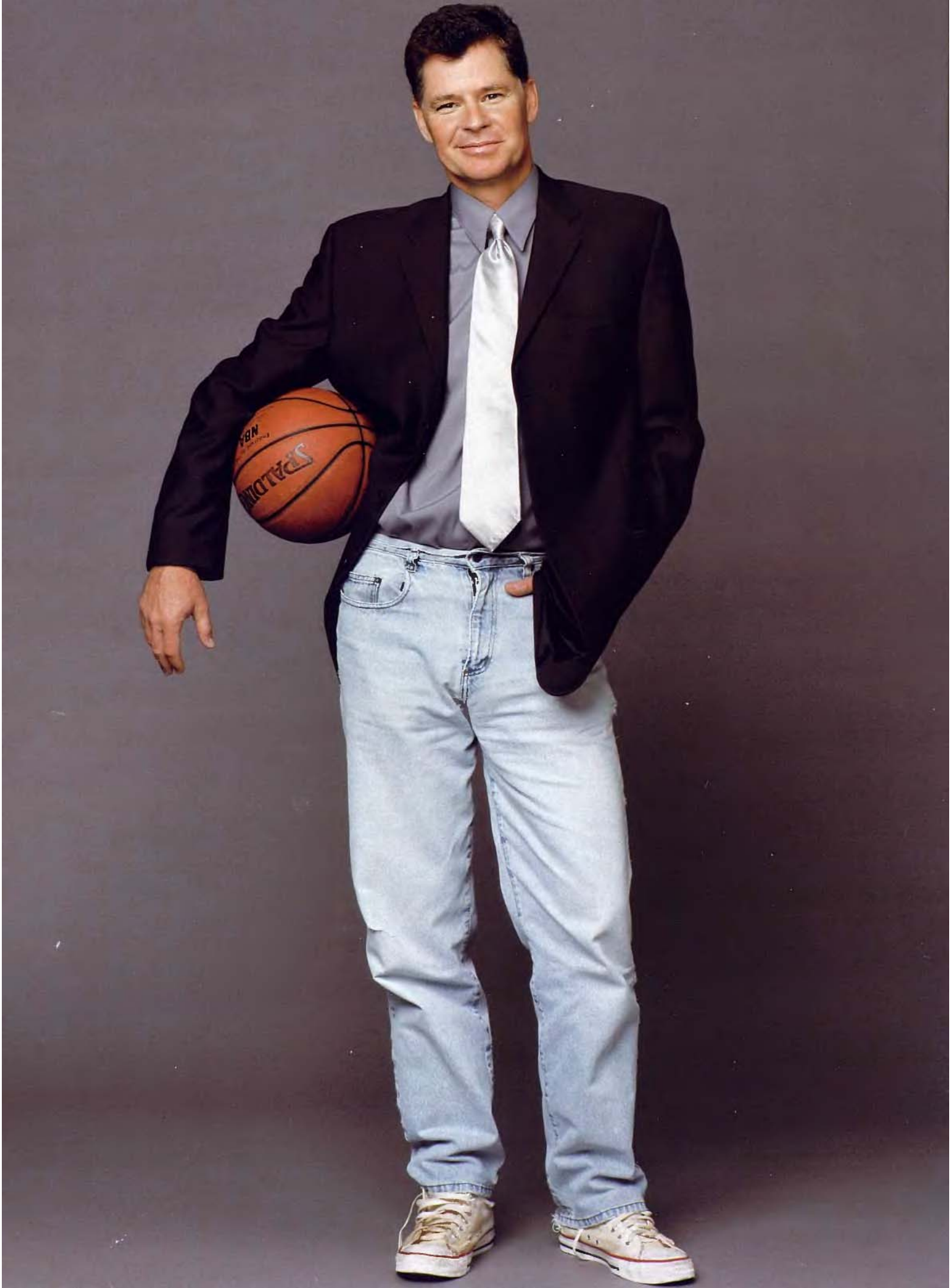
Left to right: Carl scans the lobby in a sweater, shirt and pants by Paul Stuart. His briefcase is by Giorgio Armani. Bonnie uses her Palm Pilot as an excuse to hang out and look for some talent. She wears a coatdress by Chanel. Roy, checking in, wears a tweed overcoat by John Varvatos and turtleneck by NY Based. His umbrella is by Ghurka. Gary is in a suit, shirt and tie by Baldessarini Hugo Boss and shoes by Cole-Haan. His valise is by Ghurka.

These days, even a swank gala isn't necessarily a penguin parade. It's about tuxedos with a twist. Left to right: Gary wears a wool tuxedo, silk vest and bow tie by Paul Stuart and shirt by Lorenzini. Bonnie is in a dress by Betsey Johnson and sandals by Manolo Blahnik. Nino wears a dinner jacket and wool trousers by Kiton, tuxedo shirt by Paul Stuart and watch by Omega.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHAMBERS HOTEL, NYC
Kabuki

Opposite page: She's looking to have a night-cap in a dress by Charles Chang Lima and shoes by Christian Louboutin. His tux shirt is by Lorenzini, tux pants by Axis, belt by Gianni Versace and watch by Skagen. This page: The amenities of this hotel are getting her wet. He's in pants by Ben Sherman and belt by Torino. His watch is by Piaget. Stowed on rear ledge are aftershave by Very Valentino and facial wash and moisturizer by Cerruti Image. Near are cologne by Cerruti Image and razor by Mach 3. (Her earrings are by Fred Leighton.)

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.


SPALDING

Dan Patrick

sports' desk jockey on felonies, strip clubs and why basketball players are the best athletes

Years ago I said, 'Twenty-four-hour sports? That can't work,'" Dan Patrick recalls. Patrick has watched the field grow through more than a decade as anchor of Sportscenter, through his five-and-a-half-year partnership with Keith Olbermann on The Big Show and through his weekday radio program, play-by-plays and interviews.

"We've kind of forced our way into Americana," he says. "There was this little group of people who watched and loved it and appreciated it, and then it just mushroomed."

Patrick dreamed jock dreams early. He was named an all-state basketball player as a high school senior in Ohio, and played baseball well enough to go to the Cincinnati Reds' tryout camp.

"I was kind of on the periphery of being a good athlete," he recalls.

After college he did a stint in radio in Dayton, then auditioned for a weekend television job in the city. When he didn't land the position, Patrick took a vacation to Atlanta—with a résumé tape in his luggage. CNN put him on the air. After five years with that network, he jumped to ESPN.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met Patrick at ESPN's Bristol, Connecticut headquarters. Kalbacker reports, "Patrick was putting in one of his marathon days: a three-hour radio show, followed by an evening of writing and broadcasting Sportscenter. He took breaks from his preparations to answer questions, and he followed up after Sportscenter with a wide-ranging conversation. When we got around to talking about his own baseball experience and he mentioned, 'I can throw all right, throw 82 miles an hour,' I noticed immediately he wasn't using past tense."

1

PLAYBOY: You've anchored *Sportscenter* for 13 years. Does the *fuego* still burn in the belly when you go on the air?

PATRICK: The fire is still there because the games change and the stars change. When Cal Ripken and Tony Gwynn leave the game, you wait for the next wave of players to grab the mantle. I like seeing this constant transition in sports. I like that infusion of youth because it means energy and enthusiasm and unpredictability. I was fortunate that at the age of 12 I knew what I wanted to do. I was cutting out pictures in *Sports Illustrated*—not the swimsuit edition. I cut them out before my dad could get home to read the magazine. I had to get those pictures up because they were fresh. He eventually got me my own subscription. I used to go to parties and I'd have the guys ask me sports trivia questions. You had to stump me to leave the party. I wouldn't let anybody leave. Women would just hate me. Finally my wife—who was my girlfriend at the time—would say, "Why don't you miss a question? Mary Beth really wants to go home."

2

PLAYBOY: Set the sports highlight—your trademark—in context. Has it changed our approach to sports? Have we been seduced by the big play at the expense of nuance?

PATRICK: The highlight has changed how we view and play sports, and we're partially to blame. We send the message that you have to be able to dunk. We highlight the obvious—the dunk, a home run, a touchdown—when there's so much more to the game. But chicks dig the long ball, TV digs the long ball, the commissioner digs the long ball. Mark McGwire is not a better all-around baseball player than Barry Bonds, but McGwire gets 20 times the media exposure that Bonds does. McGwire is a better-than-average first baseman, but all you know about him is home runs. People forget Michael Jordan was the greatest defender who ever played the game, aside from Bill Russell. He could rebound, but he parlayed the dunks into becoming Air Jordan, this one-person media conglomerate. We have identified that bite-size portion of a sport or a game and said, "This is what it's all about." We show three home runs, but maybe we missed three double plays that wiped out potential rallies.

3

PLAYBOY: Along with the highlights and scores, *Sportscenter* has reported murder indictments, alleged rapes and assaults and even a jury selection story. We thought it was your ambition to be a sportscaster, not to cover the police beat.

PATRICK: You can watch *Sportscenter* some nights and ask if anything good happened. You have to look harder to find your joy in sports. You have to sit through murders and drugs and firings. Well, if a guy's going to jail or somebody's dying, it is more important than a shutout by Greg Maddux or Roger Clemens. The stories—rape, steroid abuse, cocaine—have been there and people looked the other way. We tend to cordon off sports from the rest of the world and say, Hey, it's our playground. Now the playground is becoming a rap sheet. I listen to lawyers now, and try to pick up on what they're saying, because I'm going to have to use that through the course of the day.

4

PLAYBOY: As a conscientious reporter, have you investigated some of the venues where athletes tend to go astray?

PATRICK: Strip clubs would be a good place to start. I said to my wife, "After 15 minutes, what do you do there?" Some athletes can't enjoy life the way we enjoy it. It's got to be excessive—bigger, stronger, faster. It's got to feed the machine that they are. We can get a kick out of playing 18 holes at Pebble Beach. But they would need more than that—"Let's bet $1000 a hole." The lifestyle they lead is not normal to us. That's where you have to be careful. You're going *(continued on page 148)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK GUY

HORSING AROUND

A PRIMER ON PARI-MUTUEL BETTING

As a start, don't be intimidated by the jargon. The terminology of race betting and types of wagers turns out to be simple. Make a WIN bet and you cash in if your horse wins the race. You collect on a PLACE bet if your horse finishes first or second. A cautious and conservative bettor may prefer a SHOW wager, which brings a return if your horse finishes first, second or third. That payoff is usually the smallest of the three popular wagers, but chalk it up to the relationship between risk and reward.

Combination wagers can generate large payoffs. EXACTA or PERFECTA bets need the correct order of finish for the first two horses. If the six horse beats the two horse and you played a 6–2 Exacta, you're a winner. TRIFECTA bets add the third-place finisher, and SUPERFECTA bets, the third- and fourth-place finishers. Obviously, they're tougher to hit, but risk and reward work big time in the favor of the player.

Most racetracks also feature DAILY DOUBLE, PICK THREE, PICK FOUR or PICK SIX bets. Here the wagers are spread out over a series of different races, ranging from picking two back-to-back winners (Daily Double) to the Pick Six and even Pick Nine at some tracks.

GETTING STARTED

Respect the knowledge of horseplayers who spend hours deciphering reams of data on class, track conditions and other variables in an attempt to separate contenders from pretenders. The horses that garner the best figures are made favorites when they receive support at the betting windows.

Favorites win about one of every three races but finish in the money nearly two thirds of the time. Get started with small across-the-board (equal amounts to win, place and show) bets on the favorite. Or bet on the favorite to place, allowing for the fact that upsets happen more often than we think.

Take it one step further and use the favorite as the basis for an exacta bet. A "wheel" puts a horse in the exacta on top of all other starters (it can also be put in the second position underneath its rivals). If a long shot comes in with a solid winning favorite, you can get a sweet payoff.

STICK WITH THE LEADERS

Anyone who participates in fantasy sports leagues tries to draft the best players. That same approach can be used to advantage at the races. Focus on horses ridden by leading jockeys or saddled by top trainers. There are usually about 50 jockeys plying their trade on a regular basis at any track in the country, but customarily the top 10 riders at any locale win about 75 percent of the races. There are far more trainers running stables on the backstretch than jockeys available to ride, but the top 10 horsemen usually saddle more than 60 percent of the daily winners. Certain jockeys and trainers often work magically together. Many track programs offer daily updates on the most successful combinations, and some provide winning percentages that make that horse almost a must-play whenever it races.

A NAME AND NUMBERS GAME

Plain luck can pay off, too. Using the numbers in your age or street address in an exacta, trifecta or daily double bet is fun and easy. A 24-year-old fan can box his or her age in every exacta (i.e., 2–4,4–2). The world-record daily double payoff of $27,985.80 was won by a grandmother from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania on July 11, 1975 at Penn National Race Course. She bet the ages of her grandchildren for the only winning 3–12 combination. —FRED LIPKIN

The author's uncashed $2 ticket (left) from the day that Seattle Slew won the 1977 Belmont and racing's Triple Crown. You can wager nationwide at PlayboyRacingUSA.com.

"She felt a little guilty for not bringing anything to the party!"

Dan Patrick

(continued from page 145)

into a gray area where you ask for trouble. I don't like socializing with athletes. If you're with them, you're doing what they're doing, and what they're doing could be wrong. Or they can misconstrue that as being their buddy. Athletes want to talk about themselves. There's no give-and-take in the conversation. They're not curious about you. The athlete's motto is, "Nobody likes me like I like me."

5

PLAYBOY: Go ahead, replay a personal career highlight.

PATRICK: During the 1993 NBA Western Conference finals, the Phoenix Suns were playing against Seattle. Dan Majerle had just picked up some money off the floor because he was betting with a teammate. Then Majerle said to me, "Do you want a piece of me?" Six months earlier, we'd shot three-pointers before an exhibition game and he beat me and I'd said I wanted a rematch. I said, "I can't shoot now, I got dress shoes and a suit on." And he says, "Oh, you're afraid of me." Then Suns coach Paul Westphal told me if I wanted to shoot, he'd hold up practice. So I took off my sports coat, tucked my tie into my pants. I took five warm-up shots, and I beat him. The next night he hit eight threes against the Sonics and he said it was the worst and best two days of his life—to be embarrassed by a member of the media and then to go out and hit eight threes. He's still a great sport about it. He allowed me to do it, with all his teammates watching. I rooted for him when he hit those eight threes. That was a fun stroll down memory lane. You always think you have one bullet left. Majerle said it gave me more credibility because then players knew this guy could play a little bit. There was no money involved.

6

PLAYBOY: In the dark recesses of Dan Patrick's closet, would there be a store of team-logo wear?

PATRICK: I'm logo free. But I don't mind the advertising if it will pay for the ballpark. The fans should not be held up for ransom to pay for a ballpark. They don't have any control over when that may be taken away from them. The owners can just take it away. If owners claim they're losing money, show the books. I cannot buy into the fact that if an owner made billions in business, he loses millions in sports. And if you want me to pay for your stadium, I need some kind of security blanket that says you're not going to leave with your team in the middle of the night. Why do stadiums become antiquated after 20 years? Wrigley Field still looks pretty good to me.

7

PLAYBOY: Ticket prices at sports venues have increased. Do you foresee a time when owners will build and the fans won't come?

PATRICK: One day the golden goose dies. I don't know if it's going to happen anytime soon. People keep paying. I love minor league baseball because I know I'll get my money's worth as far as the level of play. They will try hard even though 90 percent of them aren't going to the majors. I guess the only way you can make your voice heard is by not going. Watch it on TV. It's unfortunate to say that because there's no greater feeling than going to a ballpark or stadium and enjoying and celebrating with everyone else. But we're taking that away from a lot of people. It's big business that goes. At the old Chicago Stadium you had a great crowd because it wasn't corporate. They were fans. There's a big difference between corporate and regular fans, maybe not in understanding, but in appreciating and watching and celebrating the game.

8

PLAYBOY: Define "Balls to the wall."

PATRICK: Not leaving anything on the field. It's just all-out, full frontal. Balls to the wall may be a Nascar term. It embodies what Nascar is all about. It's huge and their fans are loyal. Hockey fans are extremely loyal. If hockey players drove cars, they would be Nascar drivers. Nascar fans will pick up and go root for their driver. They will wear what that driver wears, drink what that driver drinks, eat whatever he's endorsing. They're rabid and they don't care if you understand or like their sport. It's even better if you don't. You look at these drivers and ask if they're athletes. They are—to handle those cars, to be able to drive with broken arms, broken legs, banged up. It doesn't matter to them. There's that mentality. But I even said to Dale Earnhardt, "Drive 500 miles with kids in the backseat screaming 'I want a Happy Meal' and I'll show you an athlete." There is a certain fascination about what Nascar drivers do, down to something as minuscule as how they go to the bathroom in those suits after 500 miles. Answer: They go in their suits. And imagine if you hold a grudge against somebody, which some of them do. They have a weapon in their hands traveling at 100-plus miles per hour. So it's fascinating. Do I understand it? No.

9

PLAYBOY: Does America still have problems with outspoken athletes?

PATRICK: It's usually black athletes portrayed by white media. In some cases, it's the white media that are out of touch. Charles Barkley told me that white America is afraid of black athletes. They do things we can't do. They talk a certain way and dress a certain way. I asked NBA Commissioner David Stern if he asked his kids or his staff about what players are saying or wearing. He told me he needs to do that so he doesn't take something out of context. He doesn't understand everything. This expression by African American athletes is a sense of achievement. There are certain athletes who speak for their people or upbringing or their rights. We look at them and sometimes we want them to change. That's how I originally felt about Allen Iverson. You look at him with the cornrows and tattoos and you're trying to understand him and there's part of you that says, conform to us. And then I realized I was making a mistake. I needed to conform to him more than asking him to understand us or be like us. I feel strongly about that. I don't agree with everything he does or says or how he looks, but I certainly understand it—or try to.

10

PLAYBOY: Care to debunk the term role model?

PATRICK: If you are selling a product to my children, you're a role model, whether you want to be or not. The key is that we let them. Kids are always around Dad, but they don't see Ken Griffey Jr. or Cal Ripken on bad days. Athletes are unfairly criticized because we place this added burden on them. Does somebody tell Bruce Springsteen or Madonna to be a role model? We celebrate the fact that some entertainers aren't role models. Imagine if Babe Ruth played now. The media would just chew him up. The political correctness police would be all over Babe Ruth.

11

PLAYBOY: Once and for all, who are the best all-around athletes?

PATRICK: Basketball players are the best athletes because they incorporate everything that athletes do in most other sports: running, jumping, hand-eye coordination, strength, endurance. And they're larger guys. Hakeem Olajuwon was a soccer goalie, and he's a center in the NBA. Imagine if Karl Malone wanted to play defensive tackle in the NFL. I know people say that

(continued on page 174)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

THERE ARE difficult decisions and there are really difficult decisions, and this one falls into the latter category. Only one of the 12 beautiful women on these pages will win Playmate of the Year 2002, and we want to know who you think deserves the crown. It's going to be a close one, but who do you think will skin ahead of the competition? The former pool shark? The Golden Globes party crasher? The Sin City model? The Russian immigrant? The Canadian? The Perfect Woman? The DVS singer? The *Baywatch* beauty? Even though choosing one Playmate will be a challenge, we've made the process easier than ever this year with our online capability.

Indicate your choice for Playmate of the Year at Playboy.com.

Miss May

CRISTA NICOLE

Crista has a new boyfriend and is settling into their new home in Las Vegas as she continues modeling. "I want to model for another five or six years and take psychology classes on the side," she says. "I've done catalog work, promotions for company conventions and a lot of traveling to the East Coast for PLAYBOY." So what country is she eager to pose in? "I was modeling Playboy's new line of shoes in Vegas and would love to go to Germany or Italy to promote them," she says. "My ancestors on my dad's side are from Germany, so I'm dying to go."

Miss January

IRINA VORONINA

Since becoming a Playmate and posing as a Hard Rock girl on the April cover of PLAYBOY, this tall glass of vodka has immigrated to America. "I'm on a work visa, but I still visit my family in Russia," she says. "I love the U.S. and its people." Irina walks the catwalk and does print modeling in Los Angeles and New York while continuing her work for PLAYBOY. "Moving to LA and absorbing the culture has helped my English improve," she says with her adorable Natasha Nogoodnik accent. "I get lots of fan mail and write back to everyone."

Miss September

DALENE KURTIS

Dalene has a Doris Day–like freshness that makes her picture perfect. "I just modeled for the cover of a romance novel," she says, which makes perfect sense to us. When she's not taking acting classes or modeling, Dalene keeps busy working on her new website and promoting PLAYBOY. "I signed 300 magazines in my hometown of Bakersfield, California," she says. "I enjoy being a Playmate and it means a lot when fans write to me. I appreciate that guys take time out of their day to contact me, so I love replying to them all."

Miss June

HEATHER SPYTEK

Heather recently celebrated her one-year wedding anniversary with a cruise to Mexico and the Caribbean. Now she's fixing up her new home with her husband, Marcello, in Hollywood, Florida. "I keep pretty busy," she says. "I'm a college sophomore and studying to be a child psychologist. PLAYBOY has been an exciting experience." After crashing the Golden Globes show two years ago and accompanying Hef's posse last year, will Heather try for a Globes hat trick? "We'll see," she says, giggling. "I should keep up the tradition!"

Miss August

JENNIFER WALCOTT

After working behind the scenes in film craft services, Jennifer is getting exposure on the more dynamic side of the camera. She was one of the glamour girls in the Stereophonics' trippy video *Have a Nice Day* and has been answering a lot of casting calls. "I flew my family to Los Angeles for a vacation and to show them my new life," she says. "I'm trying to make the most of my PLAYBOY experience and, after that, I want to go back to school. I want to dig deeper and experience things that I normally wouldn't think of."

Miss November

LINDSEY VUOLO

Lindsey is currently a sophomore studying business. She likes to chat up her 65 sorority sisters about all things PLAYBOY. "They're like inquisitive kids and ask a million questions," she says. The 20-year-old mixes a mean cocktail at a popular college bar to help pay for her education. "Guys will ask my boss why a Playmate works at his bar. He laughs and says, 'She's still a human being, still has to work, still goes to the bathroom.' My ultimate goal is to get my degree, but I'll still model and act part-time when the opportunity arises."

Miss October

STEPHANIE HEINRICH

Stephanie is still living large at the Mansion with her pooch Beemer and two new additions to the family: a golden retriever named Harley and a chihuahua called Cheech. She appeared in a Ja Rule video and was a celebrity guest on the dating show *Rendez-View*. Stephanie's also thinking about going back to college. "I really want to be a news reporter," she says. "My job would be different every day and I'd get to go behind the scenes." Did she manage to save any Playmate money for tuition? "Absolutely. I haven't spent a dime of it," she says.

Miss July

KIMBERLEY STANFIELD

Although she visits her family in Vancouver every few weeks, Kimberley plans on staying in LA for a while. "I have my own little house and a convertible," she says. "I wanted to get established on my own, so I've been trying out for movies and commercials, and I've done magazine shoots and calendars." The 20-year-old asserted her independence by celebrating her first Fourth of July at the Mansion and in some of our holiday traditions. "There were fireworks and a barbecue," she says. "We partied all night."

Miss February

LAUREN MICHELLE HILL

Lauren, who was discovered by PLAYBOY at a swimsuit competition in St. Croix, now lives in LA "I'm still interested in journalism, and I'll probably enroll in school here," she says. "I've been going on auditions and doing a lot of traveling." Lauren's plane was grounded during one trip when the terrorist attacks struck New York. "I rented a small motor home with Playmate Daphne Duplaix and her family, and the eight of us drove from Chicago to LA," she says. "It took two days, so I got to see parts of the country I'd never visited before."

Miss April

KATIE LOHMANN

You can't miss Katie, who has completed a wide range of projects this year. She appeared in *S Club 7 in Hollywood*, *The Man Show* and a slew of print campaigns and calendars. "I was also cast as the Perfect Woman for a documentary about the human face on the Learning Channel," she says. "I was flattered." Katie cherishes fan feedback and got quite a reaction to her pictorial from one friend, singer Michael Bolton. "His face had the look of a boy opening his first PLAYBOY," she says. "It was so cute."

Miss March

MIRIAM GONZALEZ

Miriam relocated to Los Angeles after visiting the Getty Museum. "I was admiring the oil paintings and went out on a balcony and saw snow-capped mountains on the left and the ocean on the right," she says. "I thought, Where else can you get all this?" Miriam has been taking acting classes and got fast and furious with PLAYBOY promotional work at the Daytona 500 and Winston Top 500. "When I feel down, I pull out my fan mail," she says. "I feel blessed there are people out there who care. I write a note to everyone who writes to me."

Miss December

SHANNA MOAKLER

Shanna has acquired an obsession with yoga. "I felt so traumatized by my Playmate interview that I needed spiritual guidance," she jokes. Shanna has been house hunting for a place she can share with her daughter, auditioning for "a couple of big projects," and looking for a record label for her girl group, DVS. She's still dating Dennis Quaid and is hoping her pending $62.5 million palimony suit against former boyfriend Oscar De La Hoya settles out of court. "I just want us all to move on with our lives," she says.

AIDING & ABETTING *(continued from page 120)*

"He's having a serious crisis. The antidepressant his doctor prescribed isn't working out."

she calls the four of them. Every evening for Holly means a serious, not elaborate but conscientious, dinner—seafood, omelettes, fresh vegetables, whole-grain rice, thick spiced soups—her reward, she says, for a day of purely mental work performed for the benefit of strangers. But dinner will be delayed on those evenings when the calls come. The children will become hungry, impatient; Steven will have a second drink. When finally they sit down to eat, he'll see his pretty wife's melancholy eyes, the downward cast of her smile, and feel rage in his heart for the person responsible.

By his watch, nearly 30 minutes have gone by.

As Steven enters the kitchen, Holly is just hanging up the phone. He sees her wiping guiltily at her eyes. "Honey, was that your brother? Again?" Steven tries to keep the exasperation out of his voice: In the little family Daddy is wise, compassionate, mature beyond his 37 years, inclined to settle disputes with a laugh, a well-aimed kiss. Holly is the emotional parent, quick to laughter, tears, effervescence, worry. She says, taking up a spatula and stir-frying vegetables in a large wok, "Don't ask, Steven. Please."

"Of course I'm going to ask. Owen just called, didn't he, last Thursday?"

"Well, he's having a serious crisis. The antidepressant his doctor prescribed isn't working out. He'll have to switch to another drug, and he's anxious, insomniac——" Holly frowns at the vegetables, avoiding Steven's eyes. "He's all right, I think. There's no talk of—you know. He's just lonely. He says he has no one to talk with except——" Holly's voice wavers. She doesn't want to say *no one but me*.

"But why does he have to call at this time? He knows it's a difficult time, with dinner, the kids——" Steven is trying to speak reasonably. Holly stands silent, and he realizes his brother-in-law has probably been calling her at other times, too; possibly he calls her at work. But Steven isn't supposed to know this.

Holly says apologetically, "Honey, I've tried to explain, but Owen says, 'I don't know the time. It's a luxury to be conscious of clock time.'"

"What's that supposed to mean, that gnomic remark?"

"He can't sleep at night. Sometimes he sleeps during the day, so it's 'night for day' for him, he says. He calls when he gets too lonely and can't stand another moment of himself. He isn't like us."

"Can't you explain that you're busy? You're tired, exhausted? You want to spend some time with your family?"

"But I'm his family, Owen would say. His only family." Holly speaks sharply, despairingly. The spatula slips from her fingers, falls clattering to the floor. Steven picks it up. "He says he's haunted by our mother, hears her voice with some of the drugs he takes. I wish you could be more sympathetic, Steven."

"Honey, I am. I try. But it's been years. He's 29 years old and seems incapable of growing up. He has no self-respect, no shame, he's never paid us back that $1500 he borrowed for the down payment on——"

"Steven, you can't be throwing that back on him, on me. Not now, when you're doing so well, we're doing so well. When we have everything and Owen has so little."

"I do feel sympathy for him, honey." Steven tries to stroke Holly's hair, but like an offended cat, she eases away. "I feel very sorry for him. But I feel sorry for you, too. He's eating you up alive."

"What an ugly thing to say," Holly says, shocked. For a moment the lurid image hovers before them in their comfortable suburban kitchen: an enormous moth devouring Holly, the rail-thin tawny-eyed younger brother she has always adored and protected and who plays an impassioned role of adoring her. She says, tears in her eyes, "You just don't understand, Steven, how desperate Owen is. He has tried so hard with his art. He has tried to make lasting friends, he's tried to fall in love. Don't smile—he has! He's tried to be, well, normal. But ordinary life is like a maze for some people. It's biochemical—he's inherited it from our mother's side of the family. He was telling me just now he's terrified of the future. He feels as if he were born with a hole in him—in the region of his heart—that he's tried to fill, it's his duty to fill, and nothing will fill it."

"Nothing will fill it." It's a statement of Steven's, not a question. Nothing will fill the hole in his brother-in-law's leaky heart.

Even if Owen devoured Holly, and Steven, and their children—nothing would fill it.

But Steven doesn't say this; it's an insight that he will keep to himself. The last thing he wants tonight is to upset Holly further and ruin their family evening. Unlike his predator brother-in-law, he wants Holly to be as happy as she deserves.

Now Caitlin comes bounding into the kitchen, eager to help Mommy, and Daddy has to deflect her with a task, setting the table. It's a game, but for Caitlin a risky one, for if she gets so much as a single fork in the wrong position, she'll be crushed with a childish mortification that touches Daddy's heart. No one wants so desperately to be perfect as a four-year-old girl.

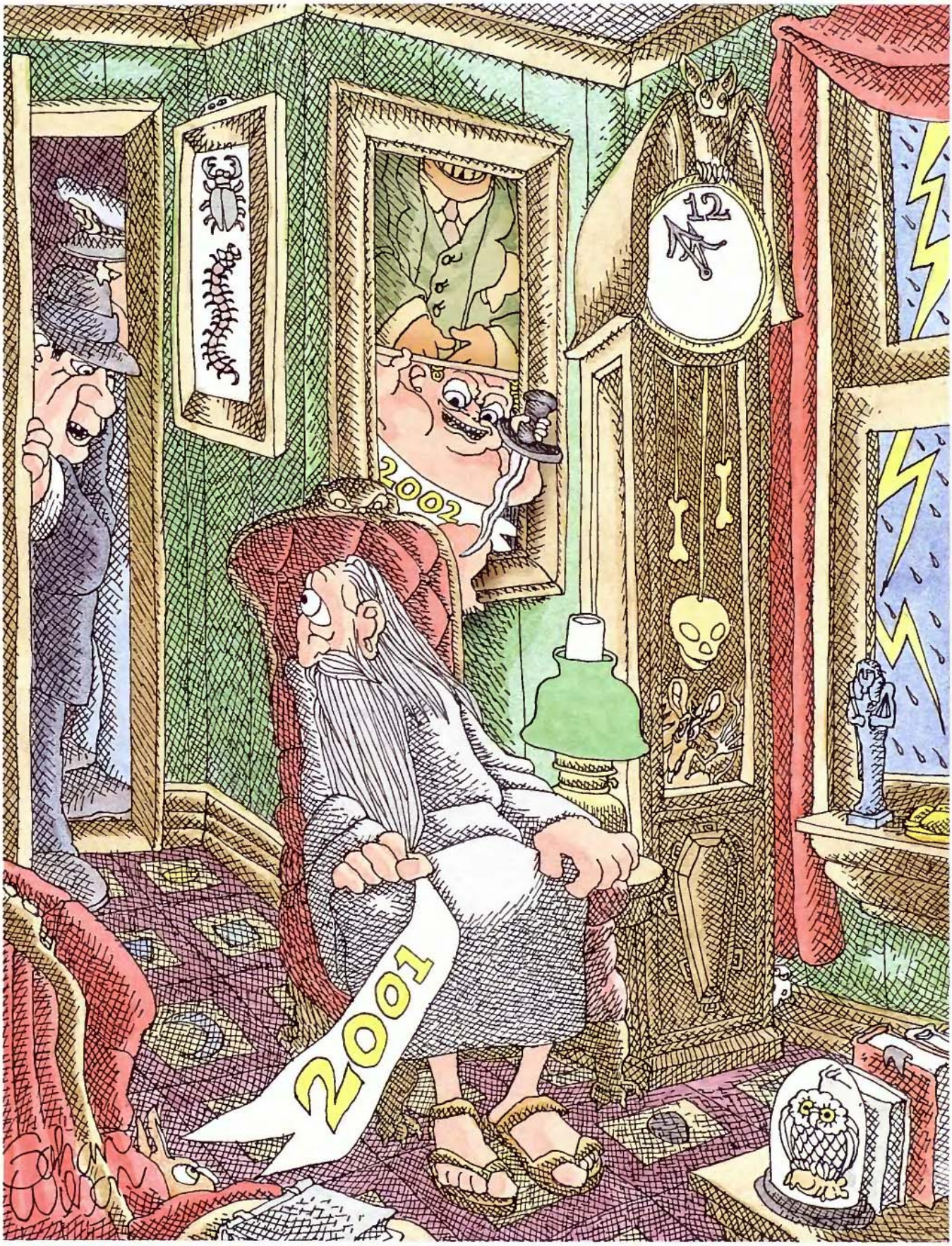
Brandon too enters the kitchen, simulating casualness but glancing worriedly at his parents. "What are you guys fighting about?" It's a joke, Brandon is teasing, but underneath his teasing he's earnest, anxious to know, so Mommy and Daddy protest in a single voice: "Fighting? *Nobody's fighting.*"

•

Those evenings when Owen telephones are the only evenings when Steven and Holly, who have been married 12 years, come dangerously close to disliking each other.

Owen, all that remains of Holly's original family. The family that predates the little family.

Owen, Holly's younger brother by two years. As a child Owen was so much Holly's responsibility—in a household in which both parents were alcoholics—that he came to take for granted his sister's uncritical love, her indulgence, generosity, forgiveness. And blindness to his faults. He has grown into a sneakily attractive young-aging man with lavishly blond-streaked hair trimmed up the sides, with a small pigtail at the nape of his neck. Though he's a clerk at the Green Earth Co-Op and complains of having no money, he wears black silk shirts that hug his narrow torso, stonewashed designer jeans, ostrich-hide boots. ("Gifts from friends," Owen explains with a droll smile. "Parting gifts.") He's shy and cheeky; he's self-loathing and self-absorbed. In profile he's strikingly handsome; seen head-on, he has a pinched, narrow fox face with small features, a pouty mouth that breaks into a smile as if on cue. Owen's laughter is wild and extravagant. (Brandon has begun to imitate this laughter, unconsciously.) Owen's tears spill easily. His teeth are small and faintly discolored, the hue of weak tea. He's frightened of blood and nearly collapsed once when Brandon, tumbling from his tricycle in the driveway, had a nosebleed. In the final month of Holly's pregnancy with Caitlin, when Holly was grotesquely, comically swollen, like a boa constrictor who'd swallowed a hog, Owen was hardly able to



"Don't worry, sir—we've got all possible entrances covered!"

look at his sister without flinching. "Owen, please understand: Pregnancy isn't a medical pathology," Holly tried to tease him. When Caitlin was born, he sent flowers but avoided seeing Holly for weeks, on the pretext of illness; in fact, as he confided in Steven, as if man-to-man, he dreaded seeing his sister nursing the infant. "It's so atavistic. Primal. It must *hurt*. Ugh!"

Steven has to concede that he'd been charmed by Owen until a few years ago. In his early 20s Owen had been a serious artist, a figurative painter. That he lived on scholarships, fellowships, art colony grants and occasional loans from his sister made sense at the time. Owen was young, Owen was "very promising." If, in time, he came to rely upon these loans—of course, they were gifts—from Holly and her husband, this too made sense (and he gave them paintings—not always his best paintings, perhaps). He seemed bisexual, not exclusively gay—at least, he played at being attracted to the girls Holly introduced him to. If sometimes he stared long and longingly at Steven, Steven took care not to notice.

Once in their kitchen he overheard Owen say to Holly, "I love Steve. I love him as much as a real brother. Thank you for bringing Steve into my life."

Steven was suffused with warmth, tenderness, though later he would wonder if Owen, who calculated so much, had calculated these words' being overheard.

Though he drives a new-model Toyota (another parting gift from a friend?), Owen lives in a dismal rented apartment. He has a "servile, fawning" job he detests and will probably not keep long. His life appears to be cruising bars, sudden intense friendships, abrupt "misunderstandings," dismissals. He's been in and out of AA, rehab clinics (at Holly and Steven's expense). Artist friends have long since vanished. An MFA program at Temple University in Philadelphia "didn't work out." Owen lives amid a phantasmagoria of gay acquaintances, friends, lovers: Gary, Oliver, Mark, Kevin. If Steven remembers the name of Owen's new friend, by the time they speak again and he asks, "How's Kevin?" he's likely to meet with a stony silence from Owen, or a blithe, "How should I know, Steve? Ask him."

Yet Owen can be warm, caring. Steven tries to remember this. When Brandon was small Owen played with him for hours, filling in coloring books of his own invention with fantastical acrylic colors. For her third birthday, he gave Caitlin a handmade painted book, *Frog and Beans*, now one of Caitlin's prized possessions. ("Owen should have been a children's-book illustrator," Steven said. "He has a real talent for this." Holly said, offended, "Don't you dare ever tell him that. He'd be *wounded*.")

What Steven fears in Owen is that he has the power of weakness, the power to set Steven and Holly against each other, the power to erode the little family from within. Only recently has Holly confessed to Steven that when she was a child in Rutherford, New Jersey, Owen set small fires in their neighborhood and at school. When he was 16, he and another boy parked in the boy's car, ran a hose from the exhaust into the car and drank themselves unconscious, expecting to die of carbon monoxide poisoning. But they were found in time. And there had been other suicide attempts over the years. "Owen suffered from terrible nightmares as a child," Holly says. "He's never been secure. Our mother was sick so much, and sometimes deranged." Steven listens quietly, not about to say, *Yes, but you aren't suicidal. Why's that?* "Our father died when Owen was eight." *Your father died when you were ten. Why not see it from your perspective for once?* "'Small mother with claws,' Owen calls her."

"Who?"

"I've been telling you. Our mother."

"I think the phrase is Kafka's. 'Small mother with claws.'"

Holly frowns, annoyed with Steven. "I guess we shouldn't discuss Owen. It brings out something petty in you."

Steven says, stung, "Holly, what's petty to you is crucial to me. I hate it that you aid and abet your brother's weaknesses. He gets sympathy from you for being so pathetic. If you'd encourage him to be strong, independent, to have some masculine pride——"

Holly bursts into incredulous laughter. "Steven, listen to you. Masculine pride. I can't believe this. You sound like

"You're right. I should feed them first."

a parody. Owen is prone to illness, he is weak compared with you. If that makes him less of a man, that's a pity."

Steven says, trying to keep his voice even, "Remember a few years ago, that Christmas we were snowed in, and Owen helped me shovel the driveway? He wasn't weak then. He surprised us all." It was true: Steven and Brandon had bundled up to shovel after a two-foot snowfall in northern New Jersey, and, after a while, as if reluctantly, Owen had joined them. He shoveled awkwardly at first, then got into the rhythm, cheeks flushed and nose running, joking with Steven and Brandon, quite enjoying himself. Steven had felt an unexpected bond between Owen and himself as the men shoveled the 50-foot driveway, talking frankly of life, ideals, politics, family. He'd felt he had established a new, significant rapport with his brother-in-law, a kind that had made no reference to Holly. *I like him. And he likes me. That's it!*

But the rapport didn't last. What was genuine enough in the buoyant cold of a bright, dazzling-white winter day soon dissolved, and not long afterward there was Owen calling Holly to complain of his depression, his insomnia, his "faithless" friends—yes, and he needed money.

Holly says, annoyed, "Oh yes, the snow-shoveling. Fine. But my brother is a little more complicated than that, I hope."

Steven accepts this in silence. He has brought it on himself, he knows. It's pointless to argue with Holly about Owen: She loves him in a way impenetrable by Steven, in a way that preexisted even her love for Brandon and Caitlin. You can call the love morbid, or admirable, a symptom of childhood pathology, or an expression of adult loyalty. But there it is.

Relenting, as if she were reading Steven's thoughts, Holly says gently, "You have to understand, honey: Owen and I were Hansel and Gretel together. Once upon a time."

This is meant to dispel tension, as a joke. Steven laughs, and Holly laughs. But is it funny? Steven wonders. It seems to him dangerous, treacherous. To perceive your childhood as mythical, out of a Grimms' fairy tale.

•

One evening, when Holly is at the mall with the children, Steven has what will be his final conversation with Owen.

The phone rings, he answers, and there's his brother-in-law's reedy, drawling voice: "Is Holly there? Can I speak with her?"

"Holly isn't here, Owen," Steven says, more amused than annoyed that Owen hasn't bothered to identify himself, or to waste breath on a greeting to Steven. "What did you want with her?"

"I—I don't want anything. Just to talk to my sister." Owen's voice is flat, disappointed.

"Talk to me."

Steven has been watching CNN and now he lowers the sound. He's in sweatshirt and jeans, drinking beer out of a can. Feeling good. Feeling generous. A productive day in his office in New York City and a warm, cozy family evening coming up. He's possibly wondering if, with Holly out of it, he and Owen can reestablish their old rapport, speak frankly and from the heart. But Owen sounds as if he's been drinking, or is drugged. He's vague, not very coherent, lapsing with no preamble into a monolog of complaints—his disappointing job, his botched life, migraine headaches, insomnia, night sweats, fever "and this new symptom, like an elliptic fit that doesn't quite happen, a really weird sensation like a phantom pain in a missing limb—an amputee? Like that."

Steven guesses that Owen has meant to say "epileptic." Steven is distracted by jarringly close-up newsreel footage taken in the Gaza Strip, where several rock-throwing Palestinian boys have been shot by Israeli border guards. He raises the TV volume slightly, not loud enough, he hopes, for Owen to detect. Politely he asks Owen to repeat what he has said, which Owen does, at length. His voice drones on, a litany of physical maladies, psychological woe, despicable

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"malpractice-worthy" behavior on the part of a formerly trusted doctor. In his self-concern, Owen has forgotten that he's speaking not to Holly but to Steven: He's alluding to *Back in Rutherford, back there, remember when, dreamt about last night, Oh Jesus.* The Gaza Strip footage breaks off and an antic SUV ad comes on. Steven laughs.

There's shocked silence. Then Owen says, in a small, hurt voice, "I'm sorry if I'm amusing you, Steve."

Steven will recall how easily he spoke, with no premeditation: "Owen, why be sorry to be amusing? I'd say, from you, that's a good thing."

Owen is silent for so long, Steven thinks he must have laid down the receiver. Steven has switched to network news—there's an exposé of deplorable conditions in the New Orleans Parish Prison, which detained Asian immigrants for the federal Immigration and Naturalization Service, interviews with visibly scarred, injured men, protestations and denials from prison authorities. Steven listens, appalled, as Owen resumes his monolog of complaints with renewed fervor, how hurt he's been, how depressed, the past six months have been hell, his 30th birthday is imminent, his rejected paintings that are "every bit as strong" as Lucian Freud's nudes or Philip Pearlstein's overrated nudes, friends letting him down, and the world so vicious—sometimes he wonders whether it's worth it to keep going. Steven, listening to the testimony of a hospitalized detainee who'd been beaten nearly to death in prison, says vaguely, "I suppose so, Owen." Owen says, "What?" Steven says, "Or—maybe it isn't. It's your call." Again, there's shocked silence.

Then Owen says quietly, "You're saying, Steve, I should—give up?"

"From your perspective? Maybe."

There. Steven has said it.

Breathlessly, almost eagerly, Owen says, "You think——? In my place——? You'd——?"

"Owen, yes. Frankly, I would."

Steven switches back to CNN. The president is stepping out of *Air Force One* somewhere in Europe. Steven's heart is beating quickly, as after an invigorating sprint. But he's frightened, too, uttering words he has only fantasized. *Die, why don't you, you pathetic loser. Put yourself out of your misery. Give us a break.*

Of course, in the next moment, Steven regrets what he's said. He's been blunt, cruel. Owen must be crushed. Quickly, he says, lowering the television volume, "Owen? Maybe not. No. I'm sorry I said that."

He can hear Owen's humid breathing. Then Owen says, in a strange, elated voice, "Steve, thanks! You're the only person in my entire life who has ever spoken to me the truth."

This forced, phony circumlocution. Steven perceives that his brother-in-law is posturing, taking on a role. He hates Owen with a pure, scintillant, savage hatred.

Owen is saying, "You're the only one who has ever done me the honor of taking me seriously, not humoring me. Taking me as a man and not as a cripple. *Thank you.*"

Steven has turned away from the TV. He's on his feet, suddenly sober, repentant. "Owen, hey: I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I was just——"

"Speaking from the heart, Steve! Yes. And I appreciate it. From you—I know you hate my guts, I admire you for that! From you, my sister's husband and the daddy of her children, I've just had the best fucking advice of my life."

"I only meant——"

"Believe me, Steve, I've been thinking of killing myself for a long time. I mean *seriously*. I mean the real thing. Not bullshitting." Owen pauses dramatically. He too is breathing hard. "I can't discuss anything serious with Holly, she's too emotional. She's too close to the edge herself. She tried some little-girl stuff, in high school, "slashing" her wrists—but not too deep. Bet she never told you, Steve! What I need to decide is how."

Steven is stunned. "How—what?"

"Not pills, not carbon monoxide," Owen snorts in derision, vastly amused, "not a razor blade—ugh! I was thinking of—in my car? Driving?"

Steven says in a lowered voice, "Driving would be good. An accident."

"Steering my car into a, what do you call it—abutment? On Route 1, by an overpass——"

"That would do it."

"That would! That would do it! And nobody would freaking *know*!"

Abruptly, the line goes dead. Steven, on his feet, not knowing where he is, colliding painfully with a chair, cries into the receiver, "Owen? Owen? Owen!"

But he doesn't call Owen back.

•

"Daddy, see?"

When Holly returns with Caitlin and Brandon and their purchases, Steven hugs them eagerly as if they've been gone for days, as if they've been in danger. His little family! He would die for them, he knows. Yet for their sake he must hide the ferocity of his love. Caitlin is wearing a new purple quilted jacket with a hood, peeping out at Daddy as he lifts her in his arms to kiss her. And Brandon is sporting new hiking boots—"Look, Daddy! Cool, huh?"

Through that evening, through the mostly sleepless night that follows, Steven relives the remarkable exchange between his brother-in-law and himself, disbelieving his own words. Did he really say such things? He's astonished. He's sick with apprehension. He's elated, exhilarated. *Die, why don't you. Give us a break.*

A terrible thing to say to another person, especially your brother-in-law. Family.

Steven smiles. Maybe the truth is terrible. And someone must utter it for once.

It's Holly's custom to take the phone off the hook each night when she and Steven go to bed, not wanting a ringing phone to wake the family. In the morning when Steven checks, with some apprehension, he hears only a dial tone. No messages recorded during the night.

He's relieved. It hasn't happened yet. Holly is Owen's next of kin, named in his wallet identification in case of accident. But there has been no "accident" involving Owen during the night, evidently. Steven tells himself that Owen will probably just forget their conversation. Probably he's already forgotten. The man is

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Myths
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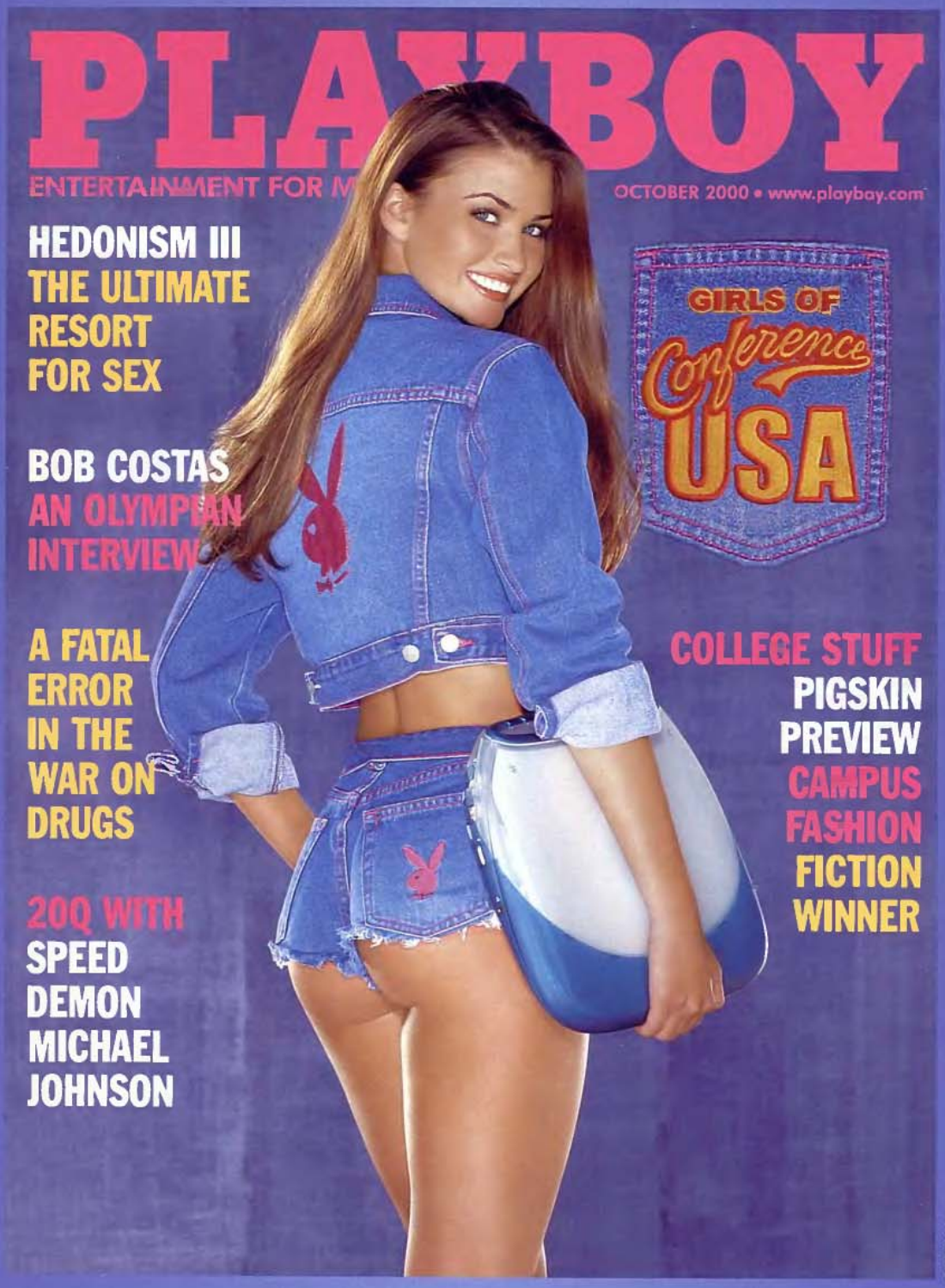

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too narcissistic, too shallow and cowardly, for suicide.

Days pass, and a week. And no word from Owen. And no word of Owen. And no emergency call from a medical worker or police officer. Casually, Holly mentions that Owen must be away, he hasn't called in a while. Her dinner-hour preparation isn't interrupted. She's relieved and yet, Steven knows, she's beginning to worry about Owen. He tells her that Owen is fine, that he's spoken with him recently, briefly. And remember the numerous times when Owen has ceased to call? Once he'd gone to Morocco with a friend, away for a month without a word to Holly.

Then one evening when Steven returns from the city, Holly tells him happily that Owen finally called, and then dropped by the house, in a "very upbeat mood." He stayed for only a few minutes because he was driving to see a friend in Manhattan. Fine, Steven says. Didn't I tell you nothing was wrong? Steven isn't disappointed; in truth he's relieved. Of course he doesn't want Holly's brother to die. But Holly goes on to say, "Owen volunteered to drop Brandon off at Scott's house—he's staying the night," and now Steven stares at her, for a moment unable to react. Then he says, choosing his words with care, "You let Brandon ride with Owen? In his car?" Holly says, "It's just across town, honey. You know where Scott lives." Steven says, dry-mouthed, "Alone with Owen? In his car?" Holly answers uncertainly, "Well, why not? I mean——"

Holly sees a look in Steven's face he can't hide. She says:

"Do you—know something about Owen? *What do you know about Owen?*"

A moment's panic. Holly is thinking: pedophilia?

Quickly Steven assures her it's nothing. Only that he's disappointed—Brandon won't be with them at dinner.

•

There! The phone is ringing.

But it's only a solicitor. Steven hangs up rudely.

Now he's waiting for the phone to ring. Without Holly overhearing, he has called Scott's parents, who tell him Brandon hasn't yet arrived. It's been 40 minutes since Owen left, and Scott's house is a ten-minute drive from theirs. But Steven tells himself there's no need for alarm, yet. Owen and Brandon might have stopped at a video store, a McDonald's. Holly is in the kitchen preparing dinner. Steven sits in the family room, the portable phone at his elbow, Caitlin in the crook of his arm reading from *The Wind in the Willows*. The TV's on, CNN with the sound nearly inaudible, Steven's thumb on the remote control, poised and ready to strike.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come. I don't hear you saying, 'Bah, humbug.'"

Champagne Cocktails

(continued from page 88)

RASPBERRY CHAMPAGNE FLOAT
ARIA, ATLANTA

6 ounces Chambord liqueur
¼ cup raspberries
Champagne
Raspberry sorbet
2 mint leaves

Marinate raspberries in Chambord in small bowl. Place three whole berries in bottom of champagne flute, add teaspoon of raspberry–Chambord mixture and slowly pour champagne down side of glass. Top with small scoop of raspberry sorbet and garnish with mint leaves.

FOCOSO
ARCODORO, HOUSTON

2 ounces grappa alla Fragola
1 ounce dry vermouth
2 drops grenadine
Champagne

In blender, combine crushed ice, grappa, dry vermouth and grenadine and blend until smooth. Pour mixture into chilled champagne glasses and finish off with champagne.

CHAMPAGNE SANGRIA
BAR TERRAZZA, HOTEL ARTS, BARCELONA

1 ounce Schweppes orangeade
1 ounce Schweppes lemonade
1¼ ounces Cointreau
1¼ ounces brandy
1 teaspoon sugar
Champagne
Orange slice

In a shaker, combine crushed ice, orangeade, lemonade, Cointreau, brandy and sugar and shake well. Pour into fluted champagne glass and top off with champagne. Garnish with orange slice.

LOTUS BLOSSOM
THE BAR, PENINSULA HOTEL, CHICAGO

¾ ounce Midori liqueur
Champagne
Dry sake
Maraschino cherry

Pour Midori in fluted champagne glass, fill with champagne and add float of dry sake. Garnish with cherry.

CINTA ABADI ("ETERNAL LOVE")
KUBU BAR, RITZ-CARLTON BALI

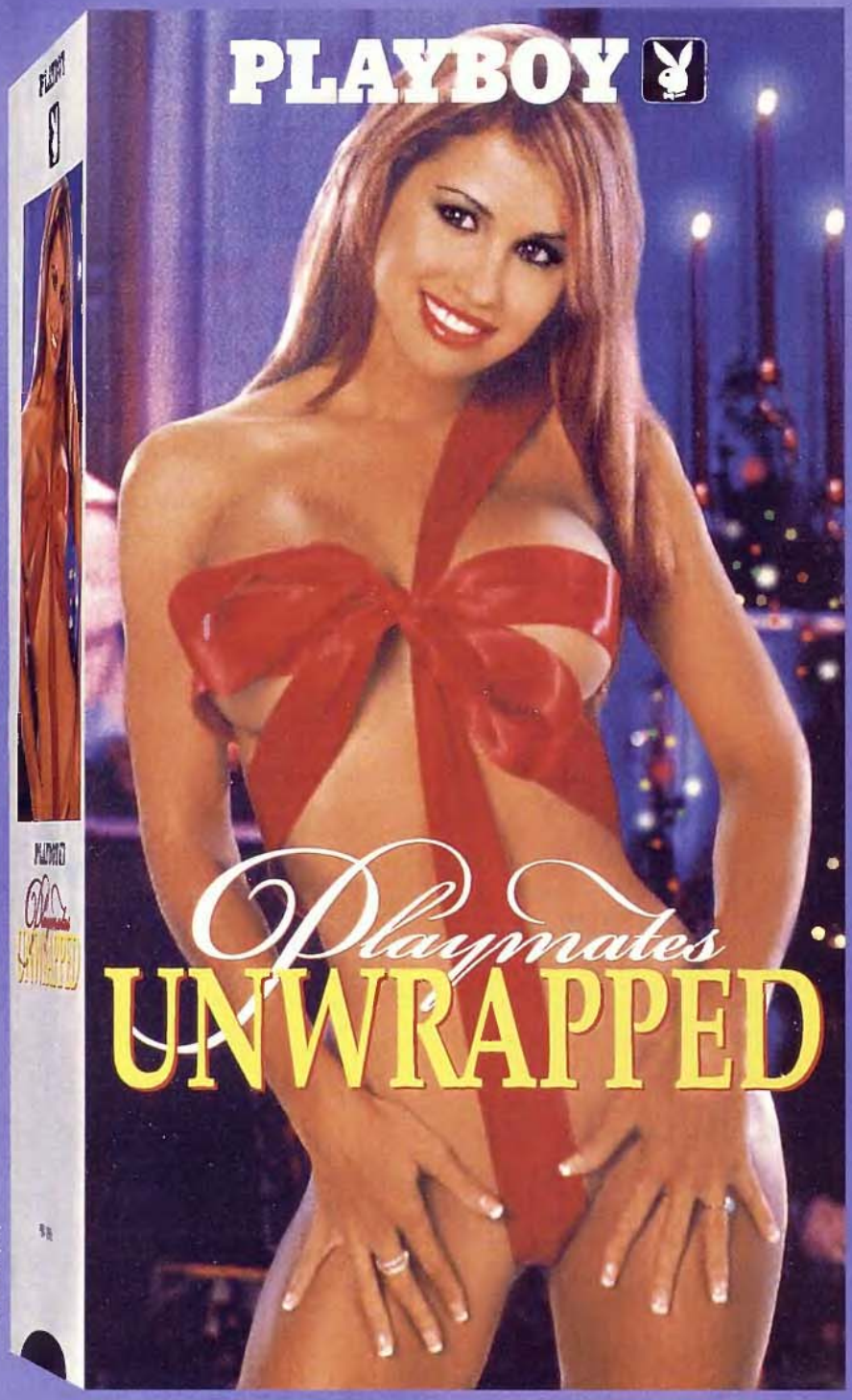
1 ounce fresh guava, pureed
Champagne
Dash of triple sec

Pour guava into bottom of fluted champagne glass, finish off with champagne and float triple sec on top.

ROYAL PIMM'S MEURICE
BAR FONTAINEBLEU, HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS

1 ounce Martini and Rossi sweet vermouth
2 ounces apricot liqueur
3 ounces Pimm's
Champagne

Playmates Unwrapped Video



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Lemon twist
Orange twist
Curl of cucumber skin
2 maraschino cherries

Pour sweet vermouth, apricot liqueur and Pimm's into champagne flute, stir briefly and top off with champagne. Garnish with lemon and orange twists, cucumber skin and cherries.

WATERMELON KISS
KISS STEAKHOUSE AND LOUNGE, MIAMI BEACH

1½ ounces Watermelon Pucker
¾ ounce cranberry juice
¾ ounce sour mix
Champagne
Watermelon wedge

Pour Watermelon Pucker, cranberry juice and sour mix into shaker with crushed ice and blend well. Strain into fluted champagne glass, top with champagne and garnish with watermelon.

ROSSINI COCKTAIL À LA MAESTRO
MAESTRO, MCLEAN, VIRGINIA

Brown sugar crystals
Strawberry puree
Champagne
1 fresh strawberry

Wet champagne flute with champagne and coat rim with sugar. Pour in puree and finish with champagne, then stir briefly. Garnish with strawberry.

BELLINI AMERICANA
EASTSIDE WEST, SAN FRANCISCO

½ ounce Maker's Mark bourbon
Champagne
3 ounces peach puree
Peach slice or lemon twist for garnish

Pour bourbon into chilled champagne flute, followed by champagne, then puree. Stir and add garnish.

CHAMPAGNE SORBET COCKTAIL
OCEAN TERRACE, RITZ-CARLTON LAGUNA NIGUEL, CALIFORNIA

1 ounce peach schnapps
1½ ounces peach nectar
2 ounces champagne

Pour all ingredients into blender with crushed ice and blend until mixture achieves the consistency of sorbet. Pour into fluted champagne glass.

EL CUBANO
THE TONIC, NEW YORK CITY

3 mint leaves
1 ounce Bacardi 8 años rum
Juice of one lime
Dash Angostura bitters
Veuve Clicquot champagne

Muddle mint leaves, rum, lime juice and bitters in small bowl. Pour into fluted champagne glass and finish off with champagne.

THE COLIPE
THE AMERICAN BAR, GEORGE V HOTEL, PARIS

3 ounces Bombay Sapphire gin
3 raspberries macerated for a few days in brandy
Champagne
1 raspberry

Pour gin and raspberries macerated into fluted champagne glass, stir and top off with champagne. Garnish with raspberry.

MIRAMONTE CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL
MIRAMONTE, ST. HELENA, CALIFORNIA

1 sugar cube
3 drops Angostura bitters
1 ounce Eagle Rare bourbon
Champagne
Lemon twist

Muddle sugar cube and bitters in small bowl. Pour into fluted champagne glass, followed by bourbon and champagne. Garnish with twist.

CACTUS BLOSSOM
LOBBY LOUNGE, FOUR SEASONS RESORT, SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

4 ounces champagne
4 ounces cranberry juice
½ ounce Cointreau
½ teaspoon lemon juice
Lemon twist
Mint leaf

Pour champagne and cranberry juice into a highball glass almost filled with ice cubes. Carefully float Cointreau on top, then add lemon juice. Garnish with lemon twist and mint leaf.

MAYFAIR FLAPPER
DORCHESTER BAR, LONDON

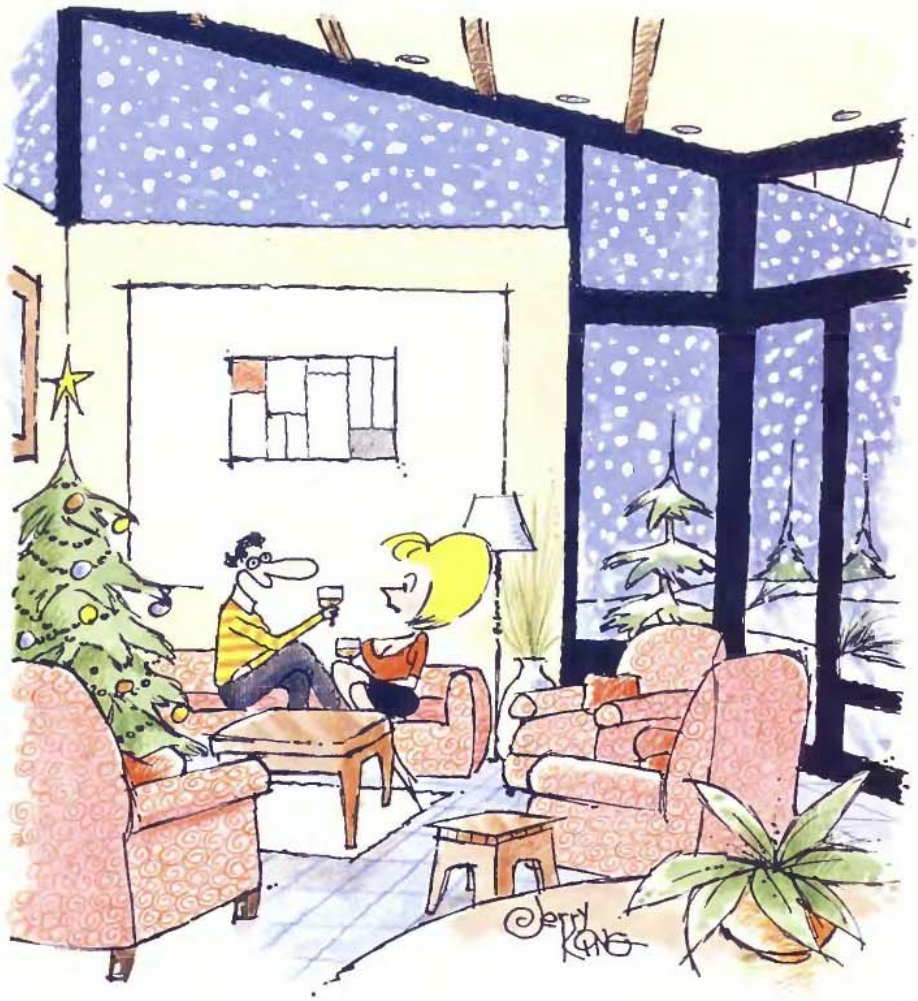
3 strawberries
1 ounce crème de cassis
Champagne

Slice strawberries into blender, add crème de cassis and blend. Strain into fluted champagne glass and finish off with champagne.

THE SEELBACH COCKTAIL
SEELBACH HILTON BAR, LOUISVILLE

½ ounce triple sec
7 dashes Angostura bitters
7 dashes Peychaud's bitters
1 ounce Old Forester bourbon
Champagne
Orange zest

Pour triple sec, bitters and bourbon into shaker with ice, shake until cold and pour into fluted champagne glass, then finish off with champagne. Stir briefly. Garnish with orange zest.



"Here's to blowing more than just a New Year's resolution."

Sexual Etiquette

(continued from page 104)

spontaneous. Yuck.

KATHLEEN: Once we were at a rock concert and my boyfriend tried to get me to have sex with him in one of those Porta-Johns. Those are nasty.

MARGO: I don't mind having sex in weird places. But don't ask me to go into some place that's creepy, like an alley with rats and homeless guys.

LORI: Guys will have sex anywhere. If it were up to them, they'd have sex in a Dumpster.

IS IT OK TO MAKE LOVE WITHOUT A CONDOM?

MARGO: I like when a guy takes responsibility. I like when he has a condom in his wallet and is really excited to use it. Then I get excited while he is putting it on.

MARYANNE: Don't ask me to go bareback! I can't believe a 32-year-old said to me, "Come on, baby, let's go bareback, it feels so much better." It sounded so high school.

STEPHANIE: One man, in his attempt to go bareback, said, "Don't worry, I'm fixed." A 25-year-old who is fixed?

ANNIE: I was doing missionary with my ex and he complained that the condom felt like a rubber tire and that we should go bareback. I said no, and he got mad. It showed that he couldn't have cared less about me. That's why he's my ex. A man should bring his own condoms. He knows his penis better than I do.

SUSAN: I think we're past the point where people are embarrassed to use condoms. But I don't like it when a guy judges me because I have condoms with me. Everybody should carry them. But since we never know when we'll be getting laid, we often don't think of carrying them. Men should carry them in their wallets and women should put them in their purses. On the other hand, I was with this guy and he opened a drawer filled with torn condom wrappers, and said, "Let's see if I have any left!" which made him look like a real busy he-ho.

MARYANNE: Men seem to have a problem with condom disposal. I'm not sure why that is. My boyfriend is sweet, but he throws the condom on the carpet afterward and I always step on it.

HOW DO WOMEN WANT TO BE TREATED AFTER SEX?

KATHLEEN: We don't need someone to play love songs on an acoustic guitar right afterward or cuddle for two hours, but I think most women want to hear something positive after the fact. It's real simple. After such an intimate act, it's only polite to acknowledge it. He doesn't have to say, "That was the best sex I ever had!" but he should be nice afterward. One time a guy said to me, "You were great! Can we do that again?" and it made me feel good.

KAREN: The worst is when a guy acts cranky or annoyed that you're still there. Once I slept with this guy who I had amazing sex with. When it was over, he got up and said, "Here's your stuff," like I was supposed to leave. Then he said, "Bye, I'm going to bed." The rudest part was that it was three in the morning and he lived in Hell's Kitchen. I wasn't asking him to marry me; all I wanted him to do was escort me to a cab. When I asked him if he would, he looked at me and said, "You're a big girl now," and walked back to his bedroom. That sucked.

ELYSE: A guy could capture my heart by being sweet after sex. But I don't seem to have such luck. I would faint if a guy would say something like, "I wanna wake up where you are" (courtesy of the Goo Goo Dolls) or some other poignant statement like that. But after I had sex with this one guy for the second time, he said, "You know, I don't want a girlfriend right now." Frankly, I wasn't even thinking about a relationship with him at that point, but his saying that at that moment seemed cold.

ANKA: Nothing ruins the afterglow of sex more than the other person saying, "You know, I'm married."

MARGO: It would be a switch if I met a guy who would take me in his arms and say to me after sex, "Run away with me forever!" even if he's just saying it to make me laugh. But instead, after I had sex with this one guy, he ran out of my apartment and jumped into a cab like it was a getaway car.

IS IT OK TO TRY TO HAVE SEX ON THE FIRST DATE?

MARYANNE: I am out there dating and I would have to say the majority of guys get too sexual too fast. I'm not going to sleep with every guy I go out to dinner with. Often, by the end of the evening, I find myself saying things like, "I've got

"A mistletoe G-string! Now that's what I call Christmas spirit!"

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

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MARGO: Women want to be charmed on a first date, seduced rather than broken down. When a guy is too eager to sleep with me, it's usually over before it even starts. Once he gets sexually excited, etiquette goes out the window. When he has a raging boner, he's not thinking about what's polite.

SUSAN: I had a first date with a guy, and we went out to dinner. I was hot for him, so afterward we went back to my place. Just because I invite a guy to my place, however, doesn't necessarily mean I am giving him the OK to do me. But I did want to make out with him. So we made out for about a half hour, and then I got up and said, "This was fun, but we have to continue later. I have to get up early." He looked annoyed, wouldn't get off the couch and said, "Do you mind if I just jerk off?"

ELYSE: Most guys try to have sex with me on the first date. Of course, it depends on what you call a "date." It doesn't have to be a formal date, but I find generally that guys really try hard for it, and I think that's disrespectful. It usually happens after a few drinks in the form of trying to push my head down.

KATHLEEN: I was at a nightclub with this guy, and after dancing we went into the bathroom together. Yes, we were sort of drunk, but his behavior was obnoxious. Nobody was in the bathroom, so he pulled out his johnson, pushed my head down and said, "Come on, suck it." I mean, did I miss something here? Like a compliment, maybe? Or a kiss? I felt like I had dick whiplash.

STEPHANIE: Being English, I can say that an Englishman would never think of doing that. But I have had several American guys do that to me on the first date. Englishmen are more polite in bed than American men are. They have more formal manners. Don't get me wrong, I love the American spirit and American men, but they could have better manners.

ANNIE: It's funny: There is no in-between. With guys you're either having sex or you're not. Once you start making out with them, they aren't thinking about stopping. Twenty-something guys are so eager.

MARYANNE: But I don't think it's an age thing. I've dated guys in their 20s, 30s and 40s, and practically everyone has tried to have sex with me on the first date. It's unfair when a guy takes away my choice of when and if I want to have sex for the first time, like it's his decision. I like sex, too, but being subtle and charming is the way to go.

KAREN: When a guy comes over for the first time and says, "Let's just hang out," and doesn't want to take me anywhere, what he really means is, "How can I have sex with you without dating you?" Just take me out somewhere before we screw for the first time. I like a little romance first. That's sexy to me. I don't like a

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TEN MOVES TO GUARANTEE SHE'LL SAY YES

1 TUNE IN
On the first date, be a gentleman and ask questions. Then try to be interested in what she's interested in. Eventually, she'll be interested in what you're interested in (viz., sex).

2 TELL HER SHE'S SMART
Flattery will get you everywhere. It's much more seductive than begging and pleading. Everyone likes compliments.

3 BUY HER FLOWERS
On the third date, spring for an expensive bouquet. When you show how thoughtful you are, she will want to have sex with you.

4 RUB IT IN
If you want to have sex and she isn't in the mood, offer to massage her neck and shoulders. This will change her mood into the right one.

5 BE NICE
A man can never go wrong being polite. Although women say they like bad boys, they really like men who look like bad boys but are actually polite.

6 BLEEP THE BEEP
Turn off your cell phone while you're at dinner trying to seduce her. Talking to your buddies can wait. The basketball scores can wait.

7 DARE TO COMPARE
When she notices you noticing another woman, say, "You're so much hotter than she is."

8 CLEAN IT UP
If you're bringing a girl over to your bachelor pad for the first time, make sure it's presentable. Hide the half-used tube of lube and wadded-up Kleenex.

9 BUDDY UP
When you first meet a hot girl and you're with a male friend, use him as your wingman. Get him to compete for her attention, then excuse himself. (Women fantasize about two men fighting over them.)

10 BUY HER POPCORN
Take her to a chick flick. She will be in a romantic mood afterward and more likely to make you her leading man.

guy to rush things. I like being hot for someone and not having sex with them on the first date. Then I can have some depraved sexual fantasies about him. When a guy is a perfect gentleman on the first date, I want to have sex with him even more.

ANKA: Guys should masturbate before all first dates to keep from embarrassing themselves.

WHEN SHOULD YOU PUT AWAY YOUR CELL PHONE?

LORI: I recently had a dinner date, and for three hours—through dinner, drinks and a walk through Soho—the guy took calls on his cell phone, one after another. At one point I was tempted to whip out my cell phone and call him on his so I'd have a chance to talk to him.

ANKA: That kills any real intimacy. It's like the cell phone causes attention deficit disorder, and the person can't focus on one thing. He has to multitask.

MARYANNE: Some people, women included, think they look important or popular if they're fielding calls all night. I think the cell phone creates a new sense of urgency. People think they have to take the call, no matter what else they're doing. When I'm out to dinner with someone, I turn mine off. I've been in restaurants in New York where you'll see a whole table of people talking on cell phones. It looks so ridiculous. It's like they're teleconferencing during dinner. What is so urgent at 11 o'clock at night? Once I saw a couple out on a date and I watched the guy talking on the cell phone the entire dinner, ignoring the girl. I felt sorry for her because she looked like she liked him. And I thought, I bet he ignores her all night, then tries to have sex with her. It's a new form of bad table manners.

ELYSE: Cell phones in bed are even worse. Once a boyfriend and I were right in the middle of doing it, full-fledged intercourse, and his cell phone rang. He was an actor and when he saw it was his agent, he pulled out, jumped up and took the call. I understand that he's ambitious, but couldn't he have waited another five minutes? It turned out it wasn't important anyway. People think the cell phone comes first, and in this case it came before I did.

WHAT'S THE RIGHT WAY TO GET A LOVER TO DO SOMETHING KINKY?

MARYANNE: It's not a good idea to "break someone down," to get them to do something sexual they really don't want to do. If she doesn't want to share your sexual fantasy, you can't force her. Once you get to know someone, they usually reveal what their sexual fantasies are. And everyone has a different definition of kinky. The problem is, one person's sexual fantasy could be another person's nightmare.

ANKA: People who are into kinky lifestyles like S&M, especially those engaging in the kinkiest activities possible, prenegotiate all of their activities. They establish codes of etiquette. With the "heavy player" crowd, everything they plan to do, including how far they will go, is discussed beforehand. They are doing such extreme stuff that if they don't negotiate things in advance, they could hurt each other. They have a motto: "A willing partner is too precious to hurt."

STEPHANIE: Discussing it beforehand is essential. Take anal sex, for instance. You can't do "surprise anal." Don't just start poking. Please notify me first. Let me know that you're going to be digging around in the backyard.

ANNIE: You have to talk if you're planning to get kinky. Then she won't get freaked out when he wants to have a gang bang.

SUSAN: It's only polite and shows good manners to talk about things first, especially before you pull out a huge dong and a whip.

KATHLEEN: Bondage is tricky, too. The first thing you need to know before introducing bondage restraints is who ties up whom.

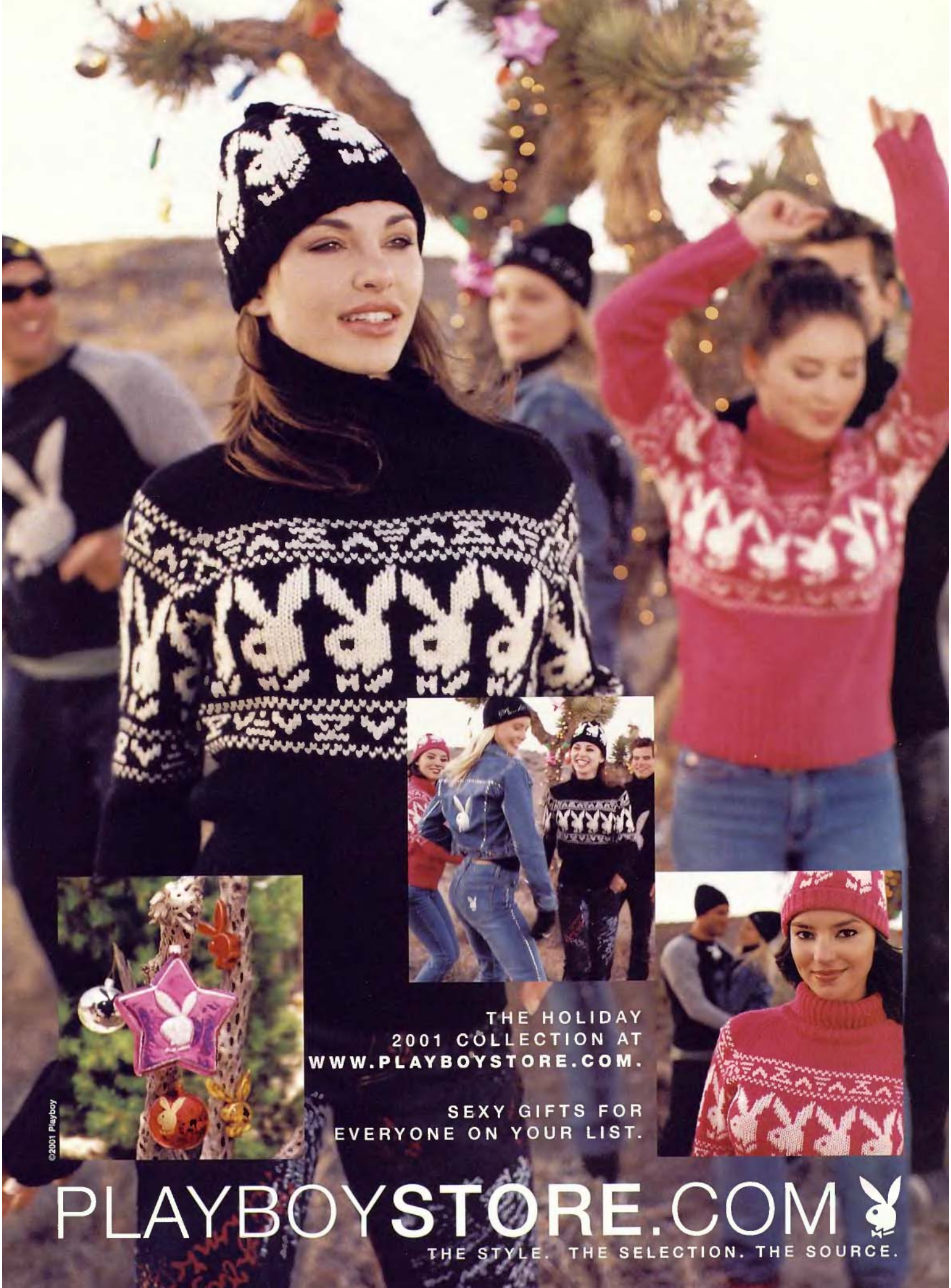
LORI: Once I had a guy tie me to the refrigerator, and he left me there for the rest of the afternoon. That was rude. The least he could have done was turn on the television.

MARYANNE: Also, if you're going to introduce something into a relationship like spanking, you need to know who's getting spanked. Not every woman likes to be spanked. I hate it, but I have fantasies of spanking a guy, so if he just starts spanking me without saying anything first, I get mad.

ELYSE: And don't pressure me to have a threesome. My last boyfriend wouldn't stop. If I were bisexual I wouldn't have a problem with it, but I'm not, so stop asking. If the other person doesn't share your fantasy and says no to it, it's uncool to keep asking.

ANNIE: Fetishes are hard to deal with and can create a sticky problem, especially when one person doesn't want to share the other person's fetish. A man I went out with once was into cross-dressing. The first time we had sex he came out of the bathroom wearing pantyhose. At first I thought he was kidding. But the next time we had sex he wanted to wear my bra. I'm open-minded and thought it was funny. But when he said he wanted to wear my dress in bed, I realized he needed to cross-dress to get off. I told him he'd have to keep his cross-dressing to himself. Sorry, but I don't want to date Mrs. Doubtfire.

ANKA: How do you tell someone that his heterosexual cross-dressing is rude? Sorry, but I'm out of there when it becomes a "lifestyle." Next thing you know he'll be taking you out to a baseball game wearing a wig, dress and heels.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Dan Patrick

(continued from page 148)

Michael Jordan couldn't hit a curve ball, but he didn't grow up playing baseball. Jordan is a good golfer, not a great golfer. Had he started playing golf when Tiger Woods did, I would think that with his athleticism and competitive desire, he could be like Tiger. But Tiger can't play in the NBA. Ken Griffey can't play in the NBA. Wayne Gretzky told me to keep in mind that hockey players have speed, strength, endurance, hand-eye coordination and they do it on skates. I understand that, but I just see these basketball players as purer in the sense of an athlete.

12

PLAYBOY: It's been a while since we've heard you utter "gone," "whiff" or "bunny" on a *Sportscenter* broadcast. Have you backed away from your signature catchphrases?

PATRICK: Yes, absolutely. The audience may not realize it yet. You haven't heard *en fuego*. We've oversaturated the market with catchphrases. There's an entertainer in all of us, but people think if you don't have catchphrases you can't be a good sportscaster. That's the biggest fallacy. Bob Costas and Mike Tirico don't use catchphrases. The genesis of the catchphrases was to have some fun with highlights that aren't fun. I like the catchphrase to be quick and to the point. Strike out—"whiff." I used that when I was playing Wiffle ball in the backyard with my younger brother and he struck out. Home run—"gone"—comes from playing Stratomatic baseball, the dice game. People will call up with suggestions: "HR dot-com" and "cowhide joyride" for home run. They just want to be a part of the show. But we've gotten to the point now where we forget what we're supposed to be doing. We have catchphrases in this little bottle, like fish food, and they're waiting for a catchphrase out there, so we feed them. After a while, they're full, they don't need catchphrases anymore. The Jenny Craig catchphrase diet needs to be invented here.

13

PLAYBOY: You're not going to tell us you play rotisserie baseball, are you?

PATRICK: I'm in rotisserie rehab. I used to conduct trades on my computer on the *Sportscenter* set when Keith Olbermann would be on camera. It got to be an obsession. I found myself caring more about rotisserie than I did about work. I could make a trade on inside information on a guy. I was rooting for players just because they were on my rotisserie team. I'd get excited on the highlights. I would let it consume me because I wanted to win. I would be in 10 leagues because I love the draft. I found that people would want to talk to me because they (a) wanted to bet or (b) they needed a tip on a rotisserie. I'm in rehab. I can walk by a conference room and hear somebody say, "$26 for Ken Griffey Jr." I just want to go in there.

14

PLAYBOY: Settle a bar bet for us. Any bar bet.

PATRICK: For a long time it was, "Name the last switch-hitter in the American League to win the MVP." The answer is Vida Blue, a pitcher. It was a pitcher who was a switch-hitter. No one knew that. The Yankees right fielder before Babe Ruth? George Halas. [*Save your stamps, trivia buffs. We know that Sammy Vick was the regular right fielder. Halas was there, but played only six games in the field in 1919.*]

15

PLAYBOY: The HBO series *Mind of the Married Man* places its characters in bars where they talk about their love lives, not sports. Would you agree with the critics who've taken the show to task for this incredible distortion of reality?

PATRICK: Oh, man. Yes. The sad part is, you could have women from Hooters just getting off their shifts and being at the bar and these guys would rather talk about the backup center for the New England Patriots. They just want to talk sports. I can't tell you how many times I've ordered a drink from behind a guy and he'll turn around, say he recognizes the voice and asks questions. They may be afraid to walk up to women, but they'll walk up to me and start asking sports questions. I've said to them, "Guys, there are a lot of good-looking women in here, what are you doing?" "Oh, we can see them anytime." I tell them, "Well, if I were in your position, I wouldn't be talking sports."

16

PLAYBOY: Do you have an appreciation for the anti-highlight, the Zenlike art of scoring a baseball game?

PATRICK: Yes. There is Zen. You're in the zone like an athlete. You're focused. You wipe out conversation around you. You are there because you want to document a game. You have your own markings. People score a game differently. Basketball is a blur. Hockey's a blur. You can actually see baseball in a frame-by-frame way by scoring—base knock, error E6, RBI, pitch count, double substitution. You see it unfold before you. You're able to manage a game. You can actually call something before it unfolds. I taught my wife to score and she loved it, thought it was fascinating to be able to understand the intricacies of the game. You come away with this work of art you created. They're never the same.

17

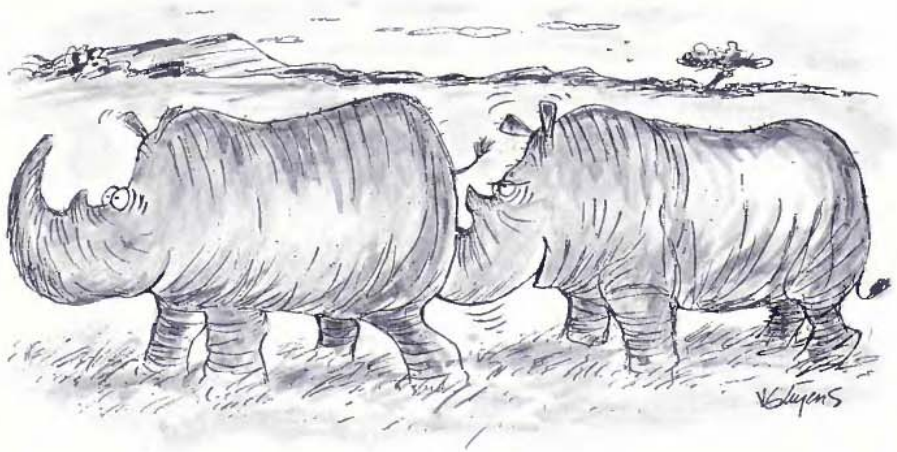
PLAYBOY: What's your favorite obscure sports statistic?

PATRICK: Joe DiMaggio had more home runs than he did strikeouts in his career, which I always found fascinating. And there have been 13 unassisted triple plays in regular-season play. It's sad that I know that. [*Like many obscure statistics, Dan's will benefit from a little polishing. The DiMaggio stat would have been true if Joe had stopped playing after the 1950 season. He played one more year and ended with 361 HRs and 369 Ks. And, according to Stats Inc., there have been 10 unassisted triple plays in the regular season.*]

18

PLAYBOY: How do you explain to your young son that it's time for him to don a jockstrap?

PATRICK: There's some history to it, because I was on the road and I called in one time to talk to my wife and catch up on the day. She said she was giving Jack a bath, and he asked about his anatomy, and she told him the clinical term was testicles, but he could call them balls. I



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didn't flinch. I said, "Oh, OK." A short time later, his fourth birthday was coming up and I asked, "Jack, what do you want for your birthday?" "Dad, I want golf clubs, a golf bag and some golf testicles." I had to revisit that conversation with him when it came to putting on the cup for soccer. I said, "You want to make sure you protect yourself because if you get hit in the testicles, it's really going to hurt." And then he said, "Well, Dad, first of all, they're balls. And I'm real good at making sure that nobody kicks me there." I said, "Honey, all it takes is one time, and you'll never forget it." Mark McGwire told me his protective cup was stolen two years ago. I just keep thinking, What's somebody doing with McGwire's cup? Using it as a spaghetti strainer? He wants it back because he'd had it for years.

19

PLAYBOY: Are soccer moms ahead of the rest of America in recognizing a sport others haven't caught on to yet?

PATRICK: I don't like it when a soccer fan tells me why I need to like the sport. They make it seem like I'm not smart enough to understand. I understand it. And I don't appreciate it. My kids play it, but I look at it as a sport that will just tire them out and they'll eat a good dinner. But soccer players always got the girls. They wear the short shorts, their hair is always flowing. I would have picked up the sport had I known women would have been that interested.

20

PLAYBOY: You often get buttonholed at airports. Ever tell a fan to get a life?

PATRICK: Who am I to have a highbrow attitude toward them when I used to be a fan? The first date I had with my wife, Villanova was playing Georgetown for the NCAA title. Nobody gave Villanova a chance. So I thought, I'm going to impress this girl by saying, "There's an NCAA title game, but I'd much rather take you out to dinner." I got up to go to the bathroom, but I wasn't really going to the bathroom. I called the guys in the sports department at CNN, and they said, "Didn't you hear? Georgetown got beat." I'd just missed one of the greatest games in NCAA history. I went back to the table and she said, "What's wrong? You look like you've just seen a ghost." I said, "Villanova beat Georgetown in one of the greatest basketball games ever." And she said, "Great. Are you sorry you went out on a date?" I said, "No, it's the greatest game I've ever missed." And she still thinks it's so funny because I couldn't hide it. I gave up Villanova–Georgetown for her. But she's had time to make it up to me.

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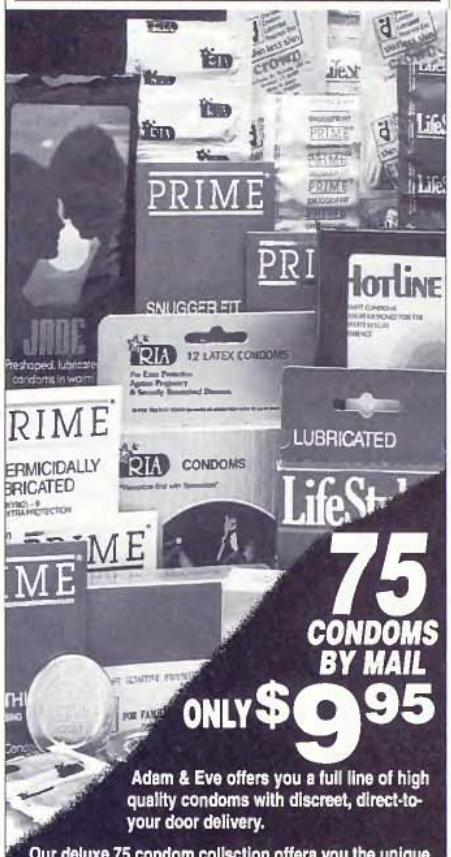

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INVISIBLE MAN

(continued from page 86)

necessarily limited to lesser felonies. Of course, he could discreetly misdirect the aim of others, but in fact he steered clear of armed persons, as well as reckless drivers, busy kitchens, operating rooms. He could still be hurt. Stray bullets could wound him, knives could prick. He was invisible, not immortal. And his insides were not invisible, his excretions weren't, his blood. What a sight, a wound in view and no wounded! Moreover, if wounded, who would heal him? Perhaps he could find a blind doctor, though probably there weren't many. And if he died, who would mourn him? Who would even see him there to bury him? He'd become a kind of odd speed bump in the road for a month or two. Such were the handicaps of an invisible person, no matter how rich he was or how much secret mischief he enjoyed.

He was also obliged to stay away from cold places. Though his nakedness was apparent to no one and he himself was accustomed to it, it was a reality he could not ignore. Cold winds drove him inside, air-conditioning out. Sometimes, to warm himself or to conduct some business or other such as fencing his stolen goods, or perhaps simply in response to a deep longing, he made himself visible with masks, wigs and costumes. So as not to have to steal these things over and over, he bought a house to store them in and took up stamp and coin collecting and growing orchids on the side. There were many choices among his costumes, many characters he could be, and this added to his existential angst: Who *was* he really? Without a costume, he was invisible even to himself. In the mirror he could see no more than anyone else could see: a blurry nothingness where something should be. "You are a beautiful person," he would say to it, more as an instruction than a comment.

When costuming himself, he had to dress carefully from head to toe. One day he forgot his socks and caused something of a sensation when taking his seat on the subway. "Sorry, a—a kind of cancer," he explained to the people staring aghast at his missing ankles, fully aware (he exited hastily at the next stop) that the mouth on the mask was not moving. On another day in a crowded elevator (when visible, he loved to mingle with the human masses, feel the body contact, something that usually had to be avoided when invisible), his scarf fell off. A woman fainted and the other passengers shrank back. "It's just a trick," he said, chuckling behind the deadpan mask, which no doubt appeared to them to be floating in midair. He riffled a deck of cards enigmatically in his gloved hands, and when the door opened, he turned his empty eyes upon them to mesmerize them long enough to make his escape. After that, he took to wearing bodysuits as the first layer, a kind of undercoat, much as he hated getting in and out of them.

Mostly, though, he went naked and unseen, committing his crimes, indulging himself in his manipulative and voyeuristic pleasures. Women fascinated him, and he loved watching them do their private things, frustrating as it was at times not to participate. Even when they were most exposed, they remained unfathomably mysterious to him and an unending delight. And it was one day while hanging out in the ladies' room of a grand hotel during a hairdressers' convention that, when things were slow, he stepped into a stall and raised the seat to relieve himself, only to have the door open behind him and the seat lower itself again, and he knew then that he was not alone in his invisibility. Was she (he assumed "she") sitting on the seat, or was this merely a gender signal and a warning? Taking no chances, he backed out silently, hoping he wasn't dripping, the opening and closing of the stall door no doubt telling her all she needed to know.

After that, he began to feel pursued. Perhaps she had been following him for some time and he hadn't noticed. Now he seemed to sense her there whether she was or not, and whether or not, he had to consider his every move as if she were. She might still be an active crime fighter, just waiting to apprehend him or to avenge some crime he'd committed in the past. He retreated from more than one burglary, sensing her presence in the room, and sometimes it seemed there was another hand in the pocket he was trying to pick. He watched the women on the street carefully in case she, like he, occasionally made herself visible, and they all appeared to him to be wearing masks. He was jostled by absences, felt a hot breath often on his neck. His income dropped off sharply and he was even inhibited from acquiring his daily necessities. Her possible proximity made him self-conscious about his personal hygiene and interfered with his voyeuristic routines. He felt especially vulnerable inside his own house and went there less often, with the consequence that the food in his refrigerator spoiled and his orchids died.

How did she know where he was if she couldn't see him? By following the clues the invisible always leave behind: footprints in the mud, snow (of course, he never walked in snow) and sand, bodily excretions, fingerprints (he couldn't wear gloves, nor carry them without getting them messy), discarded costumes

"He swore when he was 12 that he'd come back every year until Santa gave him the bike he asked for."

and toothbrushes, mattress indentations, floating objects, swirling dust, fogged windows. She could watch for places where the rain did not fall and listen for the noises his body made. He had always stumbled over things; now he could not be sure she was not placing those things in his path to expose him, so just moving about was like negotiating a minefield. He had to eat more surreptitiously, not to exhibit the food flying about, and so ate too fast, giving himself heartburn. But when he started to steal a packet of antacids, he thought he saw it move as he reached for it.

Then it occurred to him one day that she might not be a crime fighter after all, merely another lonely invisible person seeking company, and as soon as he had that thought, she disappeared, or seemed to. He should have felt relieved, but he did not. He found that he missed her. Though she had not been exactly friendly, she was the nearest thing to a friend he'd ever had. He went back to where they'd first met and raised and lowered the toilet seat, but there was no response. He should have spoken up that day. He did now: "Are you there?" he whispered. No reply, though the lady in the next stall asked: "Did you say something?" "No, dear, just a frog in the throat," he wheezed in a cracking falsetto, then flushed quickly and swung the door open and closed before the woman could get up from where she was sitting and peek in. But he remained in the stall for a time, reflecting on how something so ordinary as a toilet seat can be transformed suddenly into something extraordinary and, well, beautiful.

Now he left clues everywhere and committed crimes more daring than before. If she was a crime fighter, he wanted to be arrested by her. If she was not, well, they could be partners. She had more room to hide things, so they could tackle bigger jobs. As he moved about, he swung his arms freely, hoping to knock into something that did not seem to be there, but caused only unfortunate accidents and misdirected anger. Twice he got shot at in the dark. He figured it was a small price to pay. Perhaps if he were hurt she'd feel pity for him and make herself known. He began to see her, even in her invisibility, as unutterably beautiful, and he realized he was hopelessly in love. He thought of his adoration of her as pure and noble, utterly unlike his life in crime, but he also imagined making mad impetuous love to her. Rolling about ecstatically in their indentations. Nothing he'd seen in his invisible powder-room prowls excited him more than these imaginings.

Still, for all his hopes, she gave no further evidence of her existence. In his house, he left messages on the mirrors: "Take me, I'm yours!" But the messages sat there, unanswered, unaltered. When

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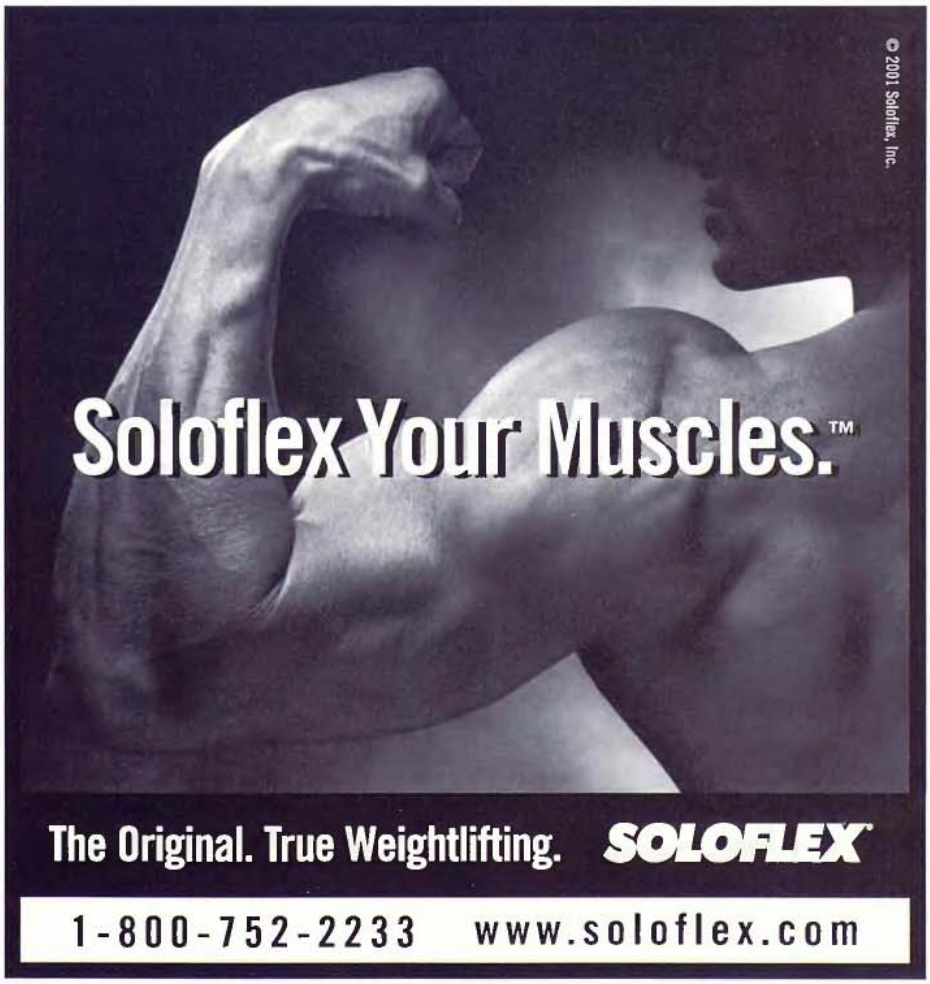

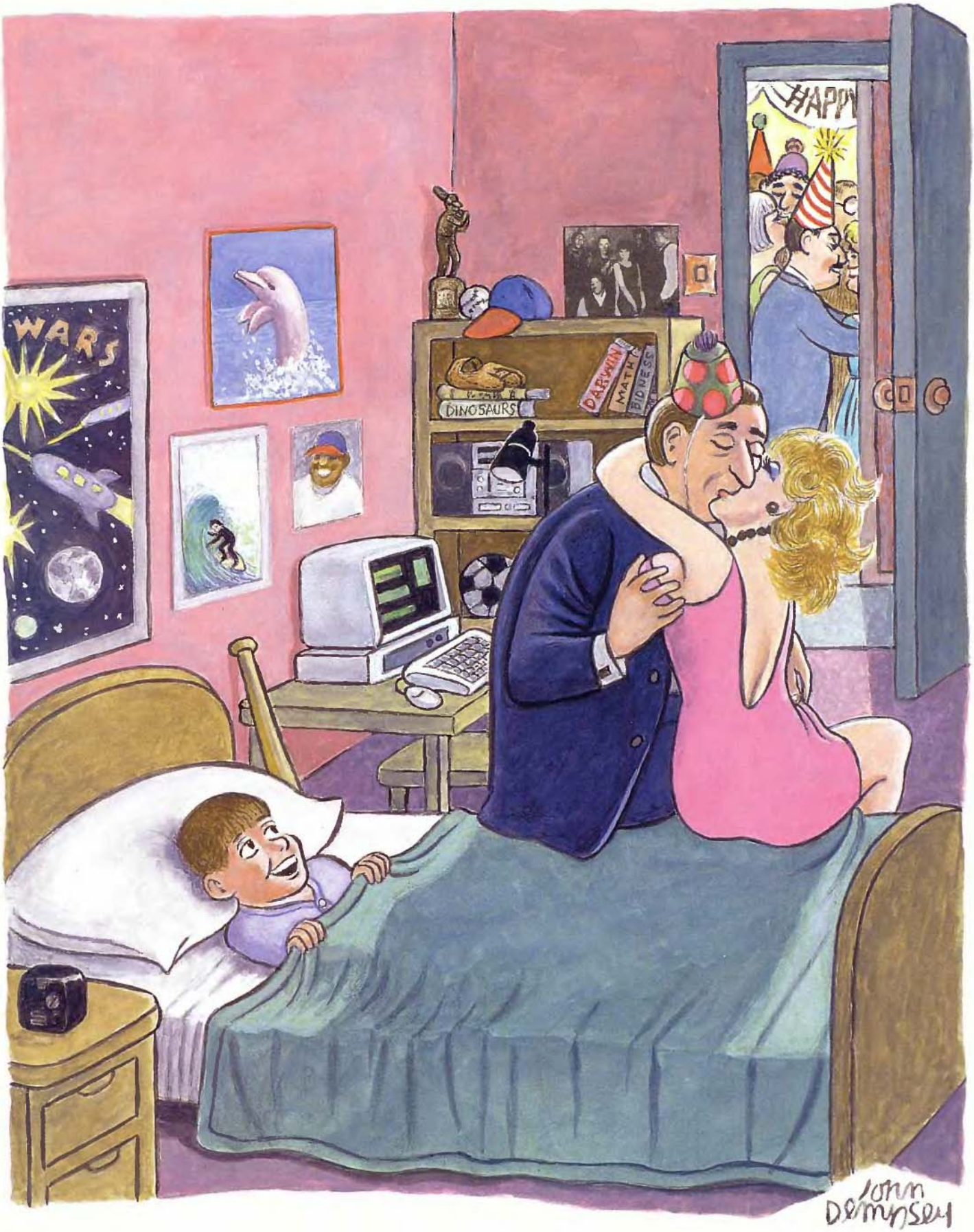

"Hey . . . wanna rent my bed for a while?"

he looked in the mirrors, past the lettering, he could not see his cheeks, but he could see the tears sliding down them. His love life, once frivolous, had turned tragic, and it was all his fault. Why had he not *touched* her? A fool, a fool! He was in despair. He hung out in bars more often, drinking other people's drinks. He got sick once and threw up beside a singing drunk peeing against a wall, sobering up the poor man instantly. He knew that rumors about him were beginning to spread, but what did it matter? Without her, his life was meaningless. It had not been very meaningful before she came into it, but now it was completely empty. Even crime bored him. So did voyeurism: What did he care about visible bodies when he was obsessed by an invisible one?

He tried to find some reason for going on. Over the years, he'd been collecting a set of antique silverware from one family, a piece at a time. He decided to finish the set. He didn't really want the silverware, but it gave him something to do. He successfully picked up another couple of pieces, operating recklessly in broad daylight, but then went back one time too many and, with a soupspoon up his ass, got bit on the shin by a watchdog the family had bought to try to catch the silverware thief. He got away, doing rather serious damage to the dog (in effect, it ate the soupspoon), but he bled all the way home. He supposed they'd follow the trail, didn't care if they did, but they didn't. Maybe they were satisfied not to lose the spoon.

But the wound was slow to heal, and he couldn't go about with it or the bandage on it exposed, so he donned the costume of an old man (he was an old man!) and spent his days in cheap coffee shops feeling sorry for himself and mooning over his lost love. He went on doing this even after the dog bite had healed, drawn to coffee shops with sad songs on their sound systems. He no longer stole but bought most of what he needed, which was little but now included reading materials. He avoided newspapers and magazines, preferring old novels from vanished times, mostly those written by women, all of whom he tended to think of as beautiful and invisible. He would sometimes sit all day over a single page, letting his mind drift, muttering softly to himself, or more or less to himself, all the things he should have said when she was still in his life.

Then one day he saw, sitting at another table, also greatly aged, an old police captain he used to work with back in his crime-fighting days. He made himself known to him (the captain did not look surprised; perhaps he'd been tailing him) and asked him how things were going down at the station.

"Since you left, Invisible Man," said the officer, "things have gone from bad to worse. You became something of a nuisance to us when you took up your new career, but it was a decision we could understand and make allowances for. Now there are gangs of invisible people out there committing heinous crimes that threaten to destroy the very fabric of our civilization."

The Invisible Man stroked his false beard thoughtfully. "And since I stopped being a crime fighter, have you had help from any other person like myself?"

"No. Until these new gangs came along, you were unique, Invisible Man." So, he thought, she might be among them. "It's why we're turning to you now. We're asking you to come back to the force, Invisible Man. We need you to infiltrate these gangs and help us stop them before it's too late."

"You're asking me to turn against my own people," he said, somewhat pretentiously, for in truth he never thought of himself as having people.

"These aren't your people, Invisible Man, it's a whole new breed. They create fields of invisibility so their clothing and weapons and everything they steal are made invisible when they enter them. And now they're into bomb making."

This was serious, all right, but he was thinking about his beloved. His former beloved. He understood now that she might have been trying to recruit him for her gang but had found him unworthy, and he felt hurt by that.

"They think of you as old-fashioned, Invisible Man, and have said some very unflattering things about you. In particular, about your personal habits. But they also look up to you as a kind of pioneer. And though their power is greater than yours, their technology is less reliable. They've suffered catastrophic system crashes, and we want them to suffer a few more. It's a dangerous job, Invisible Man, but you're the only one we know who can handle it."

So once again he took up his old life as a crime fighter, but under cover of renewed criminality, drifting somewhat cynically through the city in his old invisible skin, targeting the city fathers for his burglaries and vandalisms, dropping inflammatory notes to draw attention to himself and even, with help from the captain, blowing up the captain's own car, which he said was anyway in need of extensive clutch and transmission repairs, so he was glad to get rid of it. In short, he was making himself available, waiting to be contacted. Would she be among them? He felt misunderstood by her, undervalued and in some odd way misused. A victim of love. Which he no longer believed in, even while still in the grip of its unseen power. And if he found her again, would he crash her system? Or would she succeed in seducing him into her gang's nefarious activities? Who knows? He decided to keep an open mind about it. The future was no easier to see than he was.

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KISS

(continued from page 126)

liked this girl. But there was something about the woman on the phone, a woman I hadn't been sexual with yet, that I couldn't ignore.

Cher met me at the Los Angeles airport in jeans and a T-shirt. At the time, that was one of the major differences between the coasts. California had already gone casual—it was all about dressing natural and looking natural. In New York, if you had money, you showed it on your back: silk shirts, leather pants, all those kinds of things. No one wore jeans and T-shirts except for bums. New York was the Dolls. Los Angeles was the Doobie Brothers. Before I knew it, I moved right in.

Still, when I first arrived in California, I was walking around on shaky legs. With groupies, I didn't have to explain who and what I was. Suddenly, I'm going around with Cher and being a father figure to her children, going on walks, having conversations. I remember once Cher woke me up early in the morning. We had moved to her Malibu home. I said, "What, what?" It must have been six in the morning.

"Let's go running," she said. I said, "Where to?" I put on my leather pants and silk shirt and snakeskin boots. "You can't dress like that," she said.

"Why not?" I said.

"You've got to put on sneakers and shorts, because we're going to run on the beach."

"Why?" I said. I was dumbfounded. I mean, you didn't do that in New York. Not in 1978. Jog was not even a word I knew. In New York it was always too cold to run, and where were you going to run, anyway? It was something you did when somebody was chasing you.

So we went. There I was, running alongside Cher in my snakeskin boots, and I could barely stand up because my boots were sinking into the sand. And out on the beach I saw Neil Diamond and Barbra Streisand. It was like I was on another planet.

I was being related to in a different way, for the first time in my life. Cher had her opinions about the women I had been with. I wouldn't say she was jealous, not exactly. I was a rock star and had been a rock star for quite some time, with a reputation for chasing skirts. It was the only thing I could do on the road, since I didn't drink or take drugs. What threw Cher was the photography. Since 1976 or so, I had been taking pictures of the girls I had been with, sometimes film footage. I didn't do it without their knowledge or compliance. In fact, most of the girls were thrilled about it. It was a hobby of mine, partly to keep things exciting and partly as a kind of documentary. There were so many girls—by the time I met Cher, at least a few thousand. At one point I told Cher about the photographs. It wasn't to confess, because I didn't feel guilty. I just wanted to share everything with her. She was shocked. She didn't understand why I would want to do that.

"Oh, come on—you know better than anybody—times change!"

INTRODUCING NEW DRUMMER ERIC CARR

After *Unmasked* came out in 1980, we started to look for a new drummer. Auditions were held again in New York. Hundreds of people showed up, including this guy who was a stove cleaner in White Plains—Paul Caravello.

The moment he left the audition, we decided he should be in the band. We called him and offered him the job, and he couldn't believe it. We changed his name from Paul Caravello to Eric Carr, and we even went out and bought him a Porsche so he wouldn't feel substandard. We wanted him to know he was in the fold. He was one of us.

Bringing Eric into the band the way we did—just before a tour, with little preparation and tons of enthusiasm—was like living the beginning of our careers all over again.

Everything was brand-new for Eric. He was wide-eyed as we started our European tour and not used to the kind of fame we were experiencing. One night we were in a hotel in England, and he was downstairs in the bar. There were girls there, as always. One of them introduced herself as a photographer for *Melody Maker*, the British music paper. Eric talked to her for a while and gave her the complete new-rock-star rap. At one point he asked her if she wanted to come up and take nude pictures of him. She said, "Sure." So they went up, and apparently he had told her, "Look, these pictures are just for you." She said she understood completely. Eric got into a bathtub nude, holding a champagne glass with shades on and this big mop-top head of hair. Apparently, they didn't spend the night together—after she took the pictures, she took off. The next day Eric related the story to us. We doubled over laughing. It was like Trust on the Road 101. "Are you out of your mind?" we said. "This girl is going to print those photos." Eric protested for a second, but then the truth dawned on him. "Oh my God!" he said. "You think she will?" Of course, she did.

GROUPIES

One in every 14 people in Australia had bought a Kiss record. We played multiple dates in soccer stadiums when nobody else had ever played stadiums there.

The effect of this hysteria was that we

couldn't go anywhere. This might have been torture, but the Australian promoter, bless him, rented entire clubs and filled them with girls.

During one of those lavish private parties on the Australian tour, Eric became fascinated by one girl in a club. He was still wearing a camouflage outfit, and everyone else was dressed for nightlife—the guys in leather jackets and frilly shirts, and the girls in very little—except for this one girl, who looked like a female version of Eric, in a woman's camouflage outfit. She was beautiful and very shapely but Eric didn't want to go over, so I arranged for the girl to come talk to him, and the two of them hit it off. He was in the process of persuading her to go back to the hotel, and she kind of laughed and said, "Look, I can't go back with you. I'm married." Eric backed off immediately. I was amazed. "What's the problem?" I said. "If you want her to go, just invite her, and then it's up to her. Whether she's married or not, it's her choice." So he told her where we were going to be next: Melbourne, I think. And wouldn't you know it—she decided to come to see him. She got on a plane and flew to meet us.

Most guys would have been thrilled, but Eric was so nervous that by the end of the day he had horrible gas pains. He had to go to the bathroom every five minutes. Needless to say, the girl didn't hang out for long. It was like that with Eric. Something always happened to him. On another tour a few years later, when we were on the road in America touring for *Creatures of the Night*, Eric wrote a long letter in response to a girl who had written him. Eric was always very emotional, and it wasn't unusual for him to reply to a fan letter with a five- or 10-page handwritten answer. After he replied to one letter, he ended up having something of a friendship with this girl from Phoenix.

When we got to Phoenix on the tour, Eric told me about the girl. He couldn't wait to see her. After our sound check, Eric left, and I noticed a beautiful girl in a red dress standing at the back of the empty hall. She had on makeup, perfume, the whole thing. As was my custom, I took her into my office, which was the backstage bathroom, and threw her on the floor. We had an exchange, shall we say. We became very close friends in a number of positions, and there was a photo session afterward. There always was. Then she happily left.

Later that evening, as we were putting on our makeup, I told Eric about my liaison. He wasn't really listening; he was still preoccupied with his Phoenix girl. So we started talking about that, and I happened to ask him how he would know her, since they had never met. "Well," he said, "she told me she'd be wearing a red dress." As he was telling me what she looked like, the horror of it dawned on me. I showed him the photos from that afternoon's meet-and-greet and asked, "Is this her?" Well, he was devastated. I apologized. I told him I didn't know. And that wasn't even the end of it. That night back at the hotel the two of them met, and he was very upset with her. They fought, and he threw her out, and she came down the hall for a second visit with me.

I didn't want Eric to be upset with me—not over this or anything else. I tried to give him the lay of the land and told him he couldn't take any of this seriously. For me, it was about fun and games: If you go to a beauty pageant and there are four girls there, do you really care who you wind up with? But since it was new to him it really affected him.

HEF'S MANSION PARTIES AND SHANNON TWEED

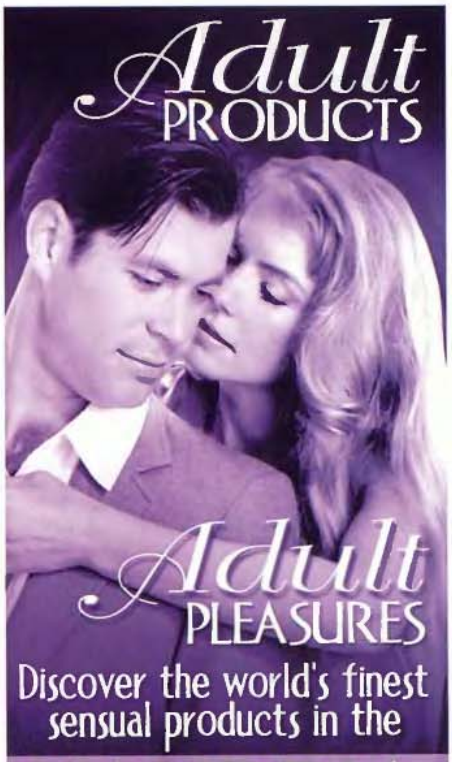
In 1984, during the making of *Runaway*, I would have enough time off during weekends that I could fly into Los Angeles and run around to parties. The best parties were at the Playboy Mansion, especially the Midsummer Night's Dream parties, which were big summer bashes with hundreds of girls in corsets and underwear and a select group of eligible bachelors. Guys were not allowed in unless they dressed in pajamas, and girls had to wear as little as possible. The ratio was something like 4:1. That's how Hugh Hefner liked his parties.

At one party I spent some time—and made some time—with a few gorgeous women, and then I ran into Richard Perry, a record producer I knew who had produced everybody from Rod Stewart to the Pointer Sisters. Perry introduced me to a girl named Shannon Tweed and her sister, Tracy. Both of them wore stiletto heels and corsets, and both were formidable—well over six feet tall. You can imagine the effect. I was devastated by Shannon in particular and did everything to try to woo her. We talked for a while. At first she wasn't interested, but after a while she came back around to talk with me. Then she took me to the library, where a secret door behind a bookcase opened into a passage that led to a wine cellar below. She sat down on a table in there, and I remembered thinking this was clearly an invitation.

But five minutes went by without any sex, and then 10 minutes. I remember just being lost in conversation with her. She came from Newfoundland and I came from Israel, and we started talking about the strangeness of America and how we both felt like fish out of water. After that we went upstairs, not having consummated our first meeting. On the way out she gave me her number and said, "Call me."

After meeting Shannon, I lost interest in the other new friends I had made that night, including Miss February.

I went back to the Beverly Hills Hotel,



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and all that night and the next morning I tried calling her. She'd given me a wrong number. A guy answered. He had never heard of Shannon Tweed. I couldn't figure it out. Eventually, I figured I had been taken for a ride. Then, as I was watching television in my single room at the hotel, I saw a photo being pushed under my door. I got up and looked at the photo. It was a black-and-white headshot of Shannon. Then I looked on the back, and there was a handwritten note: "I've never been so insulted," it said. "If you took my number, why didn't you call me? Next time be a man and don't start anything you're not going to finish." It was that kind of letter. On the bottom it said, "If you still have the guts, here's the phone number." The number was different from the number she had given me the day before—only one digit different, but that's enough. I called her up immediately and said, "I say what I mean and mean what I say, and you gave me the wrong number."

"The wrong number?" Shannon said. "Don't you think I know my own phone number?"

"I'm just saying that the last number is different," I said. She was angry at first, but eventually she relented. I went over to see her and was overtaken with passion and lust.

This new level of intimacy made me want to share everything with Shannon. I started talking about everything, about how I was straight, had never been drunk, but that I had chased a skirt or two in my day. I even told her about the photographs. I had always felt, if I had been the girl, that I would want a picture of the experience. I'd had a few thousand liaisons and had taken photos of almost all the ladies. I told her everything that she needed to know about me. No secrets. I remember putting all the pictures on the table and letting her go through them. She couldn't believe it. She didn't understand it. But she wasn't judgmental. She has always been like that. I didn't know much about Shannon's life until we started living together. I didn't read PLAYBOY, although I had obviously seen the magazine at friends' homes. I wasn't aware, until she showed me, how many times she had been on the cover and inside. Perhaps some men would have a problem with millions of others looking at nude photographs of the woman they were with, but I was actually proud of the fact. Nudity to me isn't an issue. Violence and drugs are. As far as I am concerned, if everyone had more sex there would be less violence.

Shannon was the girl of my dreams. She kept getting more beautiful. She never asked where I was going. She never asked when I was coming back.

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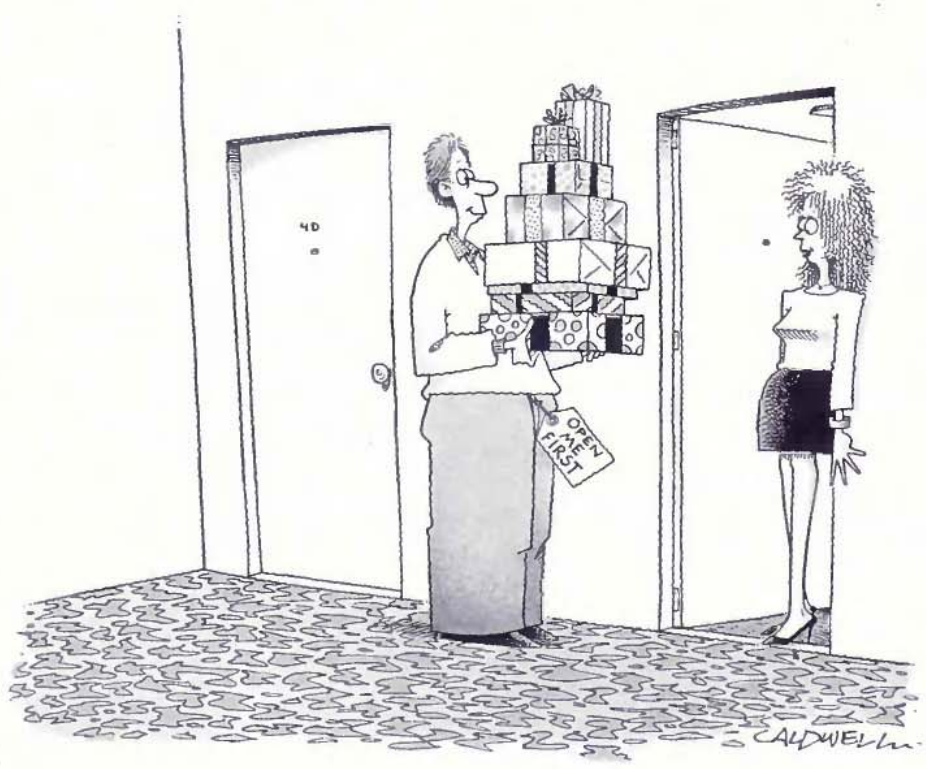

Ocean's 11

(continued from page 100)

who might reunite to pull off a brazen Stateside mission for fun and profit—like robbing five Las Vegas casinos simultaneously at the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve, once they'd rigged all the lights to go out. Lawford liked the yarn, but wanted no part of working with Kay, who tried peddling the project elsewhere for three more years to no avail before finally selling the property to Lawford and his wife for 10 grand. Lawford took the idea to Frank. "He flipped," said Lawford. Frank owed Warner Bros. a picture at the time and saw this one as an excuse to spread fine, fresh sin all over Sin City. Studio chief Jack Warner famously suggested they skip making the movie and just pull the job themselves.

•

Frank had a favorite expression back then and deployed it often during the making of the film. Every day, usually in the Sands steam room where the walls absorbed the toxins of the gods, he asked his fellows: "How's your bird?" His concern was anatomical. He liked knowing that everybody's birds were being properly nurtured and fed. He was that kind of caring guy.

•

I wonder if Tom Hanks knew about this: The 11 men of *Ocean's 11* were all said to be former elite paratroopers of the Army's 82nd Airborne Division. The heroes of Hanks' epic true-life World War II HBO miniseries *Band of Brothers* were elite paratroopers of the Army's 101st Airborne Division. On the morning of D Day, June 6, 1944—in actual life—both the 101st and the 82nd Divisions parachuted into Normandy, and wound up fighting in many horrific campaigns together. (Having closely studied *Band of Brothers*, I could not spot any swingers in the ranks of the 82nd, but it's nice to think some might have been there.) Lawford alludes to such in his first scene in the movie—a great one where an anonymous lovely straddles his naked back, administering a massage worthy of James Bond, while he ignores a constantly ringing telephone. He explains that he never answers the phone in December—"because one December, every time I answered the phone, they made me take some little friends and go out in the snow. That was at the Bulge—an out-of-season brouhaha in Belgium." The same Bulge, of course, that that other band of brothers was defending—ostensibly right next to these guys. After the film was released, Frank received a letter from several vets of the 82nd offering their assistance any time he wished to rob Vegas again. He thought that was a kick.

•

How Frank asked Sammy to join the cast: "We're not setting out to make *Hamlet* or *Gone With the Wind*. The idea is to hang out together, find fun with the broads and have a great time. We gotta make pictures that people enjoy. Entertainment, period. We gotta have laughs."

•

One of the 11 was Henry Silva, the wonderful sinister-faced actor Frank loved and first encountered a year earlier when he chased Silva down Sunset Boulevard in a black Cadillac so as to holler out the window, "Hey, Henry, I like you in movies." ("I thought, Holy shit! *That's Frank Sinatra!*" says Silva, still awed.) Shortly thereafter, Frank recruited him for *Ocean's 11*, which Silva says he hasn't seen in more than 30 years. But certain memories linger: "One thing I really loved about doing this film was that nobody slept. You didn't want to sleep. I was young—I didn't need any damn sleep. There was booze, cigarettes—not that I drank or smoked—and wild, wild women. There was a lot of sex. It was joyous. I romanced a lot of ladies. I could fall out of bed laughing with some girl, with all kinds of girls. The most gorgeous girls imaginable. You felt like you were dreaming, there was something so surreal about it."

Second opinion: Tony Curtis wasn't one of the 11 but was to make a cameo appearance as a blackjack dealer in a scene that was never filmed. He was there on weekends to play with the boys after the last Summit show of the night—and he remembers the girls most of all. "There were very few that escaped us," he says. "Very few. Let me tell you, Frank wasn't a womanizer—he was *womanized!* They were everywhere."

•

Why they were *his* 11: Frank is Danny Ocean, the former platoon sergeant who is actually outranked by Lawford's idle-trust-fund-playboy character, former Lieutenant Jimmy Foster—but since this was Frank's production, Frank leads the troop, then and now, got it? (Forever his own man, he counted himself as one of the 11.) Ocean is a slick operator looking to make the big score, which has now landed in his lap, because Joey Bishop's character (a platoon mate and ex-prizefighter named Mushy) has fallen in with a Beverly Hills racketeer named Acebos, who has cooked up this scheme to knock over five casinos—the Sands, Flamingo, Riviera, Sahara and Desert Inn—on New Year's Eve, but he needs a steely-nerved squadron to pull off the job with precision. Joey thinks of Frank, who is first seen wearing an impossibly orange mohair sweater (orange always made him happy), shooing a pair of women out of Lawford's hotel room, slapping one of them on the ass: "All right, girls, time for your nap! Beat it! See ya later. Ta-ta." He then seltzer-sprays a prone Lawford off a couch—"Up, Loverboy! Get up!"—to further establish just who it is that runs the show here.

•

Before going any further, let me address a recurring criticism of the original *Ocean's 11*: Yes, this is one long (127 deliberate minutes) and laid-back sashay of a movie—particularly for a heist caper. "The energy that went into the Rat Pack's fabled evenings at the Sands is noticeably missing in the film, along with any real sense of urgency," writes Mike Weatherford in his fine, funny book *Cult Vegas*. Or, as *Newsweek* stated: "The major suspense lies in whether Frank, Dean, et al. will get their hands out of their pockets long enough to pull off the robbery." Which, in the end, *The New Yorker* concluded, "they accomplish with a minimum of suspense." Whatever. My feeling is that this is primarily a film designed to demonstrate the art of perfect casual swagger—something all guys want to learn how to affect—so screw the pace. These 11 characters, purportedly bored senseless with their postwar lives and ready for action, transmit a most gorgeous nonchalance throughout. From the Big Five on down—through

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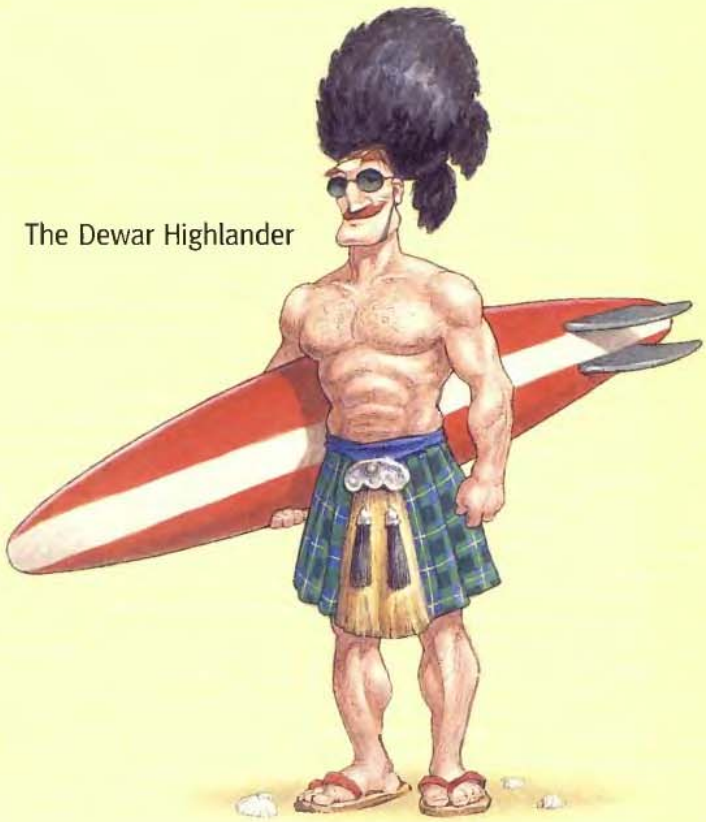
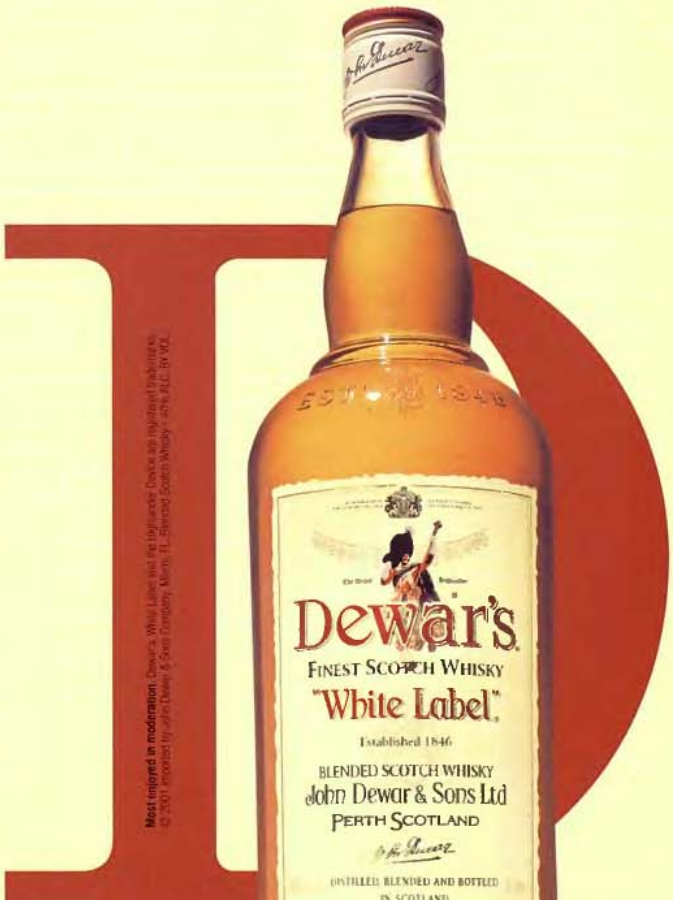


Just add water.

A splash wakes up the whisky.



supporting actors Silva, Richard "Nick" Conte, Norman Fell, Richard Benedict, Clem Harvey and the great tummler Buddy Lester—to a man, each has the withdrawn air of a hangover victim. (Probably because most of them had hangovers at the time—but still.) When Frank hosted *The Tonight Show* 17 years later, his leading lady and panel guest Angie Dickinson addressed this point exactly: "I was wondering, did you sleep at all?" Frank chuckled slyly: "When we were standing up. From time to time, we got a few naps, you know." (Dean had put it this way: "I do get some rest. Luckily, I faint a lot.")

•

"Star-Light, Star-Bright, Which Star Shines Tonight?" That was how the Summit at the Sands advertised itself around town—hinting that, at best, maybe two or three of the five might be aglow onstage during any given show. But they were almost always lit en masse, at eight o'clock and again at midnight, from January 20 to February 16, inside the cozy Copa Room, where 600 or so fortunate witnesses at a time could get a load of this delirium set to song, and where unconnected thousands were given the brush. (Frank, not at all coincidentally, owned nine backend points in the Sands and Dean owned one point, which was why everything, off-camera, happened at the Sands.) After the second show, nobody went to bed any time soon, since Frank liked to greet all rising dawns, liked to marvel at the beckoning hue of horizon he called Vegas Blue, and never liked doing it alone. Most of them stayed and played and drank—although Dean and Joey knew how to sneak out. Meanwhile, on February 2, 14 days into the Summiteering, Sammy was reported to have "passed out colder than a refrigerated mackerel from too much bubbly water, lack of sleep, and a hard day and night behind the movie cameras and Copa Room footlights." (Wrote Sam, in his second of three published memoirs, getting time frame wrong as they all did, and would, since ether had long dulled hope of lucid memory: "After eight weeks, I finally keeled over and spent a week in the hospital with nervous exhaustion.") Said Lawford: "They were taking bets we'd all end up in a box."

•

It takes nearly half of the movie to get the 11 of them assembled together for the big scene where Frank spills the details of the job at hand. Dean's character, lounge singer Sam Harmon, has flown in from a gig in Hawaii. Sammy's character, one-eyed Josh Howard, was found in Vegas driving a garbage truck. (Onstage each night, Sammy made much hay over his role: "My friend Frank asked me to play a garbage collector in the picture—can I thank you enough, sire?") Little Josh is the most upbeat of the crew: "The way I figure it is like this," he says. "The 11 of us cats against this one little city? We're in overlay!" They all congregate in the Beverly Hills rumpus room of this mastermind racketeer, where Frank gathers them around the pool table and carefully explains their unlikely mission. "Cuckoo," says Lawford afterward. "Day after tomorrow, gentlemen," says Frank, "we'll be in Las Vegas." Wordlessly, he lays his palm down on the green felt table and, one by one, the palms of the other 10 men pile on top (Sammy's hand crowns them all). After which, cool as a shiv, Frank says only this: "Happy New Year."

•

"That hand-on-the-table business was invented on the spot by Sinatra," says his son, Frank Sinatra Jr., who provides bright audio commentary on the recent DVD reissue of the film. "He told none of the other actors what he was going to do, but they just followed suit, and the camera dollied down on those hands. When they looked at it afterward in the projection room, everybody applauded." (It would become one of the great male-bonding moments in pop history.) Frank Jr. watched his father shoot that scene and many others up close and can recite reams of breezy dialogue from the film verbatim, perfectly mimicking each actor's voice. "People think I'm some kind of nut because I remember motion-picture dialogue," he confessed to me. "But some of it is absolute poetry, just the brevity of it." (He also gave me some swell sides from *Citizen Kane* and *Forbidden Planet*.) Because his father told him as much, he attributes much of *11*'s poetic snap to one of its original writers, crime-story specialist Richard Breen, who received no screen credit (as Harry Brown and Charles Lederer did) but had worked for months with Frank and seven years later would write the detective movie *Tony Rome* for him. Junior illustrates his admiration for Breen thusly: "There's the scene where Hank Silva first finds Nick Conte to tell him about the plan, and Conte is suspicious. He says, 'Sounds like the kind of reunion that could put me back in Calendar Hall'—meaning back in prison, but what a line! In 1960, I was locked up in a college preparatory school, which I hated. From the moment I saw the rushes of this movie, I referred to that school as Calendar Hall, and still do."

•

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esteemed audience members at the close of various performances. At least once, Frank is seen making this introduction: "Ladies and gentlemen, we'd all like you to meet a mahvelous man, the man who's guiding us in this movie, the famous director Mr. Lewis Milestone!" (Milestone stands and Joey tells him, "What you just did is bigger than the part I have in the picture!" This, by the way, happened almost nightly.) At 64, the Russian-born Milestone—or Milly, as they called him—was formidable of pedigree, having directed such Thirties classics as *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *The Front Page* and *Of Mice and Men*, but surviving Frank and company tested his mettle as nothing else ever had. They rattled him with firecrackers, stink bombs and merry inattention: "It's maybe an understatement to tell you that there was some friction between Sinatra and Milestone," allows Frank Jr. As Buddy Lester recalls, "I once said to Frank, 'Geez, Milestone's a big dramatic director! Let's do what he says.' Frank said, 'Don't worry. He won't bother anybody.' And he didn't. He was the most patient man in the world." Says Henry Silva: "One day Milestone runs up to us and says, 'Frank, listen, we're six pages behind schedule!' Frank said, 'Which six pages?' And Milestone said, 'These!' Frank grabbed them, ripped them out of the script and said, 'We just caught up.' It wasn't meant to hurt the guy—Frank just knew what he wanted." (So many scenes were changed or cut as they filmed that Dean at one point said to Frank, "You will give me a chance to read the script before we're through shooting it, won't you?")

Legend suggests the big fellows worked every day and performed every night, subsisting solely on brio and the fumes of Jack Daniel's. In truth, out of the 25 days of Las Vegas filming, Frank worked just nine before the camera, usually late in the afternoon. (Not that he wasn't busy on the other side of the lens, one way or another.) Whereas Milestone was a paragon of patience, Frank called himself One-Take Charley, as he was loath to do a scene over again, in this or any movie. "That's as good as it's gonna get," he'd say, then beat it. Or often he didn't say anything at all, as Angie Dickinson learned after her first and only scene with him, shot later on a Warner Bros. soundstage. Playing Beatrice, the long-suffering and estranged Mrs. Danny Ocean—"just a pissed-off wife," as she now puts it—Angie turns up early in the movie, first encountering Dean, who asks why their marriage went south. "It drowned in champagne," she tells him. "I want a life that doesn't depend on the color of a card or the length of a horse's nose." Then Frank appears, much to her chagrin, and hustles her up to an empty penthouse restaurant, promises that his ship is about to come in, and instructs her to be ready with a packed bag on

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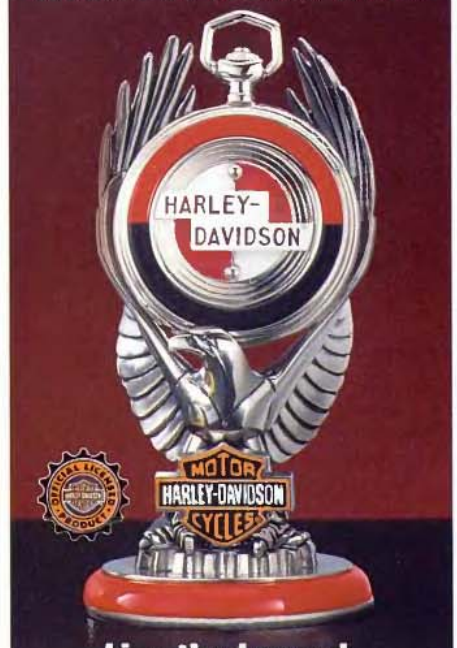

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January 2 so as to "hop on down to Rio." (She scoffs, whereupon he delivers the haymaker: "So what's wrong with a little hey-hey?") "The scene ended when Frank got up and walked out of the restaurant," Angie recalls. "Except he just kept on walking. I said, 'Frank, maybe I wasn't very good. Maybe we need another one.' He was already out of earshot. He was gone. I just sat there, dumbstruck. I've never known a man who knew so exactly what was right for him at all times."

•

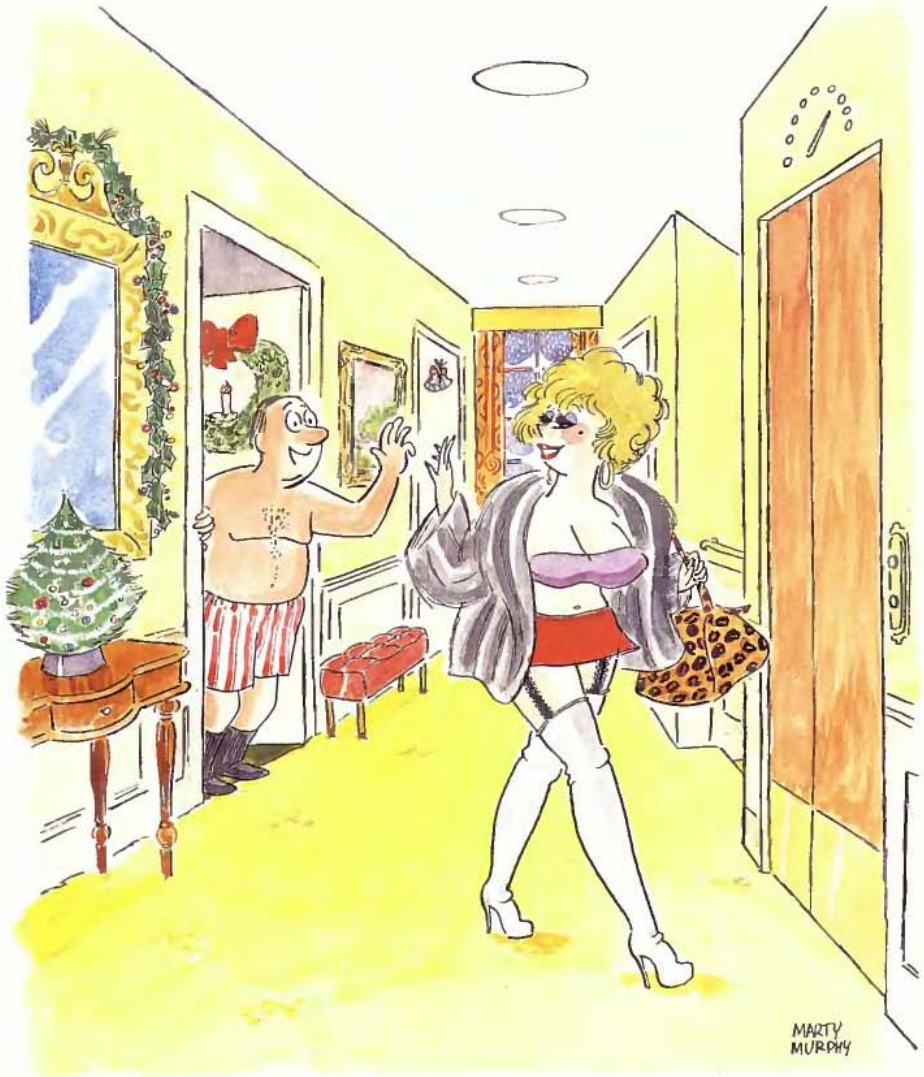
Back to that Summit footage again: Mere moments after Frank had introduced Milestone and just before Dean introduced Milton Berle (who jumped on the stage to say, "Great pleasure to be up here with all these fags tonight, ladies and gentlemen!"), Frank pointed to a table just below center stage where John Fitzgerald Kennedy sat, flanked by little brother Teddy and a pair of women, one of whom was Judith Campbell, his future mistress and one of Frank's former playthings. (They had just met at the table, where Frank had planted her.) Said Frank (as Sammy goosed his ass): "I personally feel I'm gonna visit him in that House one day very soon!" Said Dean: "I'm gonna visit the outhouse very soon!" They made him stand up twice. Dean said, "What was his last name again?" Frank fell down laughing, then goosed Dean. This was Sunday, February 7; the next president attended both of the evening's shows, then heartily partook of lascivious predawn carousal upstairs in a private suite. Frank—who had by now started calling the senator Chicky Baby—orchestrated the activities, of course. At one point, Lawford took Sammy aside and said, "If you want to see what a million dollars in cash looks like, go into the next room. There's a brown leather satchel in the closet. Open it." It was a campaign contribution from the Sands. Sammy later wrote: "I never went near it. I was also told there were four wild girls scheduled to entertain him, and I didn't want to hear about that, either, and I got out of there. Some things you don't want to know." The next day, Chicky Baby lunched with Judy Campbell on Frank's private patio, where they discussed religion and she fell in love with him. They sat together at both Summit shows again that night, just before he left town. Campbell would write that the following day she "woke up feeling like Scarlett O'Hara the morning after Rhett Butler carried her up the stairs." Years later, Lawford summed it up: "I was Frank's pimp, and Frank was Jack's pimp. It sounds terrible now, but it was really a lot of fun."

•

Pause button required: There is a split second in the film when Frank cruises through the Sands casino that a tall, broad-shouldered, brown-haired man in a dark suit can be spotted standing next to a woman at a gaming table, his back turned to the camera. I have been told, with some conviction, that that man would be elected president of the United States 10 months later. Kind of changes the whole movie for you, doesn't it?

•

Without a hitch, the job is pulled, thanks to the demolition of a power station at midnight, and the rewiring of automatic doors to the five casino-cashiers' cages, which pop open when the power snuffs. (This electric wizardry was the work of Nick Conte's hard-luck character, who we already know has a bum ticker and lives on borrowed time, as revealed in his famous medical exam scene: "Look, Doc, just give it to me straight," he barks. "Is it the Big Casino?") Posthaste, the boys stuff $2 million apiece into five matching canvas airline bags, which Sam whisks off in his garbage truck. (Historical footnote: In 1947, Frank was falsely accused of transporting to Havana a briefcase containing $2 million earmarked for mob boss Lucky Luciano. Frank said at the time and thereafter: "If you can find me an attaché case that holds $2 million, I will give you the $2 million." Who knew about these airline bags?) Afterward, outside on the Strip, Frank frets: "Things went too easy." Then he and Lawford watch Conte cross the street in front of the Riviera, where he clutches his chest and immediately departs for the Big Casino in the sky. Things unravel fast. They decide to sneak the loot out of town by hiding it inside Conte's casket, which is to be shipped home to California. (Frank dubs the scheme Operation Pine Box.) Conte's widow, however, suddenly opts to spare the expense and plant him in Vegas, on the spot. The boys rush to the mortuary chapel, where the memorial service has begun, and they pack themselves together into one long pew, Joey on the far left, Frank on the far right,



"A happy holiday to you, too! . . . And to whoever it was who came up with the Blow Job of the Month concept."

except for an usher seated on the aisle beside him (played by Frank's favorite Los Angeles restaurateur, Nicky Blair).

Then the finest scene of all: No casket is visible, but there is an audible grinding, which prompts Joey to mutter, "What's that noise?" The question is whispered down the row all the way to Frank. "The deceased is being cremated," offers Blair. Frank's face falls, as does each face as the news is whispered all the way back to Joey, who delivers his own deadpan punctuation. ("I shifted from my right leg over my left to my left leg over my right, put my head on my hand and gave a big deep sigh," he says. "I was supposed to say something, but I told the director it was better if I just did that. I had liberty to ad-lib, you know.")

Cut to the street and the infamous Walk of Woe: Broke, broken and smoking cigarettes, they wander past the camera in single file while their credits appear across their Sy Devore suits—first Lawford, then Dean, then Frank, then Silva, then Joey, etc., with Sammy bringing up the rear, his own mournful voice-over on the soundtrack reprising their theme, *Eee-o-Eleven*. Over Sam's head, we finally see the marquee of the Sands advertising the names of the five Summiteers—which Frank thought would be a nice kind of a kick, which it has been ever since.

•

"They had five different endings," Frank Jr. told me, "and nobody was happy with any of them, including the one that's in the movie." In the script, for instance, as they walk along, their eyes tilt skyward as Conte's widow flies above them in a small plane, scattering the cremains—and the incinerated millions—onto the Strip. ("The ashes, falling away from the plane, gleam in the sun like silver smoke.") Frank always credited Milestone for coming up with the cremation idea—"a mahvelous switch," he recalled in 1977 on *The Tonight Show*. He also said: "Even today, someone will say to me, 'Couldn't you guys have kept $5000 instead of burning it all up?' I say, 'No, you can't do that.'" Another option, according to Frank Jr., had the money burning, along with one or all of the guys, in a plane crash. And then there was the "upbeat" version in which the plan succeeds and they all rob Conte's grave—"but the picture was already running over 120 minutes," says Junior, "and they wanted to get it over with."

Meanwhile, in the paperback novelization's two final amazing pages that follow the cremation, weeks have passed and we learn that Joey's character, Mushy, has been ordered by Acebos, the mastermind racketeer, to hunt down and murder all the rest of the boys as payment for blowing the job. Lawford's character, we learn, got it in a car wreck. Sammy's Josh was found dead in a

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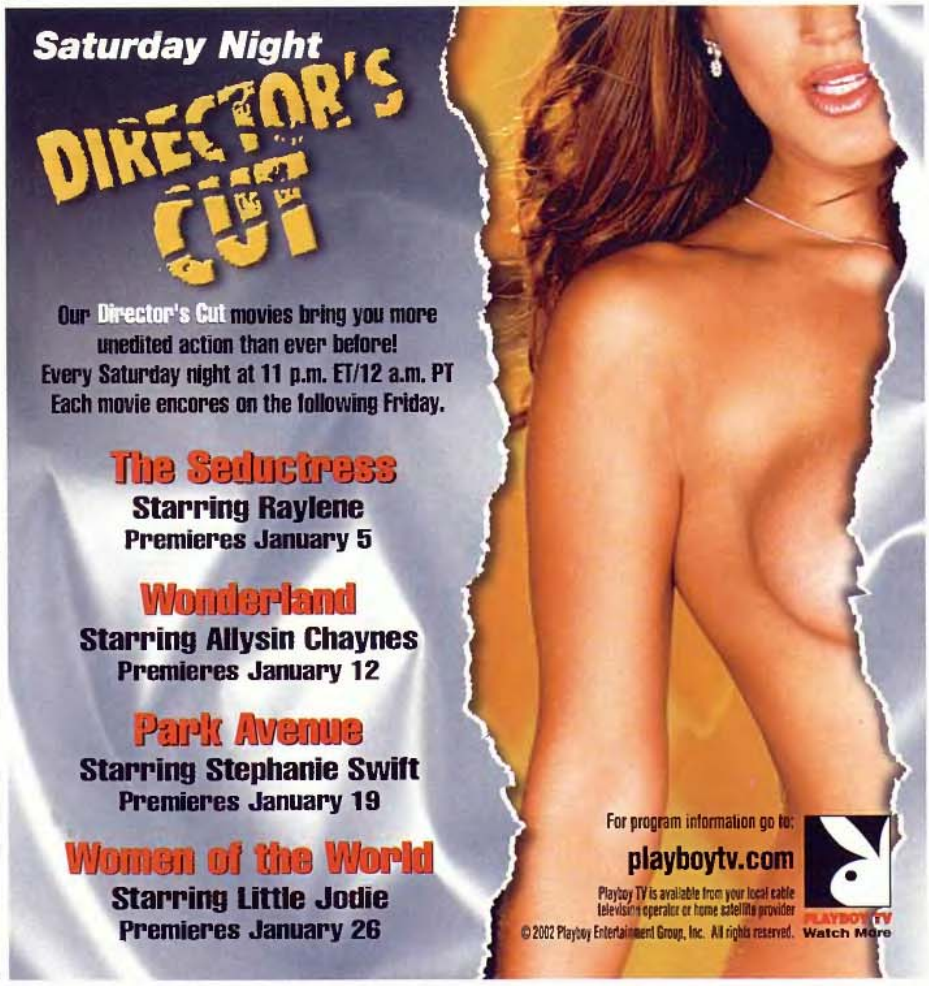
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Detroit alley. Now Joey and two henchmen find Frank and Dean holed up in a fleabag Connecticut hotel room. Frank's Danny Ocean is now a sodden wino. "He's been past feeling anything for a long time," says Dean's character, who nevertheless steps in front of Frank's bullet before Frank gets his. Joey, the last man standing, did it with tears in his eyes.

•

The movie—which cost $2 million to make—premiered on August 3 that year, in Las Vegas, natch, with all of them in attendance, and would haul in the ninth biggest box-office take of 1960 (behind *Psycho*, *Spartacus*, *La Dolce Vita* and *The Apartment*). The next year, the Big Five reconvened to make another picture, called *Sergeants 3*, a woolly Western based on *Gunga Din*—but they shot it in Kanab, Utah, 200 miles from Vegas, which wasn't much F-U-N at all. The year after that, Frank, Dean and Sammy made the final Rat Pack film, *Robin and the Seven Hoods* (minus Joey and Lawford), and it was during work on location at a cemetery that Frank heard that Kennedy was dead, and nothing was ever quite the same after that—not that they didn't try.

•

"All those guys never thought that they were going to get old," says Frank Jr. "The worst offender was Sinatra. He never thought he was going to get old, and when he realized he was, it drove him crazy. Somebody so strong and electric and vital could not bear to live with the thought that he was mortal after all."

•

"I visited Frank at home a couple of weeks before he died," Henry Silva told me. "He looked so strong I thought, This guy's gonna live for another 15 years! We started talking—about Vegas, the Sands, Kennedy, this very movie, in fact. We talked about all kinds of things. And then all of a sudden he said to me, 'It's Tuesday, right? What time is it?' I said, 'It's 8:30.' He said, 'Jesus Christ, what a boring life. It's 8:30 and nothing to do. I'm going to bed.' Then he said, 'Hey, wait! Before I go to bed, let's have an apple.' I said, 'You? An apple?' He said, 'Me. An apple.' I took part of his apple. He said, 'You know what? I am going to go to bed.' And two weeks later he was gone."

•

"We couldn't wait to go to work!" says Joey, still the last man standing. "Do you understand? It was about fun. Are you listening to me? F-U-N."

Terrorist Dollar

(continued from page 74)

multinational scams. In one, they hire Dominicans, Haitians and Nigerians to stage auto accidents, then escort the walking wounded to doctors and attorneys. Bills are run up to just under a threshold that would otherwise trip automatic investigations by the insurance companies. While medical insurance fraud doesn't bring in the same kind of money as other dodges do and isn't as sexy as drug trafficking, it is a multimillion-dollar industry that doesn't draw much police attention. Most law enforcement maintains a steadfastly local outlook, while global crime and terror mergers have burgeoned.

The more complicated the joint venture, the more difficult it is to identify and stop. Drug producers in Burma, Thailand and Laos, for example, rely on Asian organized crime groups—Thai, ethnic Chinese and Vietnamese—to handle their distribution in the U.S. Meanwhile, coke from Colombia heads south to Brazil—where at least one group actually bar-codes the packages to keep their accounting straight—and from there is moved to South Africa, where Nigerian and Italian gangsters ship it north into Europe.

Nigerian criminal entrepreneurs use the hundreds of millions of dollars they earn with various global fraud schemes to buy heroin in Thailand. Then they ship the heroin into U.S. ports—Newark is a favorite—where they double their money by trading it to Dominican and Colombian street gangs for coke. Then they smuggle the coke into Britain, where they sell it to Jamaican gangs, nearly doubling their money a second time.

Not to be outdone, heroin producers from Pakistan, Afghanistan and Iran warehouse drugs in Canada with Pakistani traffickers before shipping them south across the border. Lebanese traffickers also have bases in Canada and often use Hell's Angels gangs for transport into the States.

The Hell's Angels also provide muscle for Asian gangs running prostitution rings and have been involved in a joint venture with Vietnamese gangs in Canada to grow and distribute hydroponic marijuana. Over the past 10 years, they have linked their chapters with a secure intranet. When the Los Angeles chapter does a deal with the Mexicans to deliver methamphetamine to a Chinese gang in Seattle, or when the Chicago chapter does a deal with the Dutch chapter to move ecstasy across the Atlantic in their own chartered vessels, every other chapter around the world is alerted, within a few hours of the deal, and told to stay away.

Russian criminals have become particularly proficient at computer and Internet fraud, and at shaking down Western financial institutions through threats of

computer sabotage. Former Soviet cryptography specialists, put on the unemployment lines by the fall of Communism, now work for the Colombians, tapping the DEA's phones. They also have been running computer virus courses in Bulgaria, teaching terrorist groups how to wage cyberwar. Meanwhile, many FBI agents assert that their office e-mail systems don't work.

Other Russians have found their niche in the service industry. The Korganskaya organization took Albert Anastasia's Murder Inc. as its role model, offering to do the "heavy lifting" for any person or terrorist group that wanted someone whacked.

•

As the world is slowly and painfully learning, terrorists don't hide their money in caves. Just like organized criminals, terrorists put their money into the banking system so they can finance their activities around the world. Financial investigators looking into the affairs of Osama bin Laden have directed some of their inquiries toward Albania.

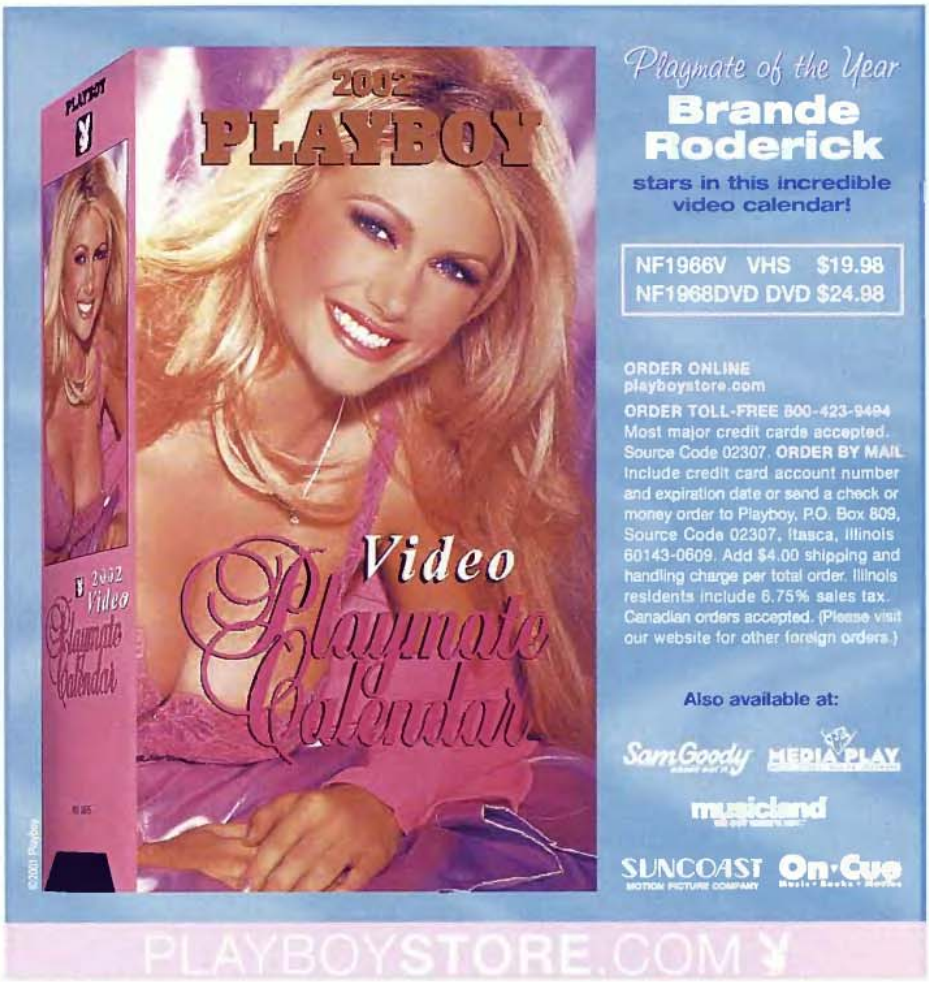
By 1991 the war in Yugoslavia was seriously interrupting the traditional Balkan heroin routes, especially into Europe from Afghanistan, where heroin has been a major export since the CIA began to support the anti-Soviet Mujahideen in the early Eighties. In those days, Bin Laden was considered valuable by the CIA. In the early Nineties, a new route developed, which takes heroin through Kosovo and Albania. From there, Albanian gangs move drugs across the Adriatic into Italy, a process that created a new alliance between the Italian mafia and the Kosovo Liberation Army. Together they smuggle people from the Balkans into Italy, move counterfeit prescription medicines from Italy to the Balkans and trade drugs for arms. They also deal with the Russians, who pay for heroin with rocket launchers and automatic weapons.

Drugs alone bring the KLA more than $2 billion a year and have turned Albania into the Colombia of Europe.

But drugs alone do not finance Bin Laden or whoever backed the World Trade Center and Pentagon attacks. Bin Laden is estimated to have a personal fortune worth possibly $300 million. He is believed to own or otherwise control businesses that include an import-export firm, a concrete factory, a plant that manufactures an important ingredient for the production of fruit juices, an investment house that supposedly maintains properties in the West and, perhaps most significantly, an Islamic bank.

Terrorist groups have taken their lesson from organized criminals—especially the Russian mafia—who buy banks instead of robbing them.

Al Qaeda maintains cells throughout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the world—in Lebanon (for secret banking), Malaysia (home to organized Asian gangs), Uruguay (a money laundering paradise), the United Kingdom (offshore banking) and Canada (easy border access to the U.S.).

Again, enter here the KLA. Albanian refugees, like the Russian émigrés of the Seventies, have extended the reach of the KLA's criminal activities into Europe and North America, where they commit burglaries, armed robberies and theft. Some of those same refugees also raise money for Albanian and Kosovo charities.

Bank accounts related to the KLA and certain so-called Kosovo disaster relief charities have been located in Germany, Sweden, Italy, Belgium, Canada and the U.S.

Thus, if Bin Laden needs any money in the U.S.—and can't otherwise get it there—it would not be a problem for the KLA to become his banker.

It could provide him with funds it already has in the States. He could then repay the organization in Albania with Afghan heroin, or with money funneled through shell companies in Cyprus or cash via Dubai.

That's known as *hawallah* banking—moving people across borders and supplying them with money already sitting where it needs to be—and it has been a favorite technique throughout the Islamic world for centuries.

No, terrorists don't hide their money in caves.

•

Fifteen months before the attack on the World Trade Center, a report on America's ability to deal with international terrorism was submitted to Congress.

In it, the intelligence community took some direct hits: "The CIA has created a climate that is overly risk averse," the report said. "This has inhibited the recruitment of essential, if sometimes unsavory, terrorist informants and forced the U.S. to rely too heavily on foreign intelligence services."

Criticism was also leveled at the FBI: "Law enforcement agencies are traditionally reluctant to share information outside their circles so as not to jeopardize any potential prosecution. The FBI does promptly share information warning about specific terrorist threats with the CIA and other agencies. But the FBI is far less likely to disseminate terrorist information that may not relate to an immediate threat even though this could be of immense long-term or cumulative value to the intelligence community. The problem is particularly pronounced with respect to information collected in the FBI's field offices in the U.S., most of which never reaches the FBI headquarters, let alone other U.S. government agencies or departments."

The report also contained a warning that reverberates today: "Neither Al Qaeda's extremist politico-religious beliefs nor its leader, Osama bin Laden, is unique. If Al Qaeda and Bin Laden were to disappear tomorrow, the U.S. would still face potential terrorist threats from a growing number of groups opposed to perceived American hegemony. Moreover, new terrorist threats can suddenly emerge from isolated conspiracies or obscure cults with no previous history of violence. Transnational terrorist networks are difficult to predict, track and penetrate. They rely on a variety of sources for funding and logistical support, including self-financing criminal activities such as kidnapping, narcotics and petty crimes. Their networks of support include both front organizations and legitimate businesses."

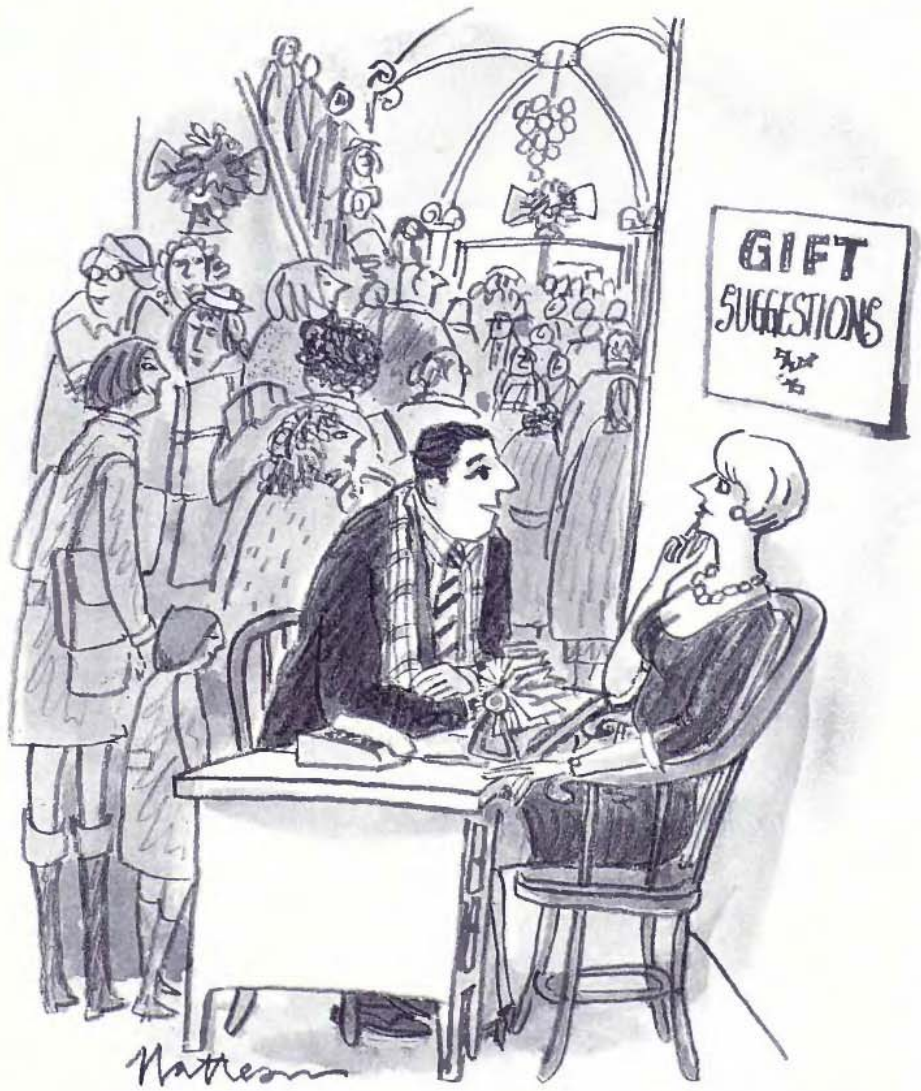
That is as prophetic as anything found in any religious text.

So what will it take for the politicians who write the laws and fund the cops to understand that they are up against terrorists and drug traffickers who are, in a real sense, corporate entities? Just as those corporate entities form joint ventures and strategic alliances, opening overseas branches to expand established markets and gaining access where they once were forbidden, law enforcement must do the same.

Transnational criminal organizations and terrorist groups understand cash flow, reinvestment, franchising, time management and risk, and they construct and maintain networks of front companies and use the legitimate financial markets for their own ends. What will it take for politicians to create laws to combat them?

As long as we live in a world where a 17th century philosophy of sovereignty is reinforced with an 18th century judicial model, defended by a 19th century concept of law enforcement that is still trying to come to terms with 20th century technology, the 21st century will belong to criminals and terrorists.

And, over time, it will be impossible to tell the two apart.



"What do you suggest for a credit card that has seen better days?"

STEVE COZ

(continued from page 92)

tight around the little girl's neck, it makes your stomach turn. But the *Today* show, NBC, MSNBC all ran them. It's pretty confusing when a bubbly Matt Lauer shows pictures of a dead six-year-old and gets away with it. We also decided not to publish any of the photos of Princess Diana in the car crash. We were offered them within 24 hours, but we just weren't going to do that.

PLAYBOY: And now, mainstream newspapers and networks sit on controversial stories, seeming above the fray, and then ride in on your coattails when you break a story.

COZ: True. I think they want the tabloid press to bubble up the scandals so they can redo them in a more intellectual fashion and jack up their ratings. The only debate is how long the mainstream media wait before they absorb a story. Remember that picture of Bill Clinton and Monica in a beret? It was the first picture ever of Monica and Bill in the same frame, and it speaks volumes about the intimacy between them. One major magazine called us to partner with them on buying it—$100,000, and we split the cost down the middle. Here's why: It went against the magazine's ethics to buy the picture from the source because it wasn't a professional photographer. But if we bought it they could license the rights from us. You see how tortured that is?

PLAYBOY: Is it your contention that stars automatically forfeit their right to privacy when they become famous?

COZ: It depends on how much the stars use media to claim their success. Look at Meryl Streep. You know anything about her? She's a raw talent who didn't go the hype route. It's the ones who use the media that the media develop an appetite for. They thrust themselves into the soap opera of public life in order to sell movie tickets, and once they reach a level of income, fame, elitism, whatever, they say, "OK, I've used the public. I don't want to do it anymore." That's where the nastiness starts.

PLAYBOY: The *Enquirer*'s image is on the upswing, but circulation has fallen from 5 million in the Eighties to about 2.1 million today.

COZ: In a way we've been victims of our own success. Ninety percent of tabloids are launched by the tabloid industry itself—we cannibalize ourselves. That's not necessarily a bad thing. It's been a huge growth industry, which has fanned out to include *People* magazine, *Us Weekly*, etc. It gets unhealthy when the mainstream press goes tabloid to shore up ratings and circulation, but then, to differentiate themselves, they knock the tabs. That was a particularly nasty period in the mid-Nineties. Another issue is money. Tabloids sell on the stands, and

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PLAYBOY: How do your ethics differ from those of other publications?

COZ: We don't do anything illegal. We demand that our reporters go right to the heart of the story, and if that means knocking on a celebrity's door knowing that when it opens the reporter is going to get punched in the face, then he has to do that. We're not shy about what we do. When we're on a story we're very aggressive.

PLAYBOY: There's a fine line between gutsy and sleazy. I'm thinking of that instance when reporters dressed as priests to go to Bing Crosby's funeral to "comfort the widow" and extract the story.

COZ: I don't know if they comforted the widow. Did they dress as priests to get in to see what was going on? Yes. *Enquirer* reporters will do that.

PLAYBOY: Gutsy or sleazy?

COZ: I think that's putting the story above everything else. Everyone calls us sleazy when we do what it takes to not allow a celebrity to control the image—which is basically what journalists are supposed to do anyway.

PLAYBOY: How about giving tiny Minox cameras to the mourners at Elvis' funeral to photograph the corpse? Classic picture, but pretty invasive, no?

COZ: I don't have a problem with that. The media is not a nice business. Our job is to intrude into people's privacy. I was watching the local NBC TV news and the reporter was criticizing a tabloid story. The next clip shown was of a horrible accident—a station wagon on fire, with twin two-year-olds trapped inside, burning. And she didn't have the sensitivity to see the hypocrisy in what she was doing.

PLAYBOY: What about the insanity of helicopter coverage of weddings?

COZ: Did you know that celebrities actually brag about their weddings by counting how many helicopters there are? They do! Is it a 10- or 20-copter affair? It's ludicrous. Let's say you hire one of those security firms for $250,000 to guarantee a private wedding, and your guests have to go through five security checkpoints, and waiters are security guards, and anything that even looks like a camera is impounded. All that hassle could be avoided if they'd simply hand out one or two pictures to AP. End of story.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk checkbook journalism. No major news organization would do it. You have refused to pay sources in Pakistan. It's considered unethical, part of the prostitution of American journalism. And yet you do it here in America.

COZ: It's not prostitution, it's evolution. Remember Tonya Harding? I know her manager. He goes to ABC and says, "For $100,000, you can have Tonya and her ex-husband, Jeff Gillooly." The producer says, "No, I can't pay. But I'll tell you what I can do. I'll guarantee we'll put two of your other clients on *Prime Time Live* in the next few months." That kind of national advertising would cost him $360,000—not including the limo, the hotel, Barbara Walters—so he's getting a good value. We're much more straightforward. We skip the dinners, the limo. We just sit there with a check. You give us truthful information and we pay. And in most cases the motivation is clear: greed.

PLAYBOY: If the information is false, does the check clear?

COZ: We do deals based on two things: exclusivity and whether or not we can support the core of the story through other sources.

PLAYBOY: And you've been known to send a Lear jet with piles of cash to keep people quiet.

COZ: That was GP [Generoso Pope, the *Enquirer*'s founder]. He sent 20 reporters, a Lear jet and the bagman, a big Australian guy with a safe full of money—I think it was $50,000—to a gardener who lived in front of the place where Princess Grace drove her car off the cliff. Turned out he had knelt beside her during her final minutes and heard her final words. We had a long lead time, so we moved in with him for two weeks to protect our exclusive. We didn't let him answer the phone or talk to any other reporters. It's no different from when a network flies somebody to some other location to keep him away from the press.

PLAYBOY: What's the highest price you've paid for a story?

COZ: Four hundred thousand dollars, but we got a rebate. It was on Michael Jackson's baby. The broker on the deal was so brain-dead that he also sold the story to England and held a press conference. When you hold a press conference in this day and age, it's worldwide. So the pictures got here 24 hours before we hit the stand. Eventually, we settled for $250,000. Jackson took that money, by the way. He was strapped for cash.

PLAYBOY: How do you price a story?

COZ: It's flexible. If Michael Jackson wants to sit down with us and tell us everything that has happened in the past decade of his life, it's priceless. If he wants to put his spin machine to work, it's worthless.

PLAYBOY: What's in your lying-publicist file?

COZ: We have four of them, each 10 inches thick. Take what happened with Demi Moore, when she was in the final stages of her marriage to Bruce Willis. We heard she was pregnant, so I called her publicist, who started screaming, "It's absolutely not true, and if you publish that

story she's going to deny it! This is a troubled patch in the marriage, don't introduce a pregnancy into it." I figure there's no way she can be this vehement and not be telling the truth.

Seven weeks later I'm talking with the same spin doctor for a story about Bruce being furious at a male friend for paying attention to Demi. And the publicist starts screaming, "You can't do this to Demi, especially not now. She's in a very delicate state—she just had a miscarriage!" You quickly learn which publicists lie and which don't.

PLAYBOY: How did you discover Jesse Jackson's illegitimate child?

COZ: We had the story from sources close to the mistress, and we spent an additional four weeks trying to get sources close to Jesse. They finally confirmed it for us. We went back to the mistress and told her we were going to press and that her denial would look foolish because people in Jesse's camp were confirming it. At that point she changed her denial to a "no comment." She said the reason she was changing it was that she didn't want her daughter to grow up and see that denial. She's a mom taking care of her daughter. There was one reporter from Chicago who said he'd heard the same rumors but had run into a brick wall. The *National Enquirer*, he said, ran through the wall.

PLAYBOY: When you started working at the *Enquirer*, a hot feature was a two-headed baby. Wasn't that a comedown for a Harvard grad?

COZ: When I started, my beat was human interest. I was doing great stories on fascinating things, like the time I interviewed a woman who was entering the Mrs. America pageant. She was a beautiful woman who'd had a preventive double mastectomy and breast reconstruction because breast cancer ran in her family. So, I'm sitting on the couch with her and she's talking about being an inspiration to women, and she says to me, "Wanna see my breasts?" I was like, "Yes, of course." She whips off her shirt and bra and puts her hands over her head, and her breasts are bouncing up and down—the implants are under the muscle tissue. While she's doing that, her husband is about 15 feet away making us tuna sandwiches for lunch. Where else are you going to get experiences like that?

PLAYBOY: When Burt Reynolds left Loni Anderson for a cheerleader, he went to the *Enquirer* because he said it was the one place that would quote him accurately. How the hell did that happen?

COZ: Burt started his relationship with us back in the Seventies by chasing [*Enquirer* senior reporter] Alan Smith around a couch trying to beat him senseless because Smithie had asked him a question about his hair. Burt was trying to kill him. He got so worked up over this, he started calling the editors and talking to them. They reached an understanding, and Burt became friends with us. When celebrities call us, we are very precise about what they're saying. There's a huge trust. Everyone pictures us as the bad boys in Hollywood, but celebrities know that when they talk to the *Enquirer*, we'll get it exactly as they told it.

PLAYBOY: Who's the most fascinating celebrity you have covered?

COZ: Hillary Clinton. That's a Greek tragedy on a public stage. This is humanity played out from every angle: children, family, trust, fidelity, jealousy. Just when we think we've got a handle on what's going on, suddenly her naked ambition rears its head. The public is fascinated because these are all the emotions that a normal woman would have privately, but they're aired for everyone to see.

PLAYBOY: Why hasn't she divorced Bill?

COZ: I think she loves him. I think she will divorce him if that love stands in the way of her ambition. But right now Hillary can't go through a public divorce. It's like Howard Stern. His radio show worked when he was married. Now that he's not, it struggles.

PLAYBOY: Last year, when a gay porn star was reported to have had a relationship with Tom Cruise, Cruise sued the porn star for $100 million. Does that worry you?

COZ: Amazing, isn't it? I think that was a warning to the press not to impinge on Tom's ability to earn money as a macho leading man. I also think it was a horrible PR move, as it allowed the words Tom Cruise and gay porn star to be used in the same headline over and over.

PLAYBOY: Why did he risk it?

COZ: I think there's something else his PR people are afraid will come out. I'm not saying Tom is gay, but there might be someone else with a story they're trying to stop.

PLAYBOY: Ever lie awake at night wondering about the social significance of your job?

COZ: In journalism, you have to put out a product that people will read in order to keep the fires going until you hit something of social relevance. It broadens when you tick through the list of celebrities with political pals. John Travolta tried to influence social policy in Germany with the Scientologists. Woody Harrelson wants to legalize marijuana, George Clooney wants to change the First Amendment, Whoopi Goldberg rants about the Pope—these are all facts. You have a slew of celebs in the White House influencing a president, and they don't want the press to scrutinize them? It doesn't work that way.

PLAYBOY: An editor at the *Columbia Journalism Review* had this to say on the *Enquirer*'s ethics: "As they're heading into the mud, there may be a point in the arc where they're doing the right thing, but that's not where they're going. It's almost accidental."

COZ: The mud has cracked. I think the biggest problem with journalism today is that journalists are so full of themselves. What are we? We're public servants. We have to sell a product to the public, and you get these pinheads trying to hold up journalism as an institution. The people who scrutinize journalism are not connected to what's going on in society. They're living in some fairy-tale land where journalism and their code of ethics would be out of business. I wonder who pays their salaries.

PLAYBOY: In your new photo book, *The National Enquirer: 30 Years of Unforgettable Images*, it's surprising to see a 20-year-old shot of George Clooney posing with a pet pig, considering he recently started a crusade to boycott the tabloids.

COZ: A few years ago, right around the time of Princess Di's crash, Clooney was calling for my head and getting a petition started to boycott the tabs, which is unbelievable, because when Clooney was starting out—and this is a little-known fact—he was in *Return of the Killer Tomatoes*! He had a potbellied pig and did numerous photo stunts to get his name in the paper. He took the pig out dancing, kissed the pig, took it for a drive in his car—and he came to us. There are thousands of B-minus-level actors out there and whoever does something interesting is going to make it in.

PLAYBOY: How do you avoid becoming cynical about people in power and in the public eye?

COZ: You can't become cynical. People in power are human beings and they have great qualities and flaws. Through reading the *Enquirer*, you get to know these powerful people in a way you wouldn't know them otherwise, and as you do, you start to root for them. You don't become cynical, you become more interested in the fabric of their lives. I mean, O.J.—he's a Shakespearean character. And that story isn't finished yet. His kids will turn 18 soon, and they're going to have things to say.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that this country's fixation on celebrities is on the wane? After all, the world has inexorably changed. Will your mission?

COZ: I just got a first copy of our new photo book, and looking at all those old celeb photos made me nostalgic for a time when Michael Jackson dating Mariah Carey was a significant event. Where is the American psyche headed? Are people going to want to read about the Taliban for the next six months? I find that hard to believe.

PLAYBOY: Between the anthrax and the war, you must realize how easy you had it with Monica.

COZ: I'm longing for the days of the Greek tragedies' being acted out without the tragic endings.

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATES UNWRAPPED

Christmas wouldn't be complete without a video of Centerfolds acting naughty. In *Playmates Unwrapped*, a dozen don red furry hats and angel wings, frolic in the snow and, more important, do things around the Christmas tree

All we want for Christmas is *Playmates Unwrapped*. Clockwise from left: Jami Ferrell, Jennifer Walcott and Kimberly Spicer sex up some Santa hats. Buffy Tyler braves the cold. Stephanie Heinrich, Kimberley Stanfield, Dalene Kurtis and Lindsey Vuolo get unwrapped. Who needs a Nativity scene when you have Dalene?

that would make Santa blush. We won't spoil the surprise, but with segment titles such as *Caroler*, *Angels*, *The Night Before Christmas*, *Christmas Morning* and *I'll Be Home for Christmas*, you can imagine that the Playmates' interpretations of the holidays are sexier than what you'd experience at Grandma's house. "I work for PLAYBOY as much as I can," says Jennifer Walcott, who appears on the cover wrapped in a big red bow. Jennifer joins Lindsey Vuolo and Nichole Van Croft in *The Night Before Christmas* and Lindsey and Jami Ferrell in *White Christmas*. "I was kind of nervous to work with a Playmate I didn't know, but working with Nichole was wonderful," she says. "And Kimberly Spicer, too." So what's on Jennifer's Christmas list? "Peace on earth. A cure for AIDS. The end of poverty." Got that, Santa?

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Marilyn Cole joined our hutch as a Bunny and public relations specialist at the London Playboy Club. After posing as Miss January 1972, Marilyn won Playmate of the Year honors and dated such hotshots as Hef, musician Bryan Ferry and a British baron before settling down with Victor Lownes, a Playboy executive, in 1984. Marilyn would like you to know that the only false part of her Centerfold (shown here) is her eyelashes.

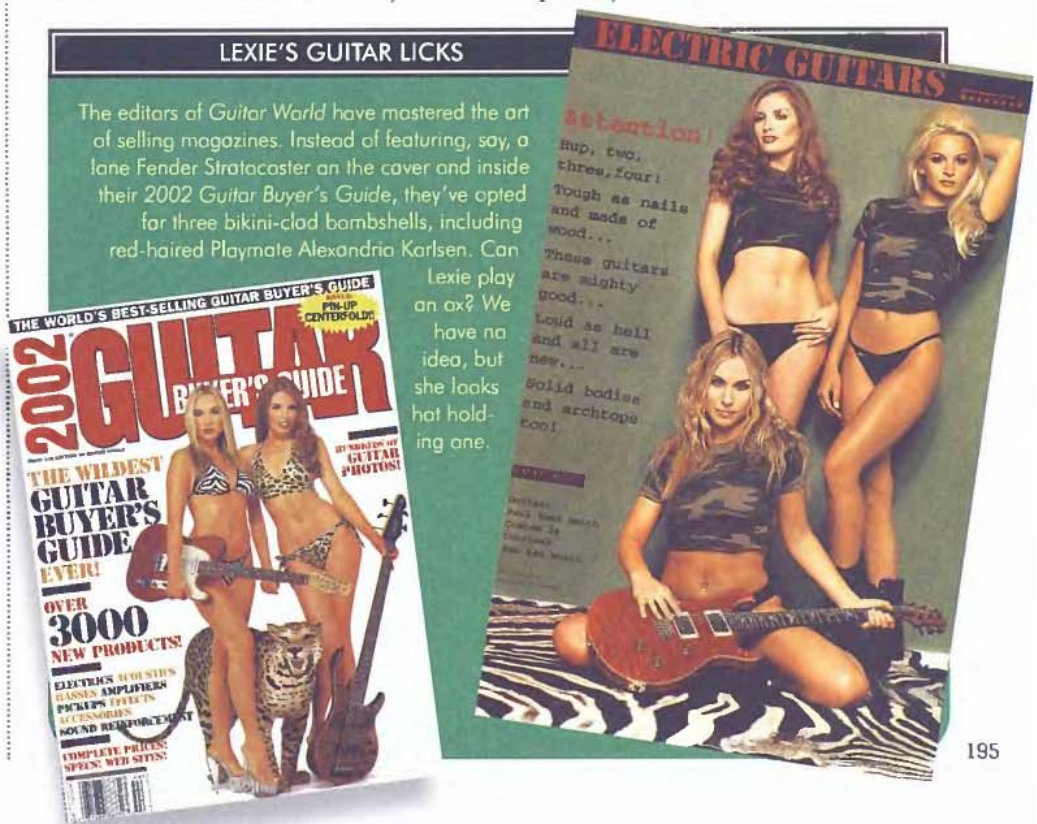
Marilyn Cole.

Missy Cleveland 1959–2001

On August 14, 2001 the world lost Miss April 1979 Missy Cleveland to unspecified medical causes. Missy showed up at a hotel in San Diego during our 25th Anniversary–inspired Great Playmate Hunt, just as news crews arrived to film the event. As we said in her Centerfold story, "She was struck speechless, but then, so were we." Missy, who hailed from Mississippi, stayed in California until 1983, acting in such movies as *Blow Out* with John Travolta. Then she moved to Florida and Montreal, where she ran a club for a friend who was a French singer. On her Playmate Data Sheet, Missy wrote that her goals were to "travel to all corners of the world and live life to the fullest." We think she did.

LEXIE'S GUITAR LICKS

The editors of *Guitar World* have mastered the art of selling magazines. Instead of featuring, say, a lone Fender Stratocaster on the cover and inside their *2002 Guitar Buyer's Guide*, they've opted for three bikini-clad bombshells, including red-haired Playmate Alexandria Karlsen. Can Lexie play an ax? We have no idea, but she looks hot holding one.



PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Catherine McCord

Victoria Silvstedt is my favorite. She has one of those great vibrant personalities, and it shines through in her pictures. We did a commercial together. There was a lot of bouncing going on. That's the other thing about Victoria: She has quite a rack.

Look for Vicky in the flick *Boat Trip*.

ALL GROWN UP

As the *Growing Pains* episode of *E True Hollywood Story* reminds us, it's been more than 10 years since we sat in front of the television drooling over Julie McCullough as Julie Costello, Kirk Cameron's on-screen squeeze. Much to our dismay, she was taken off the show soon after her arrival. We phoned her for the dish.

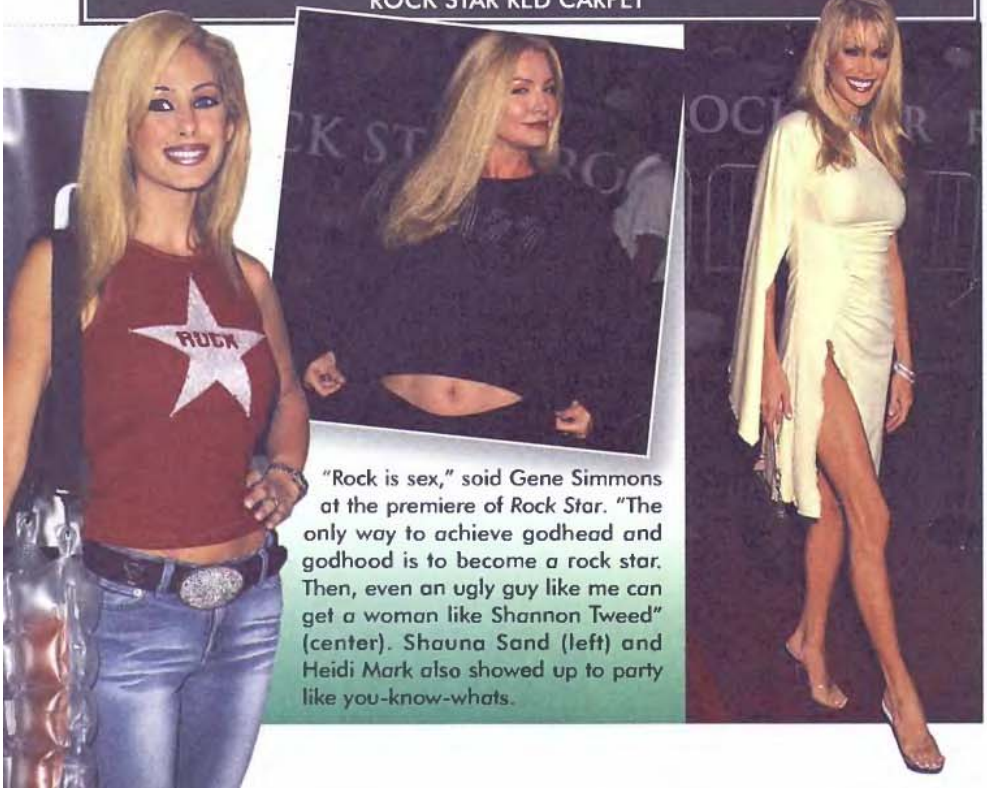
Q: Why did *Growing Pains* hire you, knowing you were a Playmate, and then fire you a year later?
A: Some of the production people had certain religious beliefs, and they decided they didn't want me there.
Q: Seen any good TV lately?

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS

January 11: Miss May 1968
Elizabeth Jordan
January 14: Miss November 1973
Monica Tidwell
January 17: Miss February 1962
Kari Knudsen
January 22: Miss April 1991
Christina Leardini
January 25: Miss May 1980
Martha Thomsen

A: No. I'm writing my own television show because I don't really care for too many of the current ones. I'm not supposed to talk about it, other than to say that we have producers on board, and we're hoping to sell it to a network. It's going well.
Q: What's your most memorable Mansion visit?
A: I gave a tour to a guy who had written to Hef during the Gulf war, saying he hoped to visit the Mansion. Hef wrote back, "When you make it home, visit us." So he did. I showed him around in my blue Bunny suit.

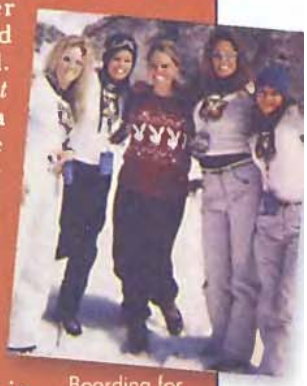
ROCK STAR RED CARPET



"Rock is sex," said Gene Simmons at the premiere of *Rock Star*. "The only way to achieve godhead and godhood is to become a rock star. Then, even an ugly guy like me can get a woman like Shannon Tweed" (center). Shauna Sand (left) and Heidi Mark also showed up to party like you-know-whats.

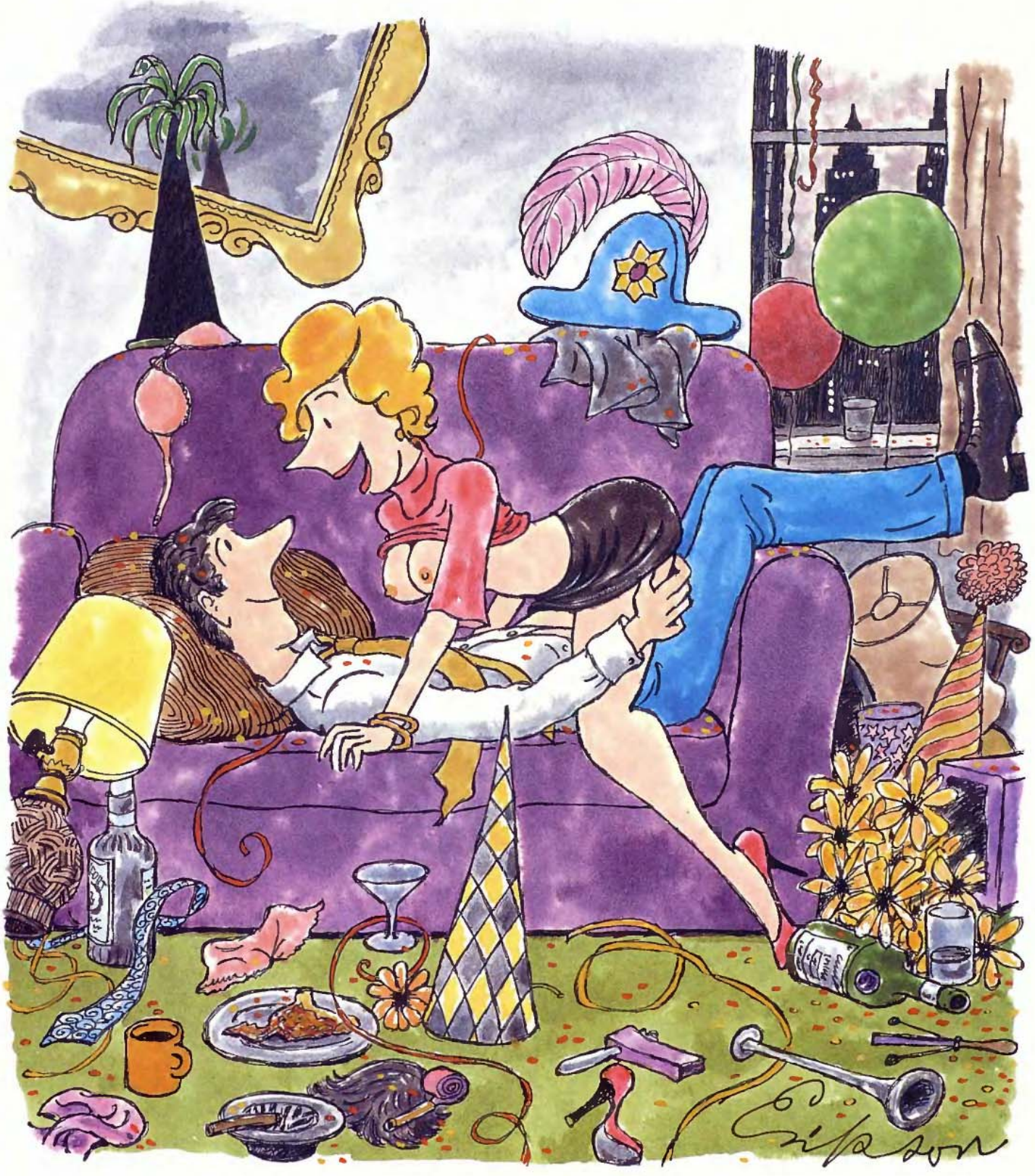
PLAYMATE GOSSIP

She scores! **Lisa Dergan** is cohosting *Sports Central*, an NFL postgame radio show on KCBS in Los Angeles. . . . **Playboy X-Treme Teamers Nicole Wood, Jennifer Lavoie, Danelle Folta** and **Jessica Lee** (pictured with former PLAYBOY employee **Christy Chittenden,** center) hit the Lake Tahoe slopes for the Boarding for Breast Cancer Snowboard and Music Festival. *Entertainment Tonight* aired a segment on the making of the 2002 X-Treme Team calendar, and Danelle was named one of the "Coolest Women in Sports" in November's *Sports Illustrated for Women*. . . . The latest Centerfold to join the **Motley Crue** ex-wives club? **Heidi Mark** (see "Rock Star Red Carpet," left), who married Motley Crue front man **Vince Neil** in May 2000 but filed for divorce in August 2001, citing irreconcilable differences. Other Playmates turned Crue exes include **Pamela Anderson** and **Brandi Brandt**. . . . **Donna Perry** (pictured at right) models resort attire for **Tori Richard**. . . . For behind-the-scenes footage of a Cutty Sark photo shoot starring **Nikki Schieler Ziering**, go to cuttysarkusa.com. . . . Regarding the terrorist attacks in New York and Washington, D.C., **Neriah Davis** has a heartfelt message: "I'm proud of the country for banding together. I'm awed by the firefighters, pilots, police officers and other heroes who are doing their best to help during this nightmare. My heart goes out to everyone in America. As I always say, peace and love."

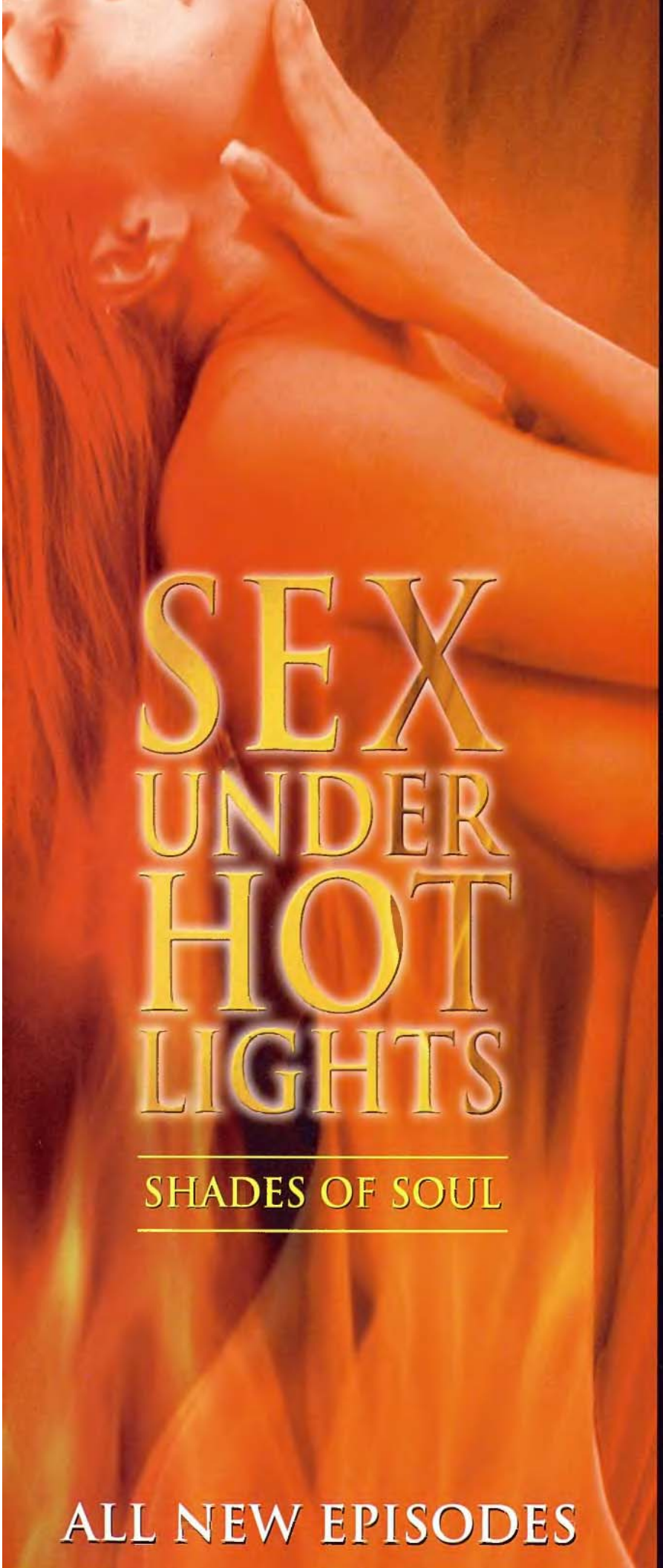


Boarding for Breast Cancer.

Donna Perry.



"We'll do practically anything to put off straightening up, won't we?"



SEX UNDER HOT LIGHTS

SHADES OF SOUL

ALL NEW EPISODES

It's a controversial, shocking and titillating look at four adult-film stars as they reveal their nastiest secrets and demonstrate their naughtiest skills. They made the trip to Hollywood in search of stardom in adult film – and found it. These are their real stories of glamour, struggle and the sex that sells. A revealing insider's look – Playboy TV style.

Featuring Dee, Bronze, Kiyana and Nikki Fairchild

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PLAYBOY on the scene

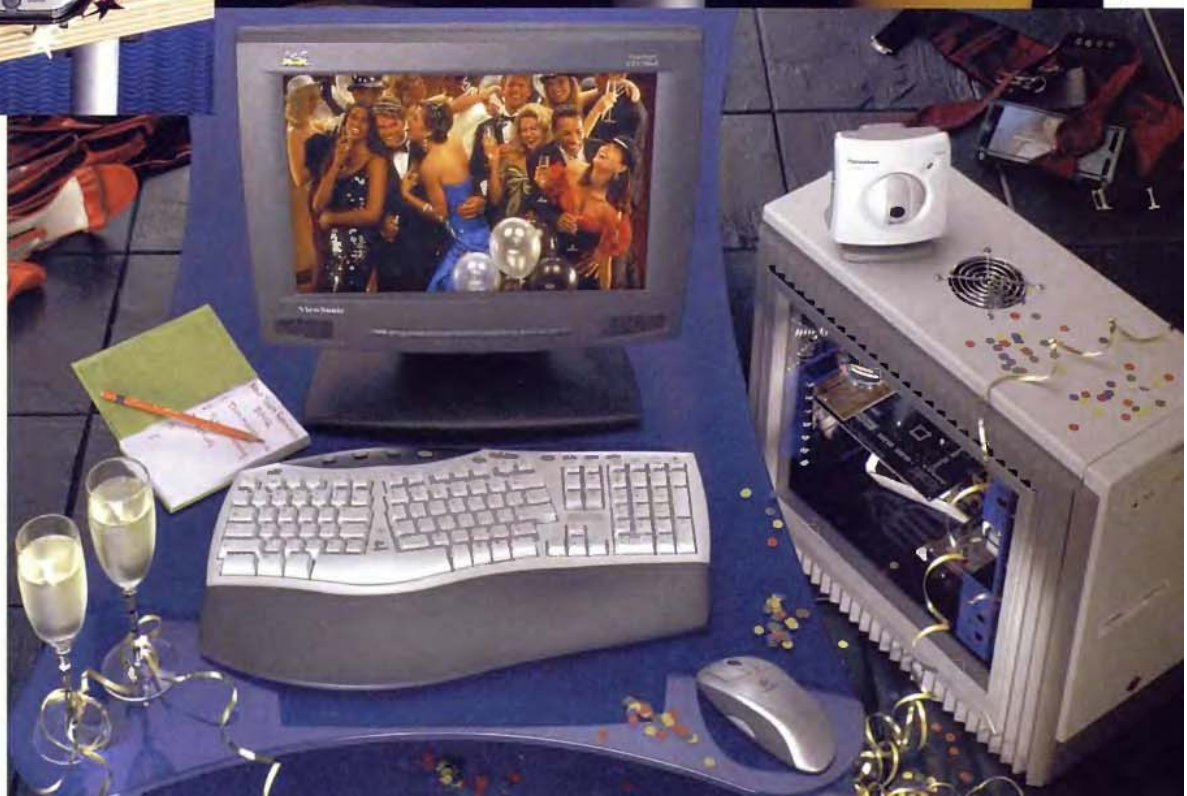
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

THE PARTY'S ONLINE

Toast 2002—and your new high-speed Net connection—by webcasting your New Year's Eve party. All you need is a computer, a webcam and enough liquor to keep the action interesting. Panasonic's KX-HCM10 network webcam can broadcast high-quality live video from any place with an Ethernet connection or router and power source, allowing you to position it next to the hot tub or wherever the party is happening. Set it to upload images to a website or e-mail them at designated intervals to your friends. While you concentrate on keeping the champagne flowing, ReQuest Multimedia's AudioReQuest Pro digital music system will act as your DJ. It stores up to 450 hours of MP3s. When paired with the company's new ARQ Zone, it can distribute different tunes to specific rooms. Microsoft's TV Photo Viewer connects to a TV via an RCA input and can be set to scroll through 40 photos saved on a standard floppy disk. Just remember to be careful popping corks around this cool equipment. —JASON BUHRMESTER

Right: ReQuest Multimedia's AudioReQuest Pro ($2500 to $3500, depending on memory size) can be connected to 40 of the company's new ARQ Zone devices. It's designed to play different songs at the same time throughout your place ($2000 to $2500, depending on memory size).

RICHARD IZUI



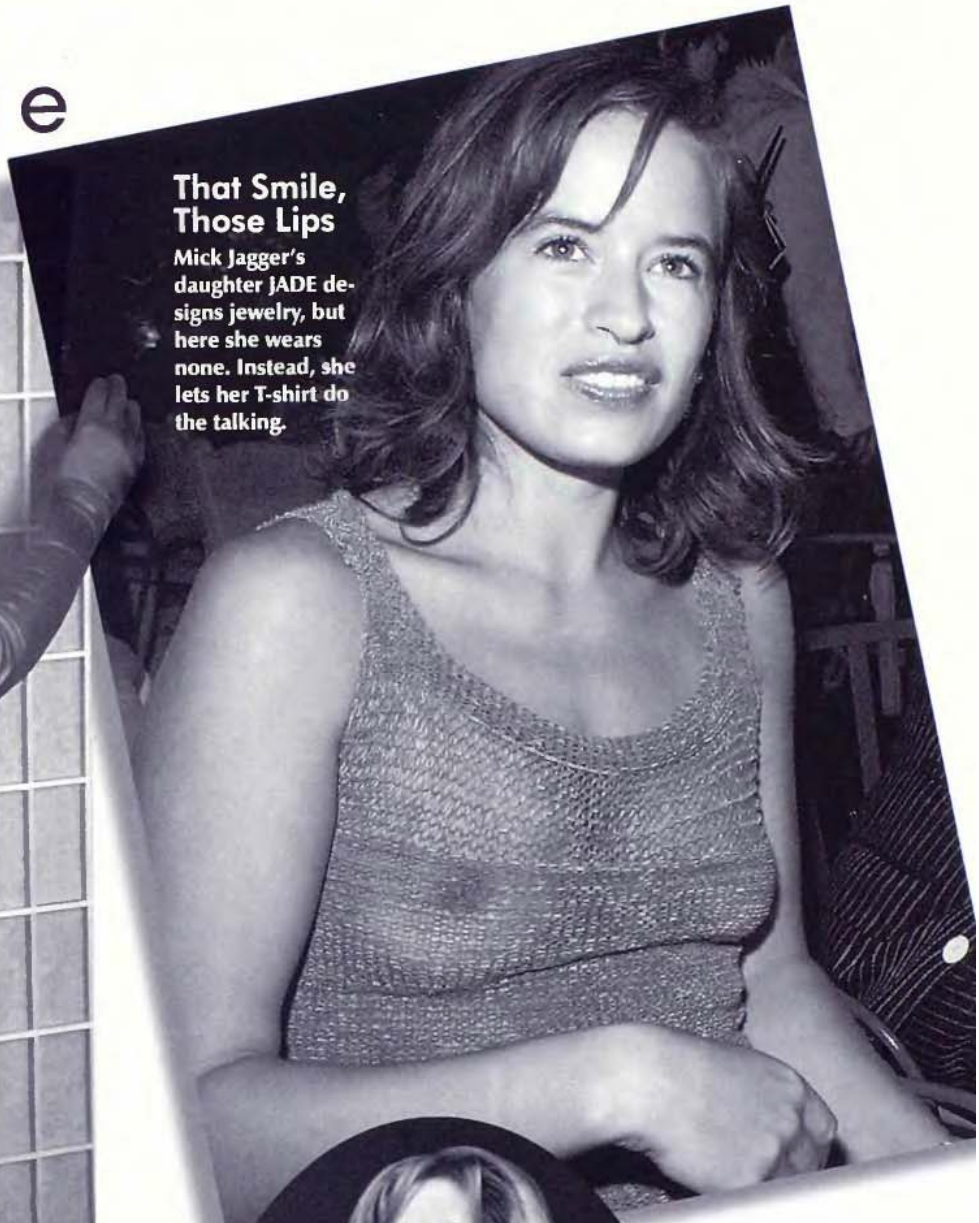
Above: Snap photos of partygoers with Sony's Cybershot DSC-F707, a five-megapixel digital camera ($1000). Then display the shots on your TV with the Microsoft TV Photo Viewer ($160). Right: Set up a PC so yuur guests can watch the webcast. We used one from VooDoo, an online cumpany that offers custom models in clear cases ($1500 to $6000, depending on specifications). We paired it with ViewSonic's VE170m, a 17-inch LCD monitor with built-in speakers ($800). Panasonic's KX-HCM10 webcam system shows pictures from four cameras ($500).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 170.

Grapevine

Rear View

Before she put on the gloves, NOELLE LE BLANC modeled for posters and magazines and at auto shows. She also appeared in the *Bare Naked All-Natural Beauties* video.



That Smile, Those Lips

Mick Jagger's daughter JADE designs jewelry, but here she wears none. Instead, she lets her T-shirt do the talking.

She Hopes You Dance

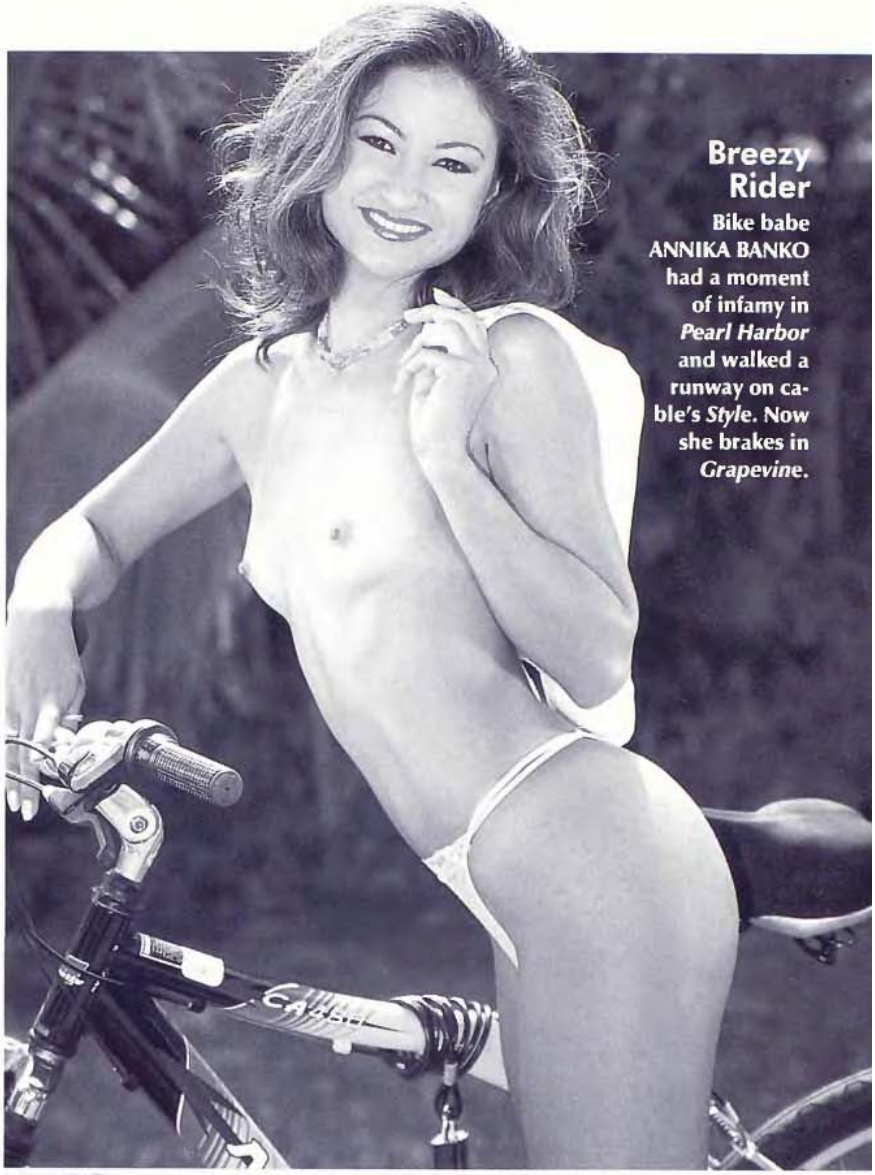
With a double-platinum CD, a slew of country music awards and a new tour, LEE ANN WOMACK has it made in the shade.

Hold the Kilts

Scotsmen TRAVIS broke through the din last summer on a U.S. tour with Dido and a critically acclaimed CD, *The Invisible Band*. A pause on tour leaves them crawling the walls.

Here Comes the Sun

BRIGITTE BAKO considers her career moves. You saw her in *Red Shoe Diaries* and the features *Die! Die! Die!* and *Wrong Number*. Now you're seeing her in a whole new light.



Breezy Rider

Bike babe ANNIKA BANKO had a moment of infamy in *Pearl Harbor* and walked a runway on cable's *Style*. Now she brakes in *Grapevine*.

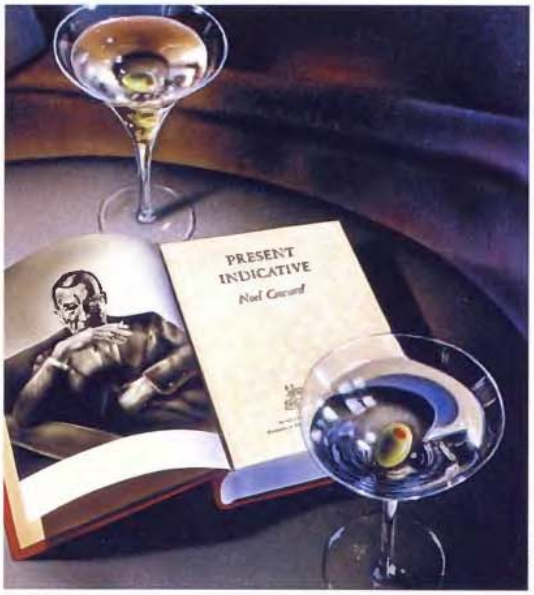
Sandy Eye Candy

Indonesian-born IVANI SURJADJAJA made an impression on *Baywatch Hawaii*, in an M2M *Pokémon* music video and on this stretch of beach.

Potpourri

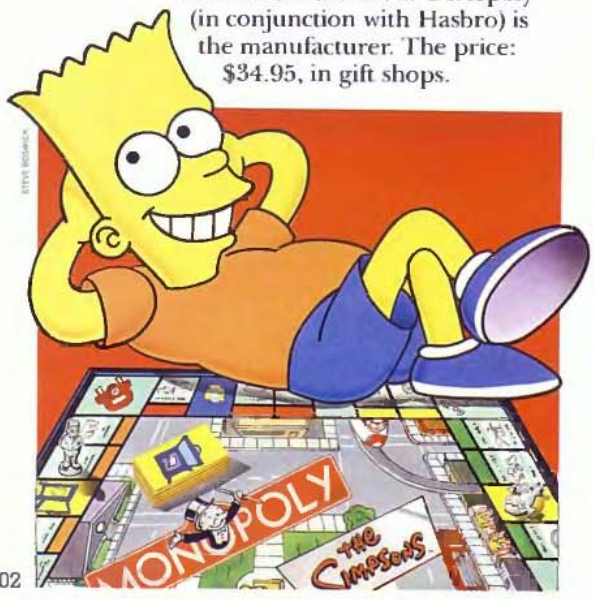
EXTRA DRY WIT

Noel Coward loved martinis. Maybe that's why so many characters in his plays drink them. Now newyorkfirst.com, a website that celebrates the good life, offers a six-ounce martini glass that's so elegant you'll put on a smoking jacket when the cocktail hour rolls around. Price: $24 a pair. The company has also cornered the market on first editions of Coward's 1937 autobiography *Present Indicative*, a book that is still entertaining after all these years. Price: $37. Drink up and read up.



MMM, MONOPOLY SIMPSONS STYLE

The monorail has come to Springfield, Homer and Bart's hometown. Cletus' shack goes for $60, Moe's bar costs $160 and Burns Manor—don't have a cow, man—is $400. In Monopoly: The Simpsons edition, you also get pewter tokens of Bart, Homer, Kang, Jebediah Springfield and others, and the money features characters from the show. USAopoly (in conjunction with Hasbro) is the manufacturer. The price: $34.95, in gift shops.

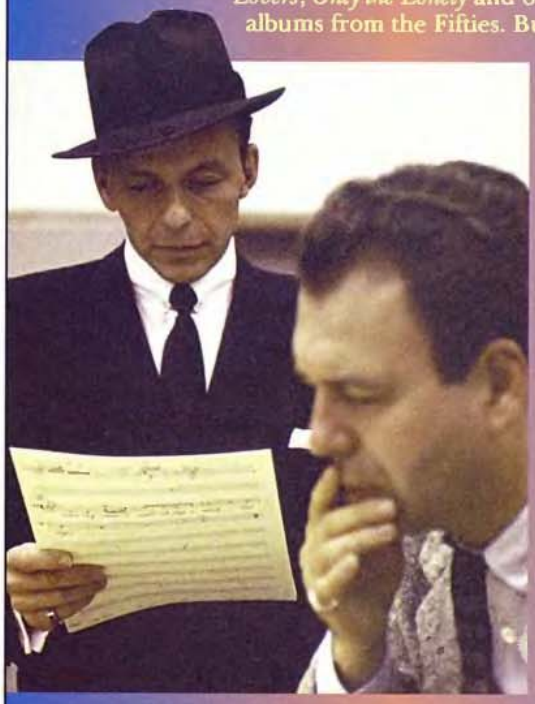


THE BRIDGE IS UP

"It's like having a physical therapist in your own home" is how Quantum Products describes its BodyBridge. Though it looks like something that might have belonged to the Marquis de Sade, the BodyBridge is anything but nasty. Besides helping alleviate back pain, it's a great stress reducer and a pleasant way to unwind after jogging, aerobics or tennis. It folds for storage. Price: $400. Call Quantum at 800-307-7909 for more information.

FULL NELSON

The name Nelson Riddle should remind you of the bandleader's big, driving arrangements on *A Swingin' Affair*, *Songs for Swingin' Lovers*, *Only the Lonely* and other Frank Sinatra albums from the Fifties. But Riddle also contributed to the careers of Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Nat "King" Cole and others. In his lifetime, he enjoyed great success and great heartbreak and it's all included in Peter Levinson's *September in the Rain: The Life of Nelson Riddle*—a book that belongs in every music lover's library. (Levinson is also author of *Trumpet Blues: The Life of Harry James*, a title we previously reviewed in *Potpourri*.) Riddle and Sinatra's eventual breakup after 318 recordings, seven movies and two dozen TV shows is told in detail—along with a behind-the-scenes look at Linda Ronstadt, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra Jr. and many other stars. Price: $21.95, in paperback. Billboard Books is the publisher.

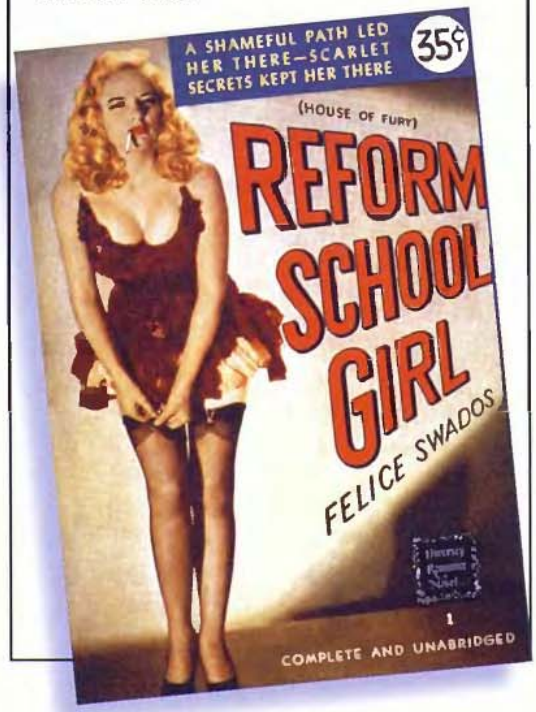


EXHAUSTED

If the rumble of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle is your thing, prepare to rock and ride around the clock. Mark Feldstein and Associates' Harley wall clock, pictured here, announces each hour with a different cycle-exhaust note. Twelve o'clock is the XLH Sportster 883, but traditionalists may prefer the Heritage Softail Classic's five o'clock roar. Price: $39.95, from Harley dealers and other stores.

FIND YOUR PAPERBACKS

Got a box of old paperbacks? Check them out. Some, such as *Reform School Girl* (pictured here), are worth good bucks, depending on their condition. To see more than 600 covers in color, pick up Richard Lupoff's *Great American Paperback*, published by Collectors Press. Price: $60. Call 800-423-1848.



HAVE A BEER WITH CURLY

Pop the cap on your favorite brew with the Three Stooges Talking Beer Can Opener and hear Curly order a cold one followed by "Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk" and "Woo-woo-woo." Does life get any better than this? There's also a talking opener for Miller Lite ("Oh ho, it's Miller Time! Oh yeah!"), Corona Extra ("Cerveza, senor? Heh, heh, Corona!") and a generic one ("Oh yeah! Time for a beer!"). The openers are $7.95 each, from Pacific Direct at 800-535-0131. Order three or more and the shipping is free.

HEDO FOR YOUR LIBIDO

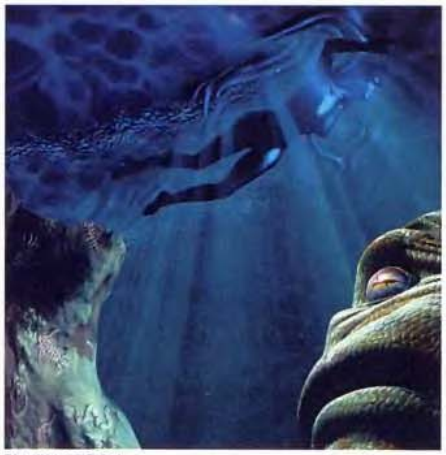
A cheeky revised edition of *The Naked Truth About Hedonism II* has just been published and, as author Chris Santilli reports, Jamaica's adult resort is "bigger, badder and better." No wonder 90 percent of its guests return. The second edition has more naughty pictures (some of Santilli), more wild stories and more bawdy advice. (Be clever when sneaking peeks of gravity-resistant women.) Price: $22.95, from 888-883-9040 or wordcrafting.com.

LIGHTERS FOR ALL SEASONS

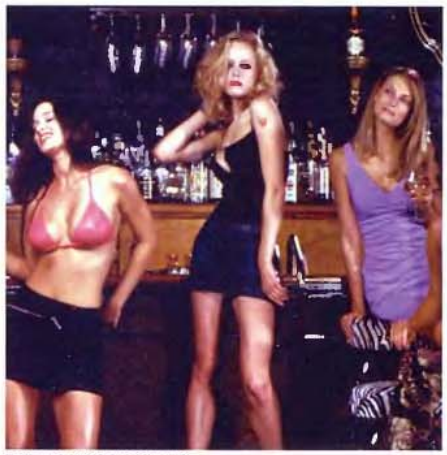
You can't own too many Zippo lighters. At least that's what artist and lighter collector Kyle Cunningham of Know Talent Studio thinks. So he's created the Girl for Every Season collectible lighter set, pictured here, featuring four of his pin-ups imprinted with epoxy paint on highly polished chrome lighters. (Cunningham's martini and absinthe Zippo sets were previously featured in *Potpourri*.) Each chrome lighter costs $38.95 (or $133.95 for the set), sent to Know Talent Studio, 1291 East MacArthur, Sonoma, California 95476 or call the company at 707-938-0783.

Next Month

DEDEE



BLACK LAGOON



TAKE ME HOME TONIGHT

CYBERGIRLS

DEDEE PFEIFFER—MICHELLE'S YOUNGER SISTER, WHO YOU'VE SEEN ON *CYBILL* AND IN *FALLING DOWN* AND *MEAT LOAF: TO HELL AND BACK*, IS A GORGEOUS TALENT IN HER OWN RIGHT. NOW SHE ONE-UPS HER SISTER AND TAKES OFF HER CLOTHES FOR A FABULOUS PICTORIAL. ALL HAIL DESIGNER GENES

GARY HART—AS CO-CHAIR OF THE COMMISSION ON NATIONAL SECURITY, HART PREDICTED ATTACKS ON AMERICA. HERE THE FORMER SENATOR SHARES HIS STRONG VIEWS ON BIOLOGICAL WARFARE, TELLS WHY FOCUSING ON BIN LADEN IS A BIG MISTAKE AND URGES US TO THINK LIKE OUR ENEMIES TO AVERT LOSING THOUSANDS MORE LIVES. A VITAL PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **CRAIG VETTER**

STEALTH FORCE—AMONG THE SPECIAL OPS ELITE WHO ARE CERTAIN TO BE IN AFGHANISTAN ARE THE NAVY SEALS. HERE'S AN INSIDE LOOK AT THEIR TRAINING, CLIMAXED BY HELL WEEK, A PUNISHING FIVE-DAY ORDEAL IN ICY, DARK WATER. BY FROGMAN **MICK HAVEN**

VIRTUAL REICH—TODAY'S GENERATION OF NEO-NAZIS EMBRACES RACISM AND TERRORISM AND MAY BE DIRECTLY LINKED TO FASCIST FUNDAMENTALISTS—AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN HIDING UNDER WHITE SHEETS. BY **MIKE REYNOLDS**

HUGH JACKMAN—WE HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THE AUSSIE ACTOR WHO MAKES YOUR GIRL SALIVATE IS A COOL DUDE. THE *X-MEN* AND *KATE AND LEOPOLD* STAR SEDUCED MEG RYAN, SMOOCHED ASHLEY JUDD AND KICKED ASS AS WOLVERINE. 20Q BY **WARREN KALBACKER**

TALK LIKE A PRINCE—AS VALENTINE'S DAY NEARS, TAKE IT FROM THE PURPLE-CLAD POP STAR WHO'S DATED MADONNA, KIM BASINGER AND CARMEN ELECTRA: LOVE BEGINS WITH "I GOT A LION IN MY POCKET, AND BABY HE'S READY TO ROAR." WE PROMISE, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO WEAR HEELS. BY **ROB TANNENBAUM**

LAST WORDS FROM THE BLACK LAGOON—ALONE, HE'S BEEN DRIFTING UNDERWATER FOR 260 MILLION YEARS. WHEN A PRETTY ANTHROPOLOGIST ARRIVES BY BOAT, HE ELECTS TO SURFACE. FICTION BY **JIM SHEPARD**

BAR GIRLS—YOU'RE FACING A SEA OF HALTER TOPS, STILETTO BOOTS AND RED LIPSTICK. BUT HOW DO YOU TELL THE RELATIONSHIP GIRL FROM THE DANCING QUEEN OR THE SLUT? WE REVEAL THEIR SECRETS

SUPERCROSS RACING—TUNE UP YOUR BIKES, KIDS. **JEREMY MCGRATH,** THE SPORT'S WORLD-RECORD HOLDER, HAS YOUR TICKET TO RIDE. TRICK TIPS, GEAR AND HOW TO KEEP YOUR NECK INTACT. BY **JASON BUHRMESTER**

PLUS: NUDE AND NAUGHTY CYBERGIRLS, VETS TALK ABOUT SEX IN NAM, ACCESSORIES THAT WON'T BREAK THE BANK, SECRETS OF A GREAT KISS AND CENTERFOLD **NERIAH DAVIS** STEAMS UP THE BEDROOM